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1800

THE

NATIONAL READER;

A

SELECTION OF EXERCISES

IN

READING AND SPEAKING,

DESIGNED

TO FILL THE SAME PLACE

IN THE

SCHOOLS OF THE UNITED STATES,

THAT IS HELD IN

THOSE OF GREAT BRITAIN

BY THE COMPILATIONS OF

MURRAY, SCOTT, ENFIELD, MYLIUS, THOMPSON, EWING, AND OTHERS.

BY JOHN PIERPONT,
COMPILER OF THE AMERICAN FIRST CLASS BOOK.

Boston:

PUBLISHED BY HILLIARD, GRAY, LITTLE, AND WILKINS,
AND RICHARDSON AND LORD.

1827.

DISTRICT OF MASSACHUSETTS, TO WIT:

District Clerk's Office.

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the eleventh day of June, A. D. 1827, in the fifty-first year of the Independence of the United States of America, JOHN PIERPONT, of the said District, has deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit:*

"The National Reader; a Selection of Exercises in Reading and Speaking, designed to fill the same Place in the Schools of the United States, that is held in those of Great Britain by the Compilations of Murray, Scott, Enfield, Mylius, Thompson, Ewing, and others. By JOHN PIERPONT, Compiler of the American First Class Book."

In conformity to the act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned:" and also to an act, entitled, "An Act supplementary to an act, entitled, An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of maps, charts, and books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned; and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving and etching historical and other prints."

JOHN W. DAVIS,

Clerk of the District of Massachusetts.

PREFACE.

THE favour shown by the public to the "American First Class Book" has encouraged me to proceed to the execution of a purpose, that I formed while preparing that book for the press—the compilation of a Reader, for the *Common Schools of the United States*, which should be,—what no school book compiled in Great Britain is,—in some degree at least, *American*.

It cannot, indeed, be urged as an objection to a British school book, that it is not adapted to American schools; that it consists exclusively of the productions of British authors; that it abounds in delineations of British manners,—in descriptions of British scenery,—in eulogies of British heroes and statesmen,—in selections from British history,—and in pieces, of which it is the direct aim to impress the mind of the reader with a deep sense of the excellence of British institutions, and of the power and glory of the British empire. A book of this character is moving in its proper sphere, and accomplishing the purpose of its author, when it is passing from hand to hand, among the children of Great Britain, introducing them to an acquaintance with their native land, and with those who have adorned it by their genius or their virtues, and thus exciting within them a love of their country, and a resolution to become its ornaments in their turn. That effect produced by the book, its author has gained his object, and has established his character, and secured his reward, as a benefactor of his country in one of its most valuable interests: and it derogates nothing from his merit or fame, to say that his book is not well adapted to those for whose use he did not intend it; for this is but saying that he has not done what he has not attempted to do. It is no disparagement to English *laws*, to say that they will not do for us. They were not *made* for us. Nor is it a disparagement to English school books, to say that they are not adapted to American schools. There is not one, among them all, that was *designed* for American schools. To the compiler of an American School Reader, it would, no doubt, be flattering, to know that his book had found such favour in England, as to be introduced extensively into common schools there. But, though this might be a little flattering to him, it would, probably, seem to him *not* a little *strange*, that they had not books of their own in England, better fitted to the schools, under a monarchical form of government, than the compilation of a republican foreigner, which was never intended for them. And would it be to the honour of English literature, or of those men in England, who feel an interest in the prosperity of the state,—and, consequently, an interest in seeing the young so educated, that they may worthily fill its places of honour and trust,—to admit, by the general introduction of foreign compilations into their schools, that there is no man in England able to make a good school book, and, at the same time, willing to submit to the labour of making one?

This country has political institutions of its own;—institutions which the men of each successive generation must uphold. But this they cannot do, unless they are early made to understand and value them. It has a history

of its own, of which it need not be ashamed;—fathers, and heroes, and sages, of its own, whose deeds and praises are worthy of being "said or sung" by even the "mighty masters of the lay,"—and with whose deeds and praises, by being made familiar in our childhood, we shall be not the less qualified to act well our part, as citizens of a republic. Our country, both physically and morally, has a character of its own. Should not something of that character be learned by its children while at school? Its mountains, and prairies, and lakes, and rivers, and cataracts,—its shores and hill-tops, that were early made sacred by the dangers, and sacrifices, and deaths, of the devout and the daring—it does seem as if these were worthy of being held up, as objects of interest, to the young eyes that, from year to year, are opening upon them, and worthy of being linked, with all their sacred associations, to the young affections, which, sooner or later, *must* be bound to them, or they must cease to be—what they now are—the inheritance and abode of a free people.

It has been my object to make this book—what it is called—a *National* Reader. By this I do not mean that it consists, entirely, of American productions, or that the subjects of the different lessons are exclusively American. I do not understand that a *national* spirit is an *exclusive* spirit. The language of pure moral sentiment, the out-pourings of a poetical spirit, the lessons of genuine patriotism, and of a sublime and catholic religion,—let them have proceeded from what source they may,—not a few pieces, especially, which have long held a place in English compilations,—I have adopted freely into this collection, and believe that I have enriched it by them. I trust that there will be found in it not a line or a thought, that shall offend the most scrupulous delicacy, or that shall give any parent occasion to tremble for the morals of either a son or a daughter; and I hope that a regard for my own interest, if no higher consideration, may have preventcd my being unmindful of that section of the late *law of this commonwealth*, which provides, that no committee of a public school shall ever "direct any school books to be purchased, or used in any of the schools under their superintendence, which are calculated to favour *any particular religious sect or tenet.*"

In regard to rules or directions for reading, the same considerations which prevented my filling up any part of the American First Class Book with them, have induced me to introduce none of them into this collection of exercises. Three things only are required to make a good reader. He must read so that what he reads shall, in the first place, be *heard;* in the second, that it shall be *understood;* and, in the third, that it shall be *felt.* If a boy has voice, and intelligence, and taste enough to do all this, then, under the personal guidance and discipline of a teacher who can read well, *he* will learn to read well; but if he has not, he may study rules, and pore over the doctrine of cadences and inflections, till "chaos come again,"—he will never be a good reader.

In the humble hope that this compilation may contribute something to the accomplishing of the young, in this country, in the art of reading and speaking well,—something to the improvement of their taste, the cultivation of their moral sense and religious affections, and, thus, something to their preparation for an honourable discharge of their duties in this life, and for "glory, honour, and immortality," in the life that is to come,—I submit it to the disposal of the public, and ask for it only the favour of which it may be thought worthy.

J. P.

Boston, June, 1827.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

LESSONS IN PROSE.

The names of American authors are in small capitals.

Lesson.		Page.
1.	Discovery of America, abridged from ... *Robertson.*	9
2.	A good Scholar ... *May.*	14
3.	The good Schoolmaster ... *Fuller.*	16
4.	Attention and Industry rewarded ... *Berquin.*	18
5.	On Lying ... *Chesterfield.*	20
6.	Portrait of a Patriarch, selected from Job, by ... *Addison.*	21
7.	An uncharitable Spirit rebuked ... *A Rabbinical Tale.*	22
11.	Religious Contemplation of the Works of God ... *Moodie.*	26
12.	Criminality of Intemperance ... H. Ware, Jr.	27
13.	The Worm ... Missourian.	29
14.	Debt and Credit ... Trenton Emporium.	31
15.	The Indians of North America ... Cincinnati Nat. Republican.	33
16.	Story and Speech of Logan ... Jefferson.	35
20.	Grandeur and Interest of American Antiquities ... T. Flint.	43
22.	The American Indian, as he was, and as he is ... C. Sprague.	47
23.	The Grave a Place of Rest ... *Mackenzie.*	49
28.	Obedience to the Commands of God rewarded ... *Moodie.*	56
29.	Promises of Religion to the Young ... *Alison.*	57
30.	On the Swiftness of Time ... *Johnson.*	58
33.	Obidah,—the Journey of a Day ... *Id.*	62
34.	The Vision of Mirza ... *Addison.*	66
37.	The Widow and her Son ... *C. Edwards.*	72
38.	The Little Man in Black ... W. Irving.	75
39.	The same, concluded ... Ibid.	78
40.	Danger of being a good Singer ... *London Literary Chronicle.*	82
45.	The Voice of the Seasons ... *Alison.*	90
46.	Anecdote of Richard Jackson ... *London Quarterly Review.*	91
47.	Description of Niagara Falls ... *Howison.*	92
49.	Cataract of Terni ... Anonymous.	98
50.	A West Indian Landscape ... *Malte-Brun.*	101
51.	Devotional Influences of Natural Scenery ... *Blackwood's Ed. Mag.*	102
52.	Passage of the Shenandoah through the Blue Ridge ... Jefferson.	105
58.	The Funeral of Mari[illegible] ... *Mackenzie.*	111
59.	A Leaf from "The Life of a Looking-Glass" ... *Miss J. Taylor.*	113
64.	Industry necessary to Genius ... *V. Knox.*	121
65.	Story of Matilda ... *Goldsmith.*	123
67.	Early Recollections ... *New Monthly Magazine.*	126
72.	Cruelty to Animals reproved ... *Mavor.*	135
73.	Excessive Severity in Punishments censured ... *Goldsmith.*	137
77.	Religion the Basis of Society ... Channing.	142
78.	Punishment of a Liar ... *Bible.*	143

Lesson.		Page.
79.	Claims of the Jews ..... *Noel.*	145
80.	Happiness of Devotional Habits and Feelings..... *Wellbeloved.*	147
86.	Folly of deferring Religious Duties..... *Ibid.*	156
87.	Religion the best Preparation for Duty in Life..... NORTON.	158
88.	The Young of every Rank entitled to Education... GREENWOOD.	160
93.	The Bells of St. Mary's, Limerick .... *London Literary Gazette.*	168
94.	Jerusalem and the surrounding Country *Letters from the East, Banks.*	171
95.	The same, concluded ..... *Ibid.*	176
98.	Mount Sinai ..... *Ibid.*	180
100.	Religious Education necessary..... GREENWOOD.	185
101.	Importance of Science to a Mechanic..... G. B. EMERSON.	188
102.	Story of Rabbi Akiba..... *From Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales.*	190
107.	First Settlement of the Pilgrims in New England, abridged and compiled from. ..... *Robertson* and *Neal.*	196
108.	Extract from an Oration delivered at Plymouth..... E. EVERETT.	200
109.	Extract from the same..... IBID.	201
110.	Claim of the Pilgrims to the Gratitude and Reverence of their Descendants ..... O. DEWEY.	205
114.	Character of the Puritan Fathers..... GREENWOOD.	213
115.	The same, concluded..... IBID.	216
116.	Extract from a Speech on the American Colonies.. *Lord Chatham.*	219
117.	Extract from a Speech on British Aggressions.. PATRICK HENRY.	221
118.	Account of the Battles of Lexington and Concord ..... *Botta.*	223
119.	The same, concluded ..... *Ibid.*	227
120.	Extract from an Oration delivered at Concord..... E. EVERETT.	229
127.	Account of the Battle of Bunker's Hill..... *Botta.*	242
129.	The same, concluded ..... *Ibid.*	246
130.	Extract from an Address on Bunker's Hill..... D. WEBSTER.	250
131.	Extract from the same..... IBID.	252
134.	Extract from a Speech on Dinas Island ..... *Phillips.*	257
135.	Nature of True Eloquence. Extract from a Discourse in commemoration of Adams and Jefferson ..... D. WEBSTER.	260
136.	Extract from the same Discourse ..... IBID.	261
137	Extract from the same..... IBID.	263

LESSONS IN POETRY.

3.	Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm..... *Addison.*	23
9.	Morning Meditations ..... *Hawkesworth.*	24
10.	Nature's Music..... *Anonymous.*	25
17.	Geehale. An Indian Lament..... NEW YORK STATESMAN.	36
18.	Fall of Tecumseh..... ID.	38
19.	Monument Mountain..... BRYANT.	39
21.	Mounds on the Western Rivers..... M. FLINT.	46
24.	On planting Flowers on the Graves of Friends... *Blackwood's Mag.*	51
25.	Thoughts in Prospect of Death..... *Henry K. White.*	52
26.	The Grave ..... *Bernard Barton.*	53
27.	The Fall of the Leaf..... *Milonov, translated by Bowring.*	54
31.	Lines on returning to one's Native Country ..... *Anonymous.*	60
32.	"He shall fly away as a Dream" ..... *Anon.*	62
35.	The World we have not seen ..... *Anon.*	70
36.	The Better Land..... *Mrs. Hemans.*	71

Lesson.		Page.
41.	The Country Clergyman ..... *Goldsmith.*	84
42.	Parody on "The Country Clergyman" .... *Blackwood's Ed. Mag.*	86
43.	Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize ..... *Goldsmith.*	88
44.	The Sick Man and the Angel ..... *Gay.*	89
48.	Niagara Falls,—from the Spanish .... U. S. LITERARY GAZETTE.	96
53.	The Blind Boy ..... *Bloomfield.*	106
54.	A Thought on Death ..... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	107
55.	The Old Man's Funeral ..... BRYANT.	107
56.	Sunday Evening ..... *Bowring.*	109
57.	The Star of Bethlehem ..... J. G. PERCIVAL.	110
60.	The silent Expression of Nature ..... *Anonymous.*	117
61.	A Thought ..... *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine.*	118
62.	Fidelity ..... *Wordsworth.*	119
63.	Solitude ..... *Henry K. White.*	121
66.	The Man of Ross ..... *Pope.*	125
68.	On visiting a Scene of Childhood ... *Blackwood's Ed. Magazine.*	129
69.	The little Graves ..... *Anonymous.*	131
70.	Life and Death ..... *New Monthly Magazine.*	133
71.	The Burial of Arnold ..... WILLIS.	134
74.	Address to Liberty ..... *Cowper.*	138
75.	The Hermit ..... *Beattie.*	139
76.	Hymn to the Stars ..... *Monthly Repository.*	141
81.	The Seasons ..... *Mrs. Barbauld.*	149
82.	March ..... BRYANT.	151
83.	April ..... LONGFELLOW.	152
84.	May ..... J. G. PERCIVAL.	153
85.	The Voice of Spring ..... *Mrs. Hemans.*	153
89.	Childhood and Manhood. An Apologue ..... *Crabbe.*	162
90.	The Skies ..... BRYANT.	164
91.	Address to the Stars ..... *New Monthly Magazine.*	165
92.	Song of the Stars ..... BRYANT.	166
96.	"That ye, through his poverty, might be rich" ..... *W. Russell.*	178
97.	Elijah fed by Ravens ..... *Grahame.*	179
99.	The Summit of Mount Sinai ..... *Montgomery.*	184
103.	Alice Fell ..... *Wordsworth.*	191
104.	The Æolian Harp ..... *European Magazine.*	193
105.	Burial of Sir John Moore ..... *Anonymous.*	194
106.	War unnatural and unchristian ..... MELLEN.	195
111.	Song of the Pilgrims ..... T. C. UPHAM.	210
112.	Landing of the Pilgrims ..... *Mrs. Hemans.*	211
113.	The Pilgrim Fathers ..... PIERPONT.	212
121.	Elegy, in a Country Churchyard ..... *Gray.*	231
122.	The Grave of Körner ..... *Mrs. Hemans.*	235
123.	God's First Temples. A Hymn ..... BRYANT.	236
124.	Hymn of Nature ..... PEABODY.	239
125.	Lines on revisiting the Country ..... BRYANT.	241
126.	Lines on a Beehive ..... *Monthly Repository.*	242
129.	Warren's Address before the Battle of Bunker's Hill .. PIERPONT.	250
132.	Hymn, commemorative of the Battle of Bunker's Hill ..... ID.	254
133.	"What's hallowed Ground?" ..... *Campbell.*	255
138.	The School Boy ..... *Amulet.*	266
139.	Stanzas addressed to the Greeks ..... *Anonymous.*	267
140.	Spanish Patriot's Song ..... *Anon.*	268
141.	The Three Warnings ..... *Mrs. Thrale.*	269
142.	The Mariner's Dream ..... *Dimond.*	272
143.	Absalom ..... WILLIS.	274

INDEX OF AUTHORS.

The names of American authors are in Italic.

Lessons.

Addison.....6, 8, 34.
Alison.....29, 45.
Amulet.....133.
Anonymous...10, 31, 32, 35, 49, 60, 69, 105, 139, 140.

Banks.....94, 95, 98.
Barbauld, Mrs. L.....54, 81.
Barton, Bernard.....26.
Beattie.....75.
Berquin.....4.
Bible.....6, 78.
Bloomfield.....53.
Botta.....118, 119, 127, 128.
Bowring.....27, 56.
Bryant..19, 55, 82, 90, 92, 123, 125.

Campbell.....133.
Channing, W. E......77.
Chatham, Lord,—W. Pitt.....116.
Chesterfield.....5.
Chronicle, London Literary....40.
Cowper.....74.
Crabbe.....89.

Dewey, Orville.....110.
Dimond.....142.

Edwards, Charles.....37.
Emerson, G. B......101.
Emporium, (Trenton).....14.
Everett, Edward....108, 109, 120.

Flint, T......20.
—— *M.*.....21.
Fuller.....3.

Gay.....44.
Gazette, London Literary.....93.
——— *United States Literary*..48.
Goldsmith.....41, 43, 65, 73.
Grahame.....97.
Gray.....121.
Greenwood, F. W. P...83, 100, 114, 115.

Hawkesworth.....9.
Hemans, Mrs. F...36, 85, 112, 122.
Henry, Patrick.....117.
Howison.....47.

Irving, Washington.....38, 39.

Lessons.

Jefferson, Thomas.....16, 52.
Johnson, Dr. Samuel.....30, 33.

Knox, Vicesimus.....64.

Longfellow, H. W......83.

Mackenzie.....23, 58.
Magazine, New Monthly..67, 70, 91.
——— Blackwood's Edin... 24, 42, 51, 61, 68.
——— European.....104.
Malte-Brun.....50.
Mavor.....72.
May.....2.
Mellen.....106.
Milonov, translated by Bowring..27.
Missourian.....13.
Montgomery.....99.
Moodie.....11, 28.

Neal and Robertson (abridged)..107.
Noel.....79.
Norton, A......87.

Peabody, W. O. B......124.
Percival, J. G......57, 84.
Phillips.....134.
Pierpont, J......113, 129, 132.
Pope.....66.

Rabbinical Tales.....7, 102.
Repository, Monthly.....76, 126.
Republican, Nat. (Cincinnati)..15.
Review, London Quarterly....46.
Robertson, (abridged).....1.
——— and Neal (abridged).107.
Russell, William.....96.

Sprague, Charles.....22.
Statesman, New York.....17, 18.

Taylor, Miss Jane.....59.
Thrale, Mrs.....141.

Upham T. C......111.

Ware, H. Jr......12.
Webster, D...130, 131, 135, 136, 137.
Wellbeloved.....80, 86.
White, Henry K.....25, 63.
Willis.....71, 143.
Wordsworth.....62, 103.

NATIONAL READER.

LESSON I.

Discovery of America.—Abridged from ROBERTSON.

ON Friday, the third day of August, in the year one thousand four hundred and ninety-two, Columbus set sail from Palos, in Spain, a little before sunrise, in presence of a vast crowd of spectators, who sent up their supplications to heaven for the prosperous issue of the voyage; which they wished, rather than expected.

His squadron, if it merit that name, consisted of no more than three small vessels,—the Santa Maria, the Pinta, and the Nigna,—having on board ninety men, mostly sailors, together with a few adventurers, who followed the fortune of Columbus, and some gentlemen of the Spanish court, whom the queen appointed to accompany him.

He steered directly for the Cănāry Islands; from which, after refitting his ships, and supplying himself with fresh provisions, he took his departure on the sixth day of September. Here the voyage of discovery may properly be said to have begun; for Columbus, holding his course due west, left immediately the usual track of navigation, and stretched into unfrequented and unknown seas.

The first day, as it was very calm, he made but little way; but, on the second, he lost sight of the Canaries; and many of the sailors, already dejected and dismayed, when they contemplated the boldness of the undertaking, began to beat their breasts, and to shed tears, as if they were never more to behold land. Columbus comforted them with assurances of success, and the prospect of vast wealth in those opulent regions, whither he was conducting them.

This early discovery of the spirit of his followers taught Columbus that he must prepare to struggle, not only with the

unavoidable difficulties which might be expected from the nature of his undertaking, but with such as were likely to arise from the ignorance and timidity of the people under his command; and he perceived, that the art of governing the minds of men would be no less requisite for accomplishing the discoveries, which he had in view, than naval skill and an enterprising courage.

Happily for himself, and for the country by which he was employed, he joined to the ardent temper and inventive genius of a projector, virtues of another species, which are rarely united with them. He possessed a thorough knowledge of mankind, an insinuating address, a patient perseverance in executing any plan, the perfect government of his own passions, and the talent of acquiring the direction of those of other men.

All these qualities, which formed him for command, were accompanied with that superior knowledge of his profession which begets confidence, in times of difficulty and danger. To unskilful Spanish sailors, accustomed only to coasting voyages in the Mediterranean, the maritime science of Columbus, the fruit of thirty years' experience, appeared immense. As soon as they put to sea, he regulated every thing by his sole authority; he superintended the execution of every order, and, allowing himself only a few hours for sleep, he was, at all other times, upon deck.

As his course lay through seas which had not been visited before, the sounding line, or instruments for observation, were continually in his hands. He attended to the motion of the tides and currents, watched the flight of birds, the appearance of fishes, of sea-weeds, and of every thing that floated on the waves, and accurately noted every occurrence in a journal that he kept.

By the fourteenth day of September, the fleet was above two hundred leagues to the west of the Canary Isles, a greater distance from land than any Spaniard had ever been before that time. Here the sailors were struck with an appearance no less astonishing than new. They observed that the magnetic needle, in their compasses, did not point exactly to the north star, but varied towards the west.

This appearance, which is now familiar, filled the companions of Columbus with terror. They were in an ocean boundless and unknown, nature itself seemed to be altered, and the only guide, which they had left, was about to fail them. Columbus, with no less quickness than ingenuity, invented

a reason for this appearance, which, though it did not satisfy himself, seemed so plausible to them, that it dispelled their fears, and silenced their murmurs.

On the first of October, they were about seven hundred and seventy leagues west of the Canaries. They had now been above three weeks at sea: all their prognostics of discovery, drawn from the flight of birds, and other circumstances, had proved fallacious, and their prospect of success seemed now to be as distant as ever. The spirit of discontent and of mutiny began to manifest itself among the sailors, and, by degrees, the contagion spread from ship to ship.

All agreed, that Columbus should be compelled, by force, to return, while their crazy vessels were yet in a condition to keep the sea; and some even proposed to throw him overboard, as the most expeditious method of getting rid of his remonstrances, and of securing a seasonable return to their native land.

Columbus was fully sensible of his perilous situation. He perceived that it would be of no avail to have recourse to any of his former expedients, to lead on the hopes of his companions, and that it was impossible to rekindle any zeal for the success of the expedition, among men, in whose breasts fear had extinguished every generous sentiment.

He found it necessary to soothe passions, which he could no longer command, and to give way to a torrent too impetuous to be checked. He accordingly promised his men, that he would comply with their request, provided they would accompany him, and obey his commands, for three days longer; and if, during that time, land were not discovered, he would then abandon the enterprise, and direct his course towards Spain.

Enraged as the sailors were, and impatient as they were of returning to their native country, this proposition did not appear to them unreasonable: nor did Columbus hazard much in confining himself to a time so short; for the prĕs'ages of discovering land had become so numerous and promising, that he deemed them infallible.

For some days, the sounding line had reached the bottom; and the soil, which it brought up, indicated land to be at no great distance. The flocks of birds increased, and were composed not only of sea-fowl, but of such land birds as could not be supposed to fly far from the shore.

The crew of the Pinta observed a cane floating, which seemed to have been newly cut, and likewise a piece of timber, artificially carved. The sailors aboard the Nigna

took up the branch of a tree, with red berries, perfectly fresh. The clouds, around the setting sun, assumed a new appearance; the air was more mild and warm; and, during night, the wind became unequal and variable.

From all these symptoms, Columbus was so confident of being near land, that, on the evening of the eleventh of October, after public prayers for success, he ordered the sails to be furled, and strict watch to be kept, lest the ship should be driven ashore in the night. During this interval of suspense and expectation, no man shut his eyes; all kept upon deck, gazing intently towards that quarter where they expected to discover the land, which had been so long the object of their wishes.

About two hours before midnight, Columbus, standing on the forecastle, observed a light at a distance, and privately pointed it out to two of his people. All three saw it in motion, as if it were carried from place to place. A little after midnight, the joyful sound of *Land! land!* was heard from the Pinta. But, having been so often deceived by fallacious appearances, they had now become slow of belief, and waited, in all the anguish of uncertainty and impatience, for the return of day.

As soon as morning dawned, their doubts and fears were dispelled. They beheld an island about two leagues to the north, whose flat and verdant fields, well stored with wood, and watered with many rivulets, presented to them the aspect of a delightful country. The crew of the Pinta instantly began a hymn of thanksgiving to God, and were joined, by those of the other ships, with tears of joy, and transports of congratulation.

This office of gratitude to Heaven was followed by an act of justice to their commander. They threw themselves at the feet of Columbus, with feelings of self-condemnation, mingled with reverence. They implored him to pardon their ignorance, incredulity, and insolence, which had created him so much unnecessary disquiet, and had so often obstructed the prosecution of his well-concerted plan; and passing, in the warmth of their admiration, from one extreme to another, they now pronounced the man, whom they had so lately reviled and threatened, to be a person inspired, by Heaven, with sagacity and fortitude more than human, in order to accomplish a design so far beyond the ideas and conceptions of all former ages.

As soon as the sun arose, all the boats were manned and armed. They rowed towards the island with their colours

displayed, warlike music, and other martial pomp; and, as they approached the coast, they saw it covered with a multitude of people, whom the novelty of the spectacle had drawn together, and whose attitudes and gestures expressed wonder and astonishment at the strange objects which presented themselves to their view.

Columbus was the first Europēan who set foot in the New World which he had discovered. He landed in a rich dress, and with a naked sword in his hand. His men followed, and, kneeling down, they all kissed the ground which they had long desired to see.

They next erected a crucifix, and, prostrating themselves before it, returned thanks to God for conducting their voyage to such a happy issue. They then took solemn possession of the country for the crown of Castile and Leon, with all the formalities with which the Portuguese were accustomed to take possession of *their* new discoveries.

The Spaniards, while thus employed, were surrounded by many of the natives, who gazed, in silent admiration, upon actions which they could not comprehend, and of which they did not foresee the consequences. The dress of the Spaniards, the whiteness of their skins, their beards, their arms, appeared strange and surprising.

The vast machines, in which they had traversed the ocean, that seemed to move upon the water with wings, and uttered a dreadful sound, resembling thunder, accompanied with lightning and smoke, struck them with such terror, that they began to respect their new guests as a superior order of beings, and concluded that they were children of the sun, who had descended to visit the earth.

The Europeans were hardly less amazed at the scene now before them. Every herb, and shrub, and tree, was different from those which flourished in Europe. The soil seemed to be rich, but bore few marks of cultivation. The climate, even to Spaniards, felt warm, though extremely delightful.

The inhabitants were entirely naked: their black hair, long and uncurled, floated upon their shoulders, or was bound in tresses around their heads: they had no beards; their complexion was of a dusky copper colour; their features singular, rather than disagreeable; their aspect gentle and timid.

Though not tall, they were well shaped and active. Their faces, and other parts of their body, were fantasti-

cally painted with glaring colours. They were shy at first, through fear, but soon became familiar with the Spaniards, and, with transports of joy, received from them hawks' bells, glass beads, and other baubles; in return for which, they gave such provisions as they had, and some cotton yarn, the only commodity of value which they could produce.

Towards evening, Columbus returned to his ships, accompanied by many of the islanders in their boats, which they called *canoes;* and, though rudely formed out of the trunk of a single tree, they rowed them with surprising dexterity.

Thus, in the first interview between the inhabitants of the Old World and those of the New, every thing was conducted amicably, and to their mutual satisfaction. The former, enlightened and ambitious, formed already vast ideas with respect to the advantages which they might derive from those regions that began to open to their view. The latter, simple and undiscerning, had no foresight of the calamities and desolation, which were now approaching their country.

LESSON II.

A good Scholar.—May.

A good scholar is known by his obedience to the rules of the school, and to the directions of his teacher. He does not give his teacher the trouble of telling him the same thing over and over again; but says or does immediately whatever he is desired. His attendance at the proper time of school is always punctual. Fearful of being too late, as soon as the hour of meeting approaches, he hastens to the school, takes his place quietly, and instantly attends to his lesson. He is remarkable for his diligence and attention. He reads no other book than that which he is desired to read by his master. He studies no lessons but those which are appointed for the day.

He takes no toys from his pocket to amuse himself or others; he has no fruit to eat, no sweetmeats to give away.—If any of his companions attempt to take off his eye or his mind from his lesson, he does not give heed to them. If they still try to make him idle, he bids them let him alone, and do their own duties. And if, after this, they go on to disturb and vex him, he informs the teacher, that, both for

their sake and for his own, he may interfere, and, by a wise reproof, prevent the continuance of such improper and hurtful conduct.

When strangers enter the school, he does not stare rudely in their faces; but is as attentive to his lesson as if no one were present but the master. If they speak to him, he answers with modesty and respect. When the scholars in his class are reading, spelling, or repeating any thing, he is very attentive, and studies to learn by listening to them. His great desire is to improve, and therefore he is never idle,—not even when he might be so, and yet escape detection and punishment.

He minds his business as well when his teacher is out of sight, as when he is standing near him, or looking at him. If possible, he is more diligent when his teacher happens for a little to be away from him, that he may show "all good fidelity" in this, as in every thing else. He is desirous of adding to the knowledge he has already gained, of learning something useful every day. And he is not satisfied if a day passes, without making him wiser than he was before, in those things which will be of real benefit to him.

When he has a difficult lesson to learn, or a hard task to perform, he does not fret or murmur at it. He knows that his master would not have prescribed it to him, unless he had thought that he was able for it, and that it would do him good. He therefore sets about it readily; and he encourages himself with such thoughts as these: "My parents will be very glad when they hear that I have learned this difficult lesson, and performed this hard task. My teacher, also, will be pleased with me for my diligence. And I myself shall be comfortable and happy when the exercise is finished. The sooner and the more heartily I apply myself to it, the sooner and the better it will be done."

When he reads, his words are pronounced so distinctly, that you can easily hear and understand him. His copy book is fairly written, and free from blots and scrawls. His letters are clear and full, and his strokes broad and fine. His figures are well made, accurately cast up, and neatly put down in their regular order; and his accounts are, in general, free from mistakes.

He not only improves himself, but he rejoices in the improvement of others. He loves to hear them commended, and to see them rewarded. "If I do well," he says, "I shall be commended and rewarded too; and if all did well,

what a happy school would ours be! We ourselves would be much more comfortable; and our master would have a great deal less trouble and distress than he has on account of the idleness and inattention, of which too many of us are guilty."

His books he is careful to preserve from every thing that might injure them. Having finished his lesson, he puts them in their proper place, and does not leave them to be tossed about, and, by that means, torn and dirtied. He never forgets to pray for the blessing of God on himself, on his school-fellows, and on his teacher; for he knows that the blessing of God is necessary to make his education truly useful to him, both in this life, and in that which is to come.

And, finally, it is his constant endeavour to behave well when he is out of school, as well as when he is in it. He remembers that the eye of God is ever upon him, and that he must at last give an account of himself to the great Judge of all. And, therefore, he studies to practise, at all times, the religious and moral lessons that he receives from his master, or that he reads in the Bible, or that he meets with in the other books that are given him to peruse; and to "walk in all the commandments and ordinances of the Lord, blameless."

LESSON III.

The good Schoolmaster.—FULLER.

THERE is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed, as that of a schoolmaster: the reasons whereof I conceive to be these. First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession, but only a rod and a ferule.

Secondly, others, who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling.

Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which, in some places, they receive;

being masters to the children, and slaves to their parents. But see how well *our* schoolmaster behaves himself.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books, and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And, though it may seem difficult for him, in a great school, to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth prēsa'ges much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where his master whips him once, shame whips him all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think, with the hare in the fable, that, running with snails, (so they count the rest of their school-fellows,) they shall come soon enough to the post; though sleeping a good while before their starting. O, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that be dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed, by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country; and therefore their dulness is at first to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boatmakers will choose those crooked pieces of timber, which other carpenters refuse.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him. He is moderate in inflicting even deserved correction.

Many a schoolmaster seemeth to understand, that schooling his pupils meaneth scolding and scoring them; and therefore, in bringing them forward, he useth the lash more than the leading string.

Such an Orbilius* mars more scholars than he makes. The tȳr'anny of such a man hath caused the tongues of many to stammer, which spake plainly by nature, and whose stuttering, at first, was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence.

LESSON IV.

Attention and Industry rewarded.—BERQUIN.

A RICH husbandman had two sons, the one exactly a year older than the other. The very day the second was born, he set, in the entrance of his orchard, two young apple-trees, of equal size, which he cultivated with the same care, and which grew so equally, that no person could perceive the least difference between them.

When his children were capable of handling garden tools, he took them, one fine morning in spring, to see these two trees, which he had planted for them, and called after their names; and, when they had sufficiently admired their growth, and the number of blossoms that covered them, he said, "My dear children, I give you these trees: you see they are in good condition. They will thrive as much by your care, as they will decline by your negligence; and their fruit will reward you in proportion to your labour."

The youngest, named Edmund, was industrious and attentive. He busied himself in clearing his tree of insects that would hurt it, and he propped up its stem, to prevent its taking a wrong bent. He loosened the earth about it, that the warmth of the sun, and the moisture of the dews, might cherish the roots. His mother had not tended him more carefully in his infancy, than he tended his young apple-tree.

His brother, Moses, did not imitate his example. He spent a great deal of time on a mount that was near, throw-

* *Orbilius*,—a grammarian of Beneventum, who was the first instructer of the poet Horace. He was naturally of a severe disposition, of which his pupils often felt the effects.

ing stones at the passengers in the road. He went among all the little dirty boys in the neighbourhood, to box with them; so that he was often seen with broken shins and black eyes, from the kicks and blows he received in his quarrels.

In short, he neglected his tree so far, that he never thought of it, till, one day in autumn, he, by chance, saw Edmund's tree so full of apples, streaked with purple and gold, that, had it not been for the props which supported its branches, the weight of its fruit must have bent it to the ground.

Struck with the sight of so fine a tree, he hastened to his own, hoping to find as large a crop upon it; but, to his great surprise, he saw scarcely any thing, except branches covered with moss, and a few yellow, withered leaves. Full of passion and jealousy, he ran to his father, and said, "Father, what sort of a tree is that which you have given me? It is as dry as a broomstick; and I shall not have ten apples on it. My brother you have used better: bid him, at least, share his apples with me."

"Share with you!" said his father: "so, the industrious must lose his labour to feed the idle! Be satisfied with your lot; it is the effect of your negligence; and do not think to accuse me of injustice, when you see your brother's rich crop.

"Your tree was as fruitful, and in as good order as his: it bore as many blossoms, and grew in the same soil: only it was not fostered with the same care. Edmund has kept his tree clear of hurtful insects; but you have suffered them to eat up yours in its blossoms.

"As I do not choose to let any thing which God has given me, and for which I hold myself accountable to him, go to ruin, I shall take this tree from you, and call it no more by your name. It must pass through your brother's hands, before it can recover itself; and, from this moment, both it, and the fruit it may bear, are his property.

"You may, if you will, go into my nursery, and look for another, and rear it, to make amends for your fault; but, if you neglect it, that too shall be given to your brother for assisting me in my labour."

Moses felt the justice of his father's sentence, and the wisdom of his design. He, therefore, went that moment into the nursery, and chose one of the most thriving apple-trees he could find. Edmund assisted him, with his advice,

in rearing it; Moses embraced every occasion of paying attention to it.

He was now never out of humour with his comrades,* and still less with himself; for he applied cheerfully to work; and, in autumn, he had the pleasure of seeing his tree fully answer his hopes. Thus he had the double advantage of enriching himself with a splendid crop of fruit, and, at the same time, of subduing the vicious habits he had contracted.

His father was so well pleased with this change, that, the following year, he divided the produce of a small orchard between him and his brother.

LESSON V.

On Lying.—CHESTERFIELD.

I REALLY know nothing more criminal, more mean, and more ridiculous, than lying. It is the production either of malice, cowardice, or vanity; and generally misses of its aim in every one of these views; for lies are always detected sooner or later. If I tell a malicious lie, in order to affect any man's fortune or character, I may indeed injure him for some time; but I shall be sure to be the greatest sufferer at last: for, as soon as I am detected, (and detected I most certainly shall be,) I am blasted for the infamous attempt; and whatever is said afterwards to the disadvantage of that person, however true, passes for calumny.

If I lie, or equivocate, (for it is the same thing,) in order to excuse myself for something that I have said or done, and to avoid the danger or the shame that I apprehend from it, I discover, at once, my fear, as well as my falsehood; and only increase, instead of avoiding, the danger and the shame; I show myself to be the lowest and meanest of mankind, and am sure to be always treated as such. Fear, instead of avoiding, invites danger; for concealed cowards will insult known ones. If one has had the misfortune to be in the wrong, there is something noble in frankly owning it; it is the only way of atoning for it, and the only way of being forgiven.

Equivocating, evading, shuffling, in order to remove a present danger or inconveniency, is something so mean, and betrays so much fear, that whoever practises them always

* *Pron.* cum'-rades.

deserves to be, and often will be, kicked. There is another sort of lies, inoffensive enough in themselves, but wonderfully ridiculous: I mean those lies which a mistaken vanity suggests, that defeat the very end for which they are calculated, and terminate in the humiliation and confusion of their author, who is sure to be detected. These are chiefly narrative and historical lies, all intended to do infinite honour to their author.

He is always the hero of his own romances; he has been in dangers, from which nobody but himself ever escaped; he has seen with his own eyes whatever other people have heard or read of; and has ridden more miles post in one day, than ever courier went in two. He is soon discovered, and as soon becomes the object of universal contempt and ridicule.

Remember, then, as long as you live, that nothing but strict truth can carry you through the world, with either your conscience or your honour unwounded. It is not only your duty, but your interest: as a proof of which, you may always observe, that the greatest fools are the greatest liars. For my own part, I judge, by every man's truth, of his degree of understanding.

LESSON VI.

Portrait of a Patriarch.—ADDISON.

I CANNOT forbear making an extract of several passages, which I have always read with great delight, in the book of Job. It is the account, which that holy man gives, of his behaviour in the days of his prosperity, and, if considered only as a human composition, is a finer picture of a charitable and good-natured man than is to be met with in any other author.

"Oh that I were as in months past, as in the days when God preserved me; when his candle shined upon my head, and when, by his light, I walked through darkness; when the Almighty was yet with me; when my children were about me; when I washed my steps with butter, and the rock poured out rivers of oil.

"When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me; because I delivered

the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me; and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy. I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame; I was a father to the poor; and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

"Did not I weep for him that was in trouble? Was not my soul grieved for the poor? Let me be weighed in an even balance, that God may know mine integrity. If I did despise the cause of my man-servant or of my maid-servant, when they contended with me, what then shall I do when God riseth up? and when he visiteth, what shall I answer him? Did not he that made me make him also?

"If I have withheld the poor from their desire, or have caused the eyes of the widow to fail, or have eaten my morsel myself alone, and the fatherless hath not eaten thereof; if I have seen any perish for want of clothing, or any poor without covering; if his loins have not blessed me, and if he were not warmed with the fleece of my sheep; if I have lifted up my hand against the fatherless, when I saw my help in the gate; then let mine arm fall from my shoulder-blade, and mine arm be broken from the bone.

"I rejoiced not at the destruction of him that hated me, nor lifted up myself when evil found him; neither have I suffered my mouth to sin, by wishing a curse to his soul. The stranger did not lodge in the street; but I opened my doors to the traveller. If my land cry against me, or the furrows thereof complain; if I have eaten the fruits thereof without money, or have caused the owners thereof to lose their life; let thistles grow instead of wheat, and cockles instead of barley."

LESSON VII.

An uncharitable Spirit rebuked.—RABBINICAL.

AND it came to pass, after these things, that Abraham sat in the door of his tent, about the going down of the sun. And behold, a man, bent with age, came from the way of the wilderness, leaning on a staff! And Abraham arose, and met him, and said unto him, "Turn in, I pray thee, and wash thy feet, and tarry all night; and thou shalt arise

early in the morning, and go on thy way." And the man said, "Nay; for I will abide under this tree."

But Abraham pressed him greatly: so he turned, and they went into the tent: and Abraham baked unleavened bread, and they did eat. And when Abraham saw that the man blessed not God, he said unto him, "Wherefore dost thou not worship the most high God, Creator of heaven and earth?" And the man answered, and said, "I do not worship thy God, neither do I call upon his name; for I have made to myself a god, which abideth always in my house, and provideth me with all things."

And Abraham's zeal was kindled against the man, and he arose, and fell upon him, and drove him forth, with blows, into the wilderness. And God called unto Abraham, saying, "Abraham, where is the stranger?" And Abraham answered, and said, "Lord, he would not worship thee, neither would he call upon thy name; therefore have I driven him out from before my face into the wilderness."

And God said, "Have I borne with him these hundred and ninety and eight years, and nourished him, and clothed him, notwithstanding his rebellion against me; and couldst not thou, who art thyself a sinner, bear with him one night?"

LESSON VIII.

Paraphrase of the Nineteenth Psalm.—ADDISON.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty Hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth*:

* *Pron.* bĕrth.

Whilst all the stars, that round her burn,
And all the planets, in their turn,
Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball!
What though nor real voice, nor sound,
Amid their radiant orbs be found!
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is Divine."

LESSON IX.

Morning Meditations.—HAWKESWORTH.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I've safely passed the silent night;
Again I see the breaking shade,
Again behold the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And soars, my guardian God, to thee.

O guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend—
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress:—
Yet then thy strength shall still defend;
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away;
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

LESSON X.

Nature's Music.—ANONYMOUS.

NAY, tell me not of lordly halls!
My minstrels are the trees;
The moss and the rock are my tapestried walls,
Earth's sounds my symphonies.

There's music sweeter to my soul
In the weed by the wild wind fanned,
In the heave of the surge, than ever stole
From mortal minstrel's hand.

There's mighty music in the roar
Of the oaks on the mountain's side,
When the whirlwind bursts on their foreheads hoar,
And the lightning flashes wide.

There's music in the city's hum,
Heard in the noontide glare,
When its thousand mingling voices come
On the breast of the sultry air.

There's music in the forest stream,
As it plays through the deep ravine,*
Where never summer's breath or beam
Has pierced its woodland screen.

There's music in the thundering sweep
Of the mountain waterfall,
As its torrents struggle, and foam, and leap
From the brow of its marble wall.

There's music in the dawning morn,
Ere the lark his pinion dries—
In the rush of the breeze through the dewy corn,
Through the garden's perfumed dyes.

There's music on the twilight cloud,
As the clanging wild swans spring;
As homeward the screaming ravens crowd,
Like squadrons on the wing.

* *Pron.* ra-vēēn'.

There's music in the depth of night,
When the world is still and dim,
And the stars flame out in their pomp of light,
Like thrones of the cherubim!

LESSON XI.

Religious Contemplation of the Works of God.—MOODIE.

CONTEM'PLATE the great scenes of nature, and accustom yourselves to connect them with the perfections of God. All vast and unmeasurable objects are fitted to impress the soul with awe. The mountain, which rises above the neighbouring hills, and hides its head in the sky; the sounding, unfathomed, boundless deep; the expanse of heaven, where, above, and around, no limit checks the wondering eye; these objects fill and elevate the mind—they produce a solemn frame of spirit, which accords with the sentiment of religion.

From the contemplation of what is great and magnificent in nature, the soul rises to the Author of all. We think of the time which preceded the birth of the universe, when no being existed but God alone. While unnumbered systems arise in order before us, created by his power, arranged by his wisdom, and filled with his presence, the earth, and the sea, with all that they contain, are hardly beheld amidst the immensity of his works. In the boundless subject the soul is lost. "It is he who sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers. He weigheth the mountains in scales. He taketh up the isles as a very little thing. Lord, what is man that thou art mindful of him!"

Pause for a while, ye travellers on the earth, to contem'plate the universe in which you dwell, and the glory of him who created it. What a scene of wonders is here presented to your view! If beheld with a religious eye, what a temple for the worship of the Almighty! The earth is spread out before you, reposing amidst the desolation of winter, or clad in the verdure of the spring; smiling in the beauty of summer, or loaded with autumnal fruit; opening, to an endless variety of beings, the treasures of their

Maker's goodness, and ministering subsistence and comfort to every creature that lives.

The heavens, also, declare the glory of the Lord. The sun cometh forth from his chambers to scatter the shades of night, inviting you to the renewal of your labours, adorning the face of nature, and, as he advances to his meridian brightness, cherishing every herb and every flower that springeth from the bosom of the earth. Nor, when he retires again from your view, doth he leave the Creator without a witness. He only hides his own splendor for a while, to disclose to you a more glorious scene; to show you the immensity of space filled with worlds unnumbered, that your imaginations may wander, without a limit, in the vast creation of God.

What a field is here opened for the exercise of every pious emotion! and how irresistibly do such contemplations as these awaken the sensibility of the soul! Here is infinite power to impress you with awe; here is infinite wisdom to fill you with admiration; here is infinite goodness to call forth your gratitude and love. The correspondence between these great objects and the affections of the human heart, is established by nature itself; and they need only to be placed before us, that every religious feeling may be excited.

LESSON XII.

Criminality of Intemperance.—H. Ware, Jr.

I do not mean to say, that the habit of intemperance is ever formed without temptation, or persisted in without what may be thought an excuse. The temptation is gradual, and insinuating; the habit is formed insensibly. It is an established custom for men to drink while they labour. The poor man is taught, absurdly, to think a glass necessary for his strength; he finds another necessary for good companionship. He cannot go abroad without finding a lure invitingly held out beneath the license of the law. Before he is aware of it, a certain stimulus has become necessary to his constitution. If he try to amend, he is pressed by this necessity, and, in a manner, compelled to maintain the vice; though he would give the world to renounce it. And

where, we are asked, is the sin in all this? Is there not rather a call for compassion than for censure?

Undoubtedly there is a call for compassion; for deep and earnest compassion. So there is in the case of every sin, when we reflect on the circumstances of trial and temptation. The case of the drunkard is not, in this respect, different from that of other criminals. The man who, impelled by want, or the unprincipled habits of a bad education, robs on the high way, is driven by as imperious a necessity as the drunkard. The temptation is as strong, the habit is as irresistible.

The sudden passion of the murderer is as irresistible as the appetite of the tippler. The cherished revenge of the assassin is as strong an incitement as the cherished thirst of the intemperate. But who, in these cases, excuses the crime because of the temptation? Who thinks it a palliation of the offence, that the state of the offender's mind and heart is such as necessarily to lead to it?

Who excuses the two-fold crime of David, because of the greatness of the lust by which he was drawn away and enticed? Compassionate, therefore, as you please, the condition of the miserable man who is the slave of intemperate habits; but remember that, after all, his apology is but the same with that of other criminals, and quite as strong for them as for him.

Indeed, may we not fairly go further, and say, that there are some circumstances which bring a peculiar aggravation to his guilt? When we consider the powerful dissuasives from this sin, is there not an aggravation in that state of mind, which is not at all affected by them? When we reflect on the misery it occasions, must there not be a singular guilt in that deadness of mind, which allows one coolly to produce that misery, without any malice or bad intention? How thoroughly must the good affections be palsied, and the moral sense destroyed, when this brutalizing enjoyment has become more desirable to a man, than all the rich pleasures which flow from home, friendship, health, and reputation!

What an enormity of sin must he have to answer for, who has depraved himself so far, that, when all the felicities of a rational and social being are put in the one scale, and those of a beastly self-indulgence in the other, he chooses the last, strips himself of decency and honour, puts out the light of reason, flings off the attributes of a man, and rushes into all

the wickedness of voluntary insanity, disgusting idiocy, and profane beastliness—disgraces his friends, beggars his family, initiates his children in the dispositions and pathway of hell, —becomes the corrupter of youthful purity, and a public teacher of debauchery—with no disposition to engage in good pursuits, and no power to attend to the things which concern his peace, or to take one step toward the salvation of his soul!

What can be said of such a man, but that his present and eternal ruin are complete! Earth curses him, while he is upon it; and beyond it he can see no prospect but that of the blackness of darkness. *A drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of heaven.*

I am aware that many are ready to start back with incredulity and displeasure, when we speak of the eternal ruin of any human being: and rightly, if it be denounced by human wrath with insufficient authority. But, in the present case, let any considerate man reflect on the nature of this vice, and consider how it deforms and brutalizes the whole man; how it destroys the intellectual faculties; how it palsies the moral affections; how it unfits for duty, incapacitates for improvement, disqualifies for the pure and elevated sentiments of devotion, and renders one as little capable of religion as of reason;—does he not perceive that it is impossible for such a man to relish the pure, intellectual, spiritual joys of heaven? and that his future prospects are, therefore, fearful and dark?

If pure affections, penitent humility, and devout habits, be essential to its bliss, has he not dreadfully ruined the hope of his soul? If preparation be necessary, has he not refused his happiness, by refusing to be prepared? Does not reason take up the language of scripture, and repeat, with earnest conviction, *A drunkard cannot inherit the kingdom of God?*

LESSON XIII.

The Worm.—Missourian.

——"Outvenoms all the worms of Nile."—*Shakspeare.*

Who has not heard of the rattle-snake or copperhead! An unexpected sight of either of these reptiles will make

even the lords of creation recoil: but there is a species of worm, found in various parts of this state, which conveys a poison of a nature so deadly, that, compared with it, even the venom of the rattle-snake is harmless. To guard our readers against this foe of human kind, is the object of this communication.

This worm varies much in size. It is frequently an inch through, but, as it is rarely seen, except when coiled, its length can hardly be conjectured. It is of a dull lead colour, and generally lives near a spring or small stream of water, and bites the unfortunate people, who are in the *habit of going there to drink*. The brute creation it never molests. They avoid it with the same instinct that teaches the animals of Peru to shun the deadly coya.

Several of these reptiles have long infested our settlements, to the misery and destruction of many of our fellow citizens. I have, therefore, had frequent opportunities of being the melancholy spectator of the effects produced by the subtle poison which this worm infuses.

The symptoms of its *bite* are terrible. The eyes of the patient become red and fiery, his tongue swells to an immoderate size, and obstructs his utterance; and delirium, of the most horrid character, quickly follows. Sometimes, in his madness, he attempts the destruction of his nearest friends.

If the sufferer has a family, his weeping wife and helpless infants are not unfrequently the objects of his frantic fury. In a word, he exhibits, to the life, all the detestable passions that rankle in the bosom of a savage; and, such is the *spell* in which his senses are locked, that, no sooner has the unhappy patient recovered from the paroxysm of insanity, occasioned by the bite, than he seeks out the *destroyer*, for the sole purpose of being *bitten again*.

I have seen a good old father, his locks as white as snow, his steps slow and trembling, beg in vain of his only *son* to quit the lurking place of the worm. My heart bled when he turned away; for I knew the fond hope, that his son would be the "staff of his declining years," had supported him through many a sorrow.

Youths of Missouri, would you know the name of this reptile? It is called the *Worm of the Still.*

LESSON XIV.

Debt and Credit.—EMPORIUM, *Trenton.*

I DISLIKE the whole matter of debt and credit—from my heart I dislike it; and think the man, who first invented a leger, should be hung in effigy, with his invention tied to his feet, that his neck might support him and his works together. My reason for thus sweeping at the whole system is, not that I believe it totally useless, but that I believe it does more mischief than good, produces more trouble than accommodation, and destroys more fortunes than it creates honestly.

These opinions are not of a recent date with me: they are those upon which I set out in early life, and, as I grew older, I became more and more confirmed in them: not that I changed my practice, while I held fast my profession, and got my fingers burned at last, by trusting my name in a day-book; for I never did it, because I saw the evil effects of credit around me, in every shape and form.

A visit, this morning, to my old friend, Timothy Coulter, called the subject up so forcibly, that I concluded to write you a line upon it. His last cow was sold this very morning, by the constable, for six dollars, though she cost him sixteen; and they have not left an ear of corn in his crib, or a bushel of rye in his barn, much less any of his stock: it was what was called the winding up of the concern; and he is now on his good behaviour; for I heard one of his creditors say, that, if he did not go on very straight, he would walk him off to the county prison-ship. Thus has ended Timothy's game of debt and credit.

When he first commenced farming, he was as industrious and promising a young man as was to be found; he worked day and night, counted the cost, and pondered on the purchase of every thing. For a year or two, he kept out of debt, lived comfortably and happy, and made money: every merchant, that knew him, was ready to make a polite bow: each knew him as one of your cash men, and liked his custom. The mechanic shook him by the hand, and begged his company to dinner, hoping to get a job from him; and even the lawyer, in contemplation of his high character, tipped his beaver as he passed him, with a sign, as much as to say, "Tim, you have more sense than half the world; but that's no consolation to us."

By some fatality, Timothy found out, however, that there was such a thing as credit. He began soon to have many running accounts, and seldom paid for what he got; it soon followed, that the inquiry, "Do I really want this article?" before he bought it, was neglected; then the price was frequently not asked; then he began to be careless about pay-day; his accounts stood, he disputed them when rendered, was sued, charged with costs, and, perhaps, slyly, with interest too; and he became a money-borrower before long; but his friends, after a lawsuit had brought them their money, were ready to trust him again, and he was as ready to buy. The same farce was played over and over, until now the end of these things has come; and, poor fellow, he is turned out upon the wide world, without a friend, save a wife and six miserable babes.

I asked the constable for a sight of the execution, and he showed it to me. It was issued by young 'squire Bell, and I could not but recollect how different was the history of this man from that of Timothy. Young Bell was a poor boy, and commenced his life with nothing but health and trade; but he adopted, as a sacred maxim, "Pay as you go;" and he frequently told me, he found little difficulty in sticking to his text.

The necessaries of life are few, and industry secures them to every man: it is the elegancies of life that empty the purse: the knick-knacks of fashion, the gratification of pride, and the indulgence of luxury, make a man poor. To guard against these, some resolution is necessary; and the resolution, once formed, is much strengthened and guarded by the habit of paying for every article we buy, at the time. If we do so, we shall seldom purchase what our circumstances will not afford.

This was exactly the manner in which Jack Bell proceeded. Habit, strengthened by long continuance, and supported by reason, became second nature. His business prospered; his old purse became filled with Spanish dollars; all his purchases, being made for cash, were favourable; and, by always knowing how he stood with the world, he avoided all derangement in his affairs. He is now the 'squire of a little village, with a good property, a profitable business, and the respect of all who know him.

Young reader, who hast not entered on the stage of business, when you come forward in the world, go and do likewise, and you shall have like reward.

LESSON XV.

The Indians.—National Republican, *Cincinnati.*

There are many traits of the Indian character highly interesting to the philosopher and Christian. Their unconquerable attachment to their pristine modes and habits of life, which counteracts every effort towards civilization, furnishes to the philosopher a problem too profound for solution. Their simple and unadorned religion, the same in all ages, and free from the disguise of hypocrisy, which they have received, by tradition, from their ancestors, leads the mind to a conclusion, that they possess an unwritten revelation from God, intended for their benefit, which ought to induce us to pause before we undertake to convert them to a more refined and less explicit faith.

The religion of the Indian appears to be fitted for that state and condition, in which his Maker has been pleased to place him. He believes in one Supreme Being—with all the mighty attributes which we ascribe to God—whom he denominates the *Great and Good Spirit*, and worships in a devout manner, and from whom he invokes blessings on himself and friends, and curses on his enemies.

Our Maker has left none of his intelligent creatures without a witness of himself. Long before the human mind is capable of a course of metaphysical reasoning upon the connexion which exists between cause and effect, a sense of Deity is inscribed upon it. It is a *revelation* which the Deity has made of himself to man, and which becomes more clear and intelligible, according to the manner and degree in which it is improved. In the Indian, whose mind has never been illumined by the light of science, it appears weak and obscure.

Those moral and political improvements, which are the pride and boast of man in polished society, and which result from mental accomplishments, the savage views with a jealous sense of conscious inferiority. Neither his reason, nor his invention, appears to have been exercised for the high and noble purposes of human excellence; and, while he pertinaciously adheres to traditional prejudices and passions, he improves upon those ideas only, which he has received through the senses.

Unaided by any other light than that which he has re-

ceived from the Father of lights, the Indian penetrates the dark curtain, which separates time and eternity, and believes in the immortality of the soul, and the resurrection of the body, not only of all mankind, but of all animated nature, and a state of future existence, of endless duration. It is, therefore, their general custom to bury, with the dead, their bows, arrows, and spears, that they may be prepared to commence their course in another state.

Man is seldom degraded so low, but that he hopes, and believes, that death will not prove the extinction of his being. Is this a sentiment resulting from our fears or our passions? Or, rather, is it not the inspiration of the Almighty, which gives us this understanding, and which has been imparted to all the children of men? A firm belief in the immortality of the soul, with a devout sense of a general superintending power, essentially supreme, constitutes the fundamental article of the Indian's faith.

His reason, though never employed in high intellectual attainments and exertions, is less corrupted and perverted while he roams in his native forests than in an unrestricted intercourse with civilized man. * * * He beholds, in the rising sun, the manifestation of divine goodness, and pursues the chase with a fearless and unshaken confidence in the protection of that great and good Spirit, whose watchful care is over all his works.

Let us not, then, attribute his views of an omniscient and omnipresent Being to the effect of a sullen pride of independence, and his moral sense of right and wrong to a heartless insensibility. Deprived, by the peculiarities of his situation, of those offices of kindness and tenderness, which soften the heart, and sweeten the intercourse of life, in a civilized state, we should consider him a being doomed to suffer the evils of the strongest and most vigorous passions, without the consolation of those divine and human virtues, which dissipate *our* cares, and alleviate our sorrows.

It is now two hundred years since attempts have been made, and unceasingly persevered in, by the pious and benevolent, to civilize, and Christianize, the North American savage, until millions of those unfortunate beings, including many entire tribes, have become extinct. The few, who remain within the precincts of civilized society, stand as human monuments of Gothic grandeur, fearful and tremulous amidst the revolutions of time.

Neither the pride of rank, the allurements of honours,

nor the hopes of distinction, can afford to the Indian a ray of comfort, or the prospect of better days. He contemplates the past as the returnless seasons of happiness and joy, and rushes to the wilderness as a refuge from the blandishments of art, and the pomp and show of polished society, to seek, in his native solitudes, the cheerless gloom of ruin and desolation.

LESSON XVI.

Story and Speech of Logan.—JEFFERSON.

THE principles of society, among the American Indians, forbidding all compulsion, they are to be led to duty, and to enterprise, by personal influence and persuasion. Hence, eloquence in council, bravery and address in war, become the foundations of all consequence with them. To these acquirements all their faculties are directed. Of their bravery and address in war, we have multiplied proofs, because we have been the subjects on which they were exercised.

Of their eminence in oratory, we have fewer examples, because it is displayed, chiefly, in their own councils. Some, however, we have of very superior lustre. I may challenge the whole orations of Demosthenes and Cicero, and of any more eminent orator,—if Europe has furnished more eminent,—to produce a single passage, superior to the speech of Logan, a Mingo chief, to lord Dunmore, when governor of Virginia. And, as a testimony of their talents in this line, I beg leave to introduce it, first stating the incidents necessary for understanding it.

In the spring of the year 1774, a robbery was committed by some Indians on certain land adventurers on the river Ohio. The whites, in that quarter, according to their custom, undertook to punish this outrage in a summary way. Captain Michael Cresap, and a certain Daniel Greathouse, leading on these parties, surprised, at different times, travelling and hunting parties of the Indians, having their women and children with them, and murdered many. Among these were, unfortunately, the family of Logan, a chief, celebrated in peace and war, and long distinguished as the friend of the whites.

This unworthy return provoked his vengeance. He accordingly signalized himself in the war which ensued. In the autumn of the same year, a decisive battle was fought at the mouth of the Great Kenhaway, between the collected forces of the Shawanese, Mingoes, and Delawares, and a detachment of the Virginia militia. The Indians were defeated, and sued for peace. Logan, however, disdained to be seen among the suppliants. But, lest the sincerity of a treaty should be distrusted, from which so distinguished a chief absented himself, he sent, by a messenger, the following speech, to be delivered to lord Dunmore.

"I appeal to any white man to say, if ever he entered Logan's cabin hungry, and he gave him not meat: if ever he came cold and naked, and he clothed him not. During the course of the last long and bloody war, Logan remained idle in his cabin, an advocate for peace. Such was my love for the whites, that my countrymen pointed as they passed, and said, 'Logan is the friend of white men.' I had even thought to have lived with you, but for the injuries of one man. Colonel Cresap, the last spring, in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not even sparing my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature. This called on me for revenge. I have sought it: I have killed many: I have fully glutted my vengeance. For my country, I rejoice at the beams of peace: but do not harbour a thought that mine is the joy of fear. Logan never felt fear. He will not turn on his heel to save his life. Who is there to mourn for Logan?—Not one."

LESSON XVII.

Geehale—An Indian Lament.—STATESMAN, *N. York.*

THE blackbird is singing on Michigan's shore
As sweetly and gaily as ever before;
For he knows to his mate he, at pleasure, can hie,
And the dear little brood she is teaching to fly.
The sun looks as ruddy, and rises as bright,
And reflects o'er our mountains as beamy a light,
As it ever reflected, or ever expressed,
When my skies were the bluest, my dreams were the best.

The fox and the panther, both beasts of the night,
Retire to their dens on the gleaming of light,
And they spring with a free and a sorrowless track,
For they know that their mates are expecting them back.
Each bird, and each beast, it is blest in degree:
All nature is cheerful, all happy, but me.

I will go to my tent, and lie down in despair;
I will paint me with black, and will sever my hair;
I will sit on the shore, where the hurricane blows,
And reveal to the god of the tempest my woes;
I will weep for a season, on bitterness fed,
For my kindred are gone to the hills of the dead;
But they died not by hunger, or lingering decay;
The steel of the white man hath swept them away.

This snake-skin, that once I so sacredly wore,
I will toss, with disdain, to the storm-beaten shore;
Its charms I no longer obey, or invoke;
Its spirit hath left me, its spell is now broke.
I will raise up my voice to the source of the light;
I will dream on the wings of the bluebird at night;
I will speak to the spirits that whisper in leaves,
And that minister balm to the bosom that grieves;
And will take a new Manito—such as shall seem
To be kind and propitious in every dream.

Oh! then I shall banish these cankering sighs,
And tears shall no longer gush salt from my eyes;
I shall wash from my face every cloud-coloured stain,
Red—red shall, alone, on my visage remain!
I will dig up my hatchet, and bend my oak bow;
By night, and by day, I will follow the foe;
Nor lakes shall impede me, nor mountains, nor snows;—
His blood can, alone, give my spirit repose.

They came to my cabin, when heaven was black:
I heard not their coming, I knew not their track;
But I saw, by the light of their blazing fusees,
They were people engendered beyond the big seas:
My wife, and my children,—oh spare me the tale!—
For who is there left that is kin to GEEHALE!

LESSON XVIII.

Fall of Tecumseh.—STATESMAN, *N. York.*

WHAT heavy-hoofed coursers the wilderness roam,
To the war-blast indignantly tramping?
Their mouths are all white, as if frosted with foam,
The steel bit impatiently champing.

'Tis the hand of the mighty that grasps the rein,
Conducting the free and the fearless.
Ah! see them rush forward, with wild disdain,
Through paths unfrequented and cheerless.

From the mountains had echoed the charge of death,
Announcing that chivalrous* sally;
The savage was heard, with untrembling breath,
To pour his response from the valley.

One moment, and nought but the bugle was heard,
And nought but the war-whoop given;
The next—and the sky seemed convulsively stirred,
As if by the lightning riven.

The din of the steed, and the sabred stroke,
The blood-stifled gasp of the dying,
Were screened by the curling sulphur-smoke,
That upward went wildly flying.

In the mist that hung over the field of blood,
The chief of the horsemen contended;
His rowels were bathed in the purple flood,
That fast from his charger descended.

That steed reeled, and fell, in the van of the fight,
But the rider repressed not his daring,
Till met by a savage, whose rank, and might,
Were shown by the plume he was wearing.

The moment was fearful; a mightier foe
Had ne'er swung the battle-axe o'er him;
But hope nerved his arm for a desperate blow,
And Tecumseh fell prostrate before him.

* *ch* as in church.

O ne'er may the nations again be cursed
With conflict so dark and appalling!—
Foe grappled with foe, till the life-blood burst
From their agonized bosoms in falling.

Gloom, silence, and solitude, rest on the spot,
Where the hopes of the red man perished;
But the fame of the hero who fell shall not,
By the virtuous, cease to be cherished.

He fought, in defence of his kindred and king,
With a spirit most loving and loyal,
And long shall the Indian warrior sing
The deeds of Tecumseh, the royal.

The lightning of intellect flashed from his eye,
In his arm slept the force of the thunder,
But the bolt passed the suppliant harmlessly by,
And left the freed captive to wonder.*

Above, near the path of the pilgrim, he sleeps,
With a rudely-built tumulus o'er him;
And the bright-bosomed Thames, in its majesty, sweeps
By the mound where his followers bore him.

LESSON XIX.

Monument Mountain.—BRYANT.

THOU, who would'st see the lovely and the wild
Mingled, in harmony, on Nature's face,
Ascend our rocky mountains. Let thy foot
Fail not with weariness, for, on their tops,
The beauty and the majesty of earth,
Spread wide beneath, shall make thee to forget
The steep and toilsome way. There, as thou stand'st,
The haunts of men below thee, and, above,
The mountain summits, thy expanding heart

To which thou art translated, and partake
The enlargement of thy vision. Thou shalt look
Upon the green and rolling forest tops,
And down into the secrets of the glens
And streams, that, with their bordering thickets, strive
To hide their windings. Thou shalt gaze, at once,
Here on white villages, and tilth, and herds,
And swarming roads; and, there, on solitudes,
That only hear the torrent, and the wind,
And eagle's shriek.....There is a precipice,
That seems a fragment of some mighty wall,
Built by the hand that fashioned the old world,
To separate its nations, and thrown down
When the flood drowned them. To the north, a path
Conducts you up the narrow battlement.
Steep is the western side, shaggy and wild
With mossy trees, and pinnacles of flint,
And many a hanging crag. But, to the east,
Sheer to the vale, go down the bare old cliffs,—
Huge pillars, that, in middle heaven, upbear
Their weather-beaten capitals, here dark
With the thick moss of centuries, and there
Of chalky whiteness, where the thunderbolt
Has splintered them. It is a fearful thing
To stand upon the beetling verge, and see
Where storm and lightning, from that huge gray wall,
Have tumbled down vast blocks, and, at the base,
Dashed them in fragments; and to lay thine ear
Over the dizzy depth, and hear the sound
Of winds, that struggle with the woods below,
Come up like ocean murmurs. But the scene
Is lovely round. A beautiful river there
Wanders amid the fresh and fertile meads,
The paradise he made unto himself,
Mining the soil for ages. On each side
The fields swell upward to the hills; beyond,
Above the hills, in the blue distance, rise
The mighty columns with which earth props heaven.

There is a tale about these gray old rocks,
A sad tradition of unhappy love
And sorrows borne and ended, long ago,
When, over these fair vales, the savage sought
His game in the thick woods. There was a maid,

The fairest of the Indian maids, bright-eyed,
With wealth of raven tresses, a light form,
And a gay heart. About her cabin door
The wide old woods resounded with her song
And fairy laughter all the summer day.
She loved her cousin; such a love was deemed,
By the morality of those stern tribes,
Unlawful, and she struggled hard and long
Against her love, and reasoned with her heart,
As simple Indian maiden might. In vain.
Then her eye lost its lustre, and her step
Its lightness, and the gray old men, that passed
Her dwelling, wondered that they heard no more
The accustomed song and laugh of her, whose looks
Were like the cheerful smile of Spring, they said,
Upon the Winter of their age. She went
To weep where no eye saw, and was not found
When all the merry girls were met to dance,
And all the hunters of the tribe were out;
Nor when they gathered, from the rustling husk,
The shining ear; nor when, by the river side,
They pulled the grape, and startled the wild shades
With sounds of mirth. The keen-eyed Indian dames
Would whisper to each other, as they saw
Her wasting form, and say, *The girl will die.*"
One day, into the bosom of a friend,
A playmate of her young and innocent years,
She poured her griefs. "Thou know'st, and thou alone,"
She said, "for I have told thee, all my love,
And guilt, and sorrow. I am sick of life.
All night I weep in darkness, and the morn
Glares on me, as upon a thing accursed,
That has no business on the earth. I hate
The pastimes, and the pleasant toils, that once
I loved; the cheerful voices of my friends
Have an unnatural horror in mine ear.
In dreams, my mother, from the land of souls,
Calls me, and chides me. All that look on me
Do seem to know my shame; I cannot bear
Their eyes; I cannot from my heart root out
The love that wrings it so, and I must die."
It was a summer morning, and they went
To this old precipice. About the cliffs
Lay garlands, ears of maize, and skins of wolf

And shaggy bear, the offerings of the tribe
Here made to the Great Spirit; for they deemed,
Like worshippers of the elder time, that God
Doth walk on the high places, and affect
The earth-o'erlooking mountains. She had on
The ornaments, with which the father loved
To deck the beauty of his bright-eyed girl,
And bade* her wear when stranger warriors came
To be his guests. Here the friends sat them down,
And sung, all day, old songs of love and death,
And decked the poor wan victim's hair with flowers,
And prayed that safe and swift might be her way
To the calm world of sunshine, where no grief
Makes the heart heavy and the eyelids red.
Beautiful lay the region of her tribe
Below her;—waters, resting in the embrace
Of the wide forest, and maize-planted glades,
Opening amid the leafy wilderness.
She gazed upon it long, and, at the sight
Of her own village, peeping through the trees,
And her own dwelling, and the cabin roof
Of him she loved with an unlawful love,
And came to die for, a warm gush of tears
Ran from her eyes. But, when the sun grew low,
And the hill-shadows long, she threw herself
From the steep rock, and perished. There was scooped,
Upon the mountain's southern slope, a grave;
And there they laid her, in the very garb
With which the maiden decked herself for death,
With the same withering wild flowers in her hair.
And, o'er the mould that covered her, the tribe
Built up a simple monument, a cone
Of small loose stones. Thenceforward, all who passed,
Hunter, and dame, and virgin, laid a stone,
In silence, on the pile. It stands there yet.
And Indians, from the distant west, that come
To visit where their fathers' bones are laid,
Yet tell the sorrowful tale, and, to this day,
The mountain, where the hapless maiden died,
Is called the Mountain of the Monument.

* *Pron.* bad.

LESSON XX.

Grandeur and moral interest of American Antiquities.—T. Flint.

You will expect me to say something of the lonely records of the former races that inhabited this country. That there has, formerly, been a much more numerous population than exists here at present, I am fully impressed, from the result of my own personal observations. From the highest points of the Ohio, to where I am now writing,* and far up the upper Mississippi and Missouri, the more the country is explored and peopled, and the more its surface is penetrated, not only are there more mounds brought to view, but more incontestable marks of a numerous population.

Wells, artificially walled, different structures of convenience or defence, have been found in such numbers, as no longer to excite curiosity. Ornaments of silver and of copper, pottery, of which I have seen numberless specimens on all these waters,—not to mention the mounds themselves, and the still more tangible evidence of human bodies found in a state of preservation, and of sepulchres full of bones,—are unquestionable demonstrations, that this country was once possessed of a numerous population. * * * The mounds themselves, though of earth, are not those rude and shapeless heaps, that they have been commonly represented to be. I have seen, for instance, in different parts of the Atlantic country, the breast-works and other defences of earth, that were thrown up by our people during the war of the revolution. None of those monuments date back more than fifty years. These mounds must date back to remote depths in the olden time.

From the ages of the trees on them, and from other data, we can trace them back six hundred years, leaving it entirely to the imagination to descend farther into the depths of time beyond. And yet, after the rains, the washing, and the crumbling of so many ages, many of them are still twenty-five feet high. All of them are, incomparably, more conspicuous monuments than the works which I just noticed. Some of them are spread over an extent of acres. I have seen, great and small, I should suppose, a hundred.

* St. Charles, on the Missouri.

Though diverse, in position and form, they all have an uniform character.

They are, for the most part, in rich soils, and in conspicuous situations. Those on the Ohio are covered with very large trees. But, in the prairie regions, where I have seen the greatest numbers, they are covered with tall grass, and generally near benches,—which indicate the former courses of the rivers,—in the finest situations for present culture; and the greatest population clearly has been in those very positions, where the most dense future population will be. * * *

The English, when they sneer at our country, speak of it as steril in moral interest. "It has," say they, "no monuments, no ruins, none of the massive remains of former ages; no castles, no mouldering abbeys, no baronial towers and dungeons; nothing to connect the imagination and the heart with the past; no recollections of former ages, to associate the past with the future."

But I have been attempting sketches of the largest and most fertile valley in the world, larger, in fact, than half of Europe, all its remotest points being brought into proximity by a stream, which runs the length of that continent, and to which all but two or three of the rivers of Europe are but rivulets. Its forests make a respectable figure, even placed beside Blenheim park.

We have lakes which could find a place for the Cumberland lakes in the hollow of one of their islands. We have prairies, which have struck me as among the sublimest prospects in nature. There we see the sun rising over a boundless plain, where the blue of the heavens, in all directions, touches and mingles with the verdure of the flowers. It is, to me, a view far more glorious than that on which the sun rises over a barren and angry waste of sea. The one is soft, cheerful, associated with life, and requires an easier effort of the imagination to travel beyond the eye. The other is grand, but dreary, desolate, and always ready to destroy.

In the most pleasing positions of these prairies, we have our Indian mounds, which proudly rise above the plain. At first the eye mistakes them for hills; but, when it catches the regularity of their breast-works and ditches, it discovers, at once, that they are the labours of art and of men.

When the evidence of the senses convinces us that human bones moulder in these masses; when you dig about them, and bring to light their domestic útensils; and are compelled to believe, that the busy tide of life once flowed

here; when you see, at once, that these races were of a very different character from the present generation,—you begin to inquire if any tradition, if any, the faintest, records can throw any light upon these habitations of men of another age.

Is there no scope, beside these mounds, for imagination, and for contemplation of the past? The men, their joys, their sorrows, their bones, are all buried together. But the grand features of nature remain. There is the beautiful prairie, over which they "strutted through life's poor play." The forests, the hills, the mounds, lift their heads in unalterable repose, and furnish the same sources of contemplation to us, that they did to those generations that have passed away.

It is true, we have little reason to suppose, that they were the guilty dens of petty tyrants, who let loose their half savage vassals to burn, plunder, enslave, and despoil an adjoining den. There are no remains of the vast and useless monasteries, where ignorant and lazy monks dreamed over their lusts, or meditated their vile plans of acquisition and imposture.

Here must have been a race of men, on these charming plains, that had every call from the scenes that surrounded them, to contented existence and tranquil meditation. Unfortunate, as men view the thing, they must have been. Innocent and peaceful they probably were; for, had they been reared amidst wars and quarrels, like the present Indians, they would, doubtless, have maintained their ground, and their posterity would have remained to this day. Beside them moulder the huge bones of their contemporary beasts, which must have been of thrice the size of the elephant.

I cannot judge of the recollections excited by castles and towers that I have not seen. But I have seen all of grandeur, which our cities can display. I have seen, too, these lonely tombs of the desert,—seen them rise from these boundless and unpeopled plains. My imagination and my heart have been full of the past. The nothingness of the brief dream of human life has forced itself upon my mind. The unknown race, to which these bones belonged, had, I doubt not, as many projects of ambition, and hoped, as sanguinely, to have their names survive, as the great ones of the present day.

LESSON XXI.

On the Barrows, or Monumental Mounds, in the prairies of the Western Rivers.—M. Flint.

The sun's last rays were fading from the west,
The deepening shade stole slowly o'er the plain,
The evening breeze had lulled itself to rest,
And all was silence,—save the mournful strain
With which the widowed turtle wooed, in vain,
Her absent lover to her lonely nest.

Now, one by one, emerging to the sight,
The brighter stars assumed their seats on high;
The moon's pale crescent glowed serenely bright,
As the last twilight fled along the sky,
And all her train, in cloudless majesty,
Were glittering on the dark blue vault of night.

I lingered, by some soft enchantment bound,
And gazed, enraptured, on the lovely scene;
From the dark summit of an Indian mound
I saw the plain, outspread in living green;
Its fringe of cliffs was, in the distance, seen,
And the dark line of forest sweeping round.

I saw the lesser mounds which round me rose;
Each was a giant heap of mouldering clay;
There slept the warriors, women, friends, and foes,
There, side by side, the rival chieftains lay;
And mighty tribes, swept from the face of day,
Forgot their wars, and found a long repose.

Ye mouldering relics of departed years,
Your names have perished; not a trace remains,
Save where the grass-grown mound its summit rears
From the green bosom of your native plains.
Say, do your spirits wear oblivion's chains?
Did death forever quench your hopes and fears?

* * * *

Or did those fairy hopes of future bliss,
Which simple nature to your bosoms gave,

Find other worlds with fairer skies, than this,
Beyond the gloomy portals of the grave,
In whose bright climes the virtuous* and the brave
Rest from their toils, and all their cares dismiss?—

Where the great hunter still pursues the chase,
And, o'er the sunny mountains, tracks the deer;
Or where he finds each long-extinguished race,
And sees, once more, the mighty mammoth rear
The giant form which lies imbedded here,
Of other years the sole remaining trace.

Or, it may be, that still ye linger near
The sleeping ashes, once your dearest pride;
And, could your forms to mortal eye appear,
Or the dark veil of death be thrown aside,
Then might I see your restless shadows glide,
With watchful care, around these relics dear.

If so, forgive the rude, unhallowed feet
Which trod so thoughtless o'er your mighty dead.
I would not thus profane their lone retreat,
Nor trample where the sleeping warrior's head
Lay pillowed on his everlasting bed,
Age after age, still sunk in slumbers sweet.

Farewell! and may you still, in peace, repose;
Still o'er you may the flowers, untrodden, bloom,
And softly wave to every breeze that blows,
Casting their fragrance on each lonely tomb,
In which your tribes sleep in earth's common womb,
And mingle with the clay from which they rose.

LESSON XXII.

The American Indian, as he was, and as he is.—C. SPRAGUE.

NOT many generations ago, where you now sit, circled with all that exalts and embellishes civilized life, the rank thistle nodded in the wind, and the wild fox dug his hole

* *Pron.* ver'-tshu-ous.

unscared. Here lived and loved *another* race of beings. Beneath the same sun that rolls over your heads, the Indian hunter pursued the panting deer: gazing on the same moon that smiles for you, the Indian lover wooed his dusky mate.

Here the wigwam blaze beamed on the tender and helpless, the council-fire glared on the wise and daring. Now they dipped their noble limbs in your sedgy lakes, and now they paddled the light canoe* along your rocky shores. Here they warred; the echoing whoop, the bloody grapple, the defying death-song, all were here; and, when the tiger strife was over, here curled the smoke of peace.

Here, too, they worshipped; and from many a dark bosom went up a pure prayer to the Great Spirit. He had not written his laws for them on tables of stone, but he had traced them on the tables of their hearts. The poor child of nature knew not the God of revelation, but the God of the universe he acknowledged in every thing around.

He beheld him in the star that sunk in beauty behind his lonely dwelling; in the sacred orb that flamed on him from his mid-day throne; in the flower that snapped in the morning breeze; in the lofty pine, that defied a thousand whirlwinds; in the timid warbler, that never left its native grove; in the fearless eagle, whose untired pinion was wet in clouds; in the worm that crawled at his foot; and in his own matchless form, glowing with a spark of that light, to whose mysterious Source he bent, in humble, though blind adoration.

And all this has passed away. Across the ocean came a pilgrim bark, bearing the seeds of life and death. The former were sown for you; the latter sprang up in the path of the simple native. Two hundred years have changed the character of a great continent, and blotted, forever, from its face a whole peculiar people. Art has usurped the bowers of nature, and the anointed children of education have been too powerful for the tribes of the ignorant.

Here and there, a stricken few remain; but how unlike their bold, untamed, untameable progenitors! *The Indian*, of falcon† glance, and lion bearing, the theme of the touching ballad, the hero of the pathetic tale, is gone! and his degraded offspring crawl upon the soil where he walked in majesty, to remind *us* how miserable is man, when the foot of the conqueror is on his neck.

* *Pron.* ca-noo'. † *Pron.* faw'-kn.

As a race, they have withered from the land. Their arrows are broken, their springs are dried up, their cabins are in the dust. Their council-fire has long since gone out on the shore, and their war-cry is fast dying to the untrodden west. Slowly and sadly they climb the distant mountains, and read their doom in the setting sun. They are shrinking before the mighty tide which is pressing them away; they must soon hear the roar of the last wave, which will settle over them forever.

Ages hence, the inquisitive white man, as he stands by some growing city, will ponder on the structure of their disturbed remains, and wonder to what manner of person they belonged. They will live only in the songs and chronicles of their exterminators. Let these be faithful to their rude virtues as men, and pay due tribute to their unhappy fate as a people.

LESSON XXIII.

The Grave a place of rest.—MACKENZIE.

THE grave is a place where the weary are at rest. How soothing is this sentiment, "The weary are at rest!" There is something in the expression which affects the heart with uncommon sensations, and produces a species of delight, where tranquillity is the principal ingredient. The sentiment itself is extensive, and implies many particulars: it implies, not only that we are delivered from the troubling of the wicked, as in the former clause, but from every trouble and every pain, to which life is subjected.

Those, only, who have themselves been tried in affliction, can feel the full force of this expression. Others may be pleased with the sentiment, and affected by sympathy. The distressed are, at once, pleased and comforted. To be delivered from trouble—to be relieved from power—to see oppression humbled*—to be freed from care and pain, from sickness and distress—to lie down as in a bed of security, in a long oblivion of our woes—to sleep, in peace, without the fear of interruption—how pleasing is the prospect! how full of consolation!

* *Pron.* um'-bl'd.

The ocean may roll its waves, the warring winds may join their forces, the thunders may shake the skies,* and the lightnings pass, swiftly, from cloud to cloud: but not the forces of the elements, combined, not the sounds of thunders, nor of many seas, though they were united into one peal, and directed to one point, can shake the security of the tomb.

The dead hear nothing† of the tumult; they sleep soundly; they rest from their calamities upon beds of peace. Conducted to silent mansions, they cannot be troubled by the rudest assaults, nor awakened by the loudest clamour. The unfortunate, the oppressed, the broken-hearted, with those that have languished on beds of sickness, rest here together: they have forgot their distresses; every sorrow is hushed, and every pang extinguished.

Hence, in all nations, a set of names have arisen to convey the idea of death, congenial with these sentiments, and all of them expressive of supreme felicity and consolation. How does the human mind, pressed by real or imagined calamities, delight to dwell upon that awful event which leads to deliverance, and to describe and solicit it with the fairest flowers of fancy!

It is called the harbour of rest, in whose deep bosom the disastered mariner, who had long sustained the assaults of adverse storms, moors his wearied vessel, never more to return to the tossings of the wasteful ocean. It is called the land of peace, whither the friendless exile retires, beyond the reach of malice and injustice, and the cruelest arrows of fortune. It is called the hospitable house, where the weather-beaten traveller, faint with traversing pathless deserts, finds a welcome and secure repose.

There no cares molest, no passions distract, no enemies defame; there agonizing pain, and wounding infamy, and ruthless revenge, are no more; but profound peace, and calm passions, and security which is immoveable. "There the wicked cease from troubling; there the weary are at rest! There the prisoners rest together! they hear not the voice of the oppressor! The small and the great are there, and the servant is free from his master!"

* *Pron.* skēz. † *Pron.* nuth-ing.

LESSON XXIV.

On the custom of planting flowers on the graves of departed friends.—BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

To 'scape from chill misfortune's gloom,
From helpless age and joyless years;
To sleep where flowerets round us bloom;—
Can such a fate deserve our tears?

Since, in the tomb, our cares, our woes,
In dark oblivion buried lie,
Why paint that scene of calm repose
In figures painful to the eye?

To die!—what is in death to fear?
'Twill decompose my lifeless frame!
A Power, unseen, still watches near,
To light it with a purer flame.

And, when anew that flame shall burn,
Perhaps the dust, that lies enshrined,
May rise, a woodbine, o'er my urn,
With verdant tendrils round it twined.

How would the gentle bosom beat,
That sighs at death's resistless power,
A faithful friend again to meet
Fresh blooming in a fragrant flower!

The love, that in my bosom glows,
Will live when I shall long be dead,
And, haply, tinge some budding rose
That blushes o'er my grassy bed.

O, thou who hast so long been dear,
When I shall cease to smile on thee,
I know that thou wilt linger here,
With pensive soul, to sigh for me.

Thy gentle hand will sweets bestow,
Transcending Eden's boasted bloom;
Each flower with brighter tints shall glow,
When Love and Beauty seek my tomb.

And, when the rose-bud's virgin breath
With fragrance fills the morning air,
Imagine me released from death,
And all my soul reviving there.

LESSON XXV.

Thoughts of a young man in the prospect of death.—HENRY K. WHITE.

SAD, solitary *Thought*, who keep'st thy vigils,
Thy solemn vigils, in the sick man's mind,
Communing lonely with his sinking soul,
And musing on the dubious glooms that lie
In dim obscurity before him,—thee,
Wrapped in thy dark magnificence, I call
At this still, midnight hour, this awful season,
When, on my bed, in wakeful restlessness,
I turn me, wearisome. While all, around,
All, all, save me, sink in forgetfulness,
I only wake to watch the sickly taper
Which lights me to my tomb.—Yes, 'tis the hand
Of death I feel press heavy on my vitals,
Slow-sapping the warm current of existence.
My moments now are few.—The sand of life
Ebbs fastly to its finish.—Yet a little,
And the last fleeting particle will fall,
Silent, unseen, unnoticed, unlamented.
Come, then, sad Thought, and let us meditate,
While meditate we may.—There's left us now
But a small portion of what men call time,
To hold communion; for, even now, the knife,
The separating knife, I feel divide
The tender bond that binds my soul to earth.
Yes, I must die—I feel that I must die;
And though, to me, life has been dark and dreary,
Though hope, for me, has smiled but to deceive,
And disappointment marked me as her victim,
Yet do I feel my soul recoil within me,
As I contemplate the dim gulf of death,
The shuddering void, the awful blank—futurity.

Ay, I had planned full many a sanguine scheme
Of earthly happiness—romantic schemes,
And fraught with loveliness :—and it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Throw a chill blight o'er all one's budding hopes,
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades,
Lost in the gaping gulf of blank oblivion.
Fifty years hence, and who will hear of Henry?
O, none :—another busy brood of beings
Will shoot up in the interim, and none
Will hold him in remembrance. I shall sink
As sinks a stranger in the crowded streets
Of busy London :—some short bustle's caused,
A few inquiries, and the crowds close in,
And all's forgotten. On my grassy grave
The men of future times will careless tread,
And read my name upon the sculptured stone ;
Nor will the sound, familiar to their ears,
Recall my vanished memory. I did hope
For better things :—I hoped I should not leave
The earth without a vestige. Fate decrees
It shall be otherwise,—and I submit.
Henceforth, O world, no more of thy desires!
No more of hope!—the wanton, vagrant hope!
I abjure all.—Now other cares engross me,
And my tired soul, with emulative haste,
Looks to its God, and plumes its wings for heaven.

LESSON XXVI.

The Grave.—Bernard Barton.

I love to muse, when none are nigh,
Where yew tree branches wave,
And hear the winds, with softest sigh,
Sweep o'er the grassy grave.

It seems a mournful music, meet
To soothe a lonely hour;
Sad though it be, it is more sweet
Than that from Pleasure's bower.

I know not why it should be sad,
Or seem a mournful tone,
Unless by man the spot be clad
With terrors not its own.

To nature it seems just as dear
As earth's most cheerful site;
The dew-drops glitter there as clear,
The sun-beams shine as bright.

The showers descend as softly there
As on the loveliest flowers;
Nor does the moon-light seem more fair
On Beauty's sweetest bowers.

"Ay! but within—within, there sleeps
One, o'er whose mouldering clay
The loathsome earth-worm winds and creeps,
And wastes that form away."

And what of that? The frame that feeds
The reptile tribe below,
As little of their banquet heeds,
As of the winds that blow.

LESSON XXVII.

The Fall of the Leaf.—Milonov.*

The autumnal winds had stripped the field
Of all its foliage, all its green;
The winter's harbinger had stilled
That soul of song which cheered the scene.

With visage pale, and tottering gait,
As one who hears his parting knell,
I saw a youth disconsolate:—
He came to breathe his last farewell.

"Thou grove! how dark thy gloom to me!
Thy glories riven by autumn's breath!

* From Bowring's Russian Anthology, Vol. II.

In every falling leaf I see
A threatening messenger of death.

"O Æsculapius!* in my ear
Thy melancholy warnings chime:—
'Fond youth! bethink thee, thou art here
A wanderer—for the last, last time.

"Thy spring will winter's gloom o'ershade,
Ere yet the fields are white with snow;
Ere yet the latest flowerets fade,
Thou, in thy grave, wilt sleep below.'

"I hear the hollow murmuring—
The cold wind rolling o'er the plain—
Alas! the brightest days of spring
How swift! how sorrowful! how vain!

"O wave, ye dancing boughs, O wave!
Perchance to-morrow's dawn may see
My mother, weeping on my grave:—
Then consecrate my memory.

"I see, with loose, dishevelled hair,
Covering her snowy bosom, come
The angel of my childhood there,
And dew, with tears, my early tomb.

"Then, in the autumn's silent eve,
With fluttering wing and gentlest tread,
My spirit its calm bed shall leave,
And hover o'er the mourner's head."

Then he was silent:—faint and slow
His steps retraced:—he came no more:
The last leaf trembled on the bough,
And his last pang of life was o'er.

Beneath the aged oaks he sleeps:—
The angel of his childhood there
No watch around his tomb-stone keeps;
But, when the evening stars appear,

* In the Greek mythology, the cock was one of the animals consecrated to Æsculapius, the god of medicine.

The woodman, to his cottage bound,
Close to that grave is wont to tread:
But his rude footsteps, echoed round,
Break not the silence of the dead.

LESSON XXVIII.

Obedience to the Commandments of God rewarded.—MOODIE.

THE heathen, unsupported by those prospects which the Gospel opens, might be supposed to have sunk under every trial; yet, even among them, was sometimes displayed an exalted virtue: a virtue, which no interest, no danger, could shake: a virtue, which could triumph amidst tortures and death: a virtue, which, rather than forfeit its conscious integrity, could be content to resign its consciousness forever. And shall not the Christian blush to repine?—the Christian, from before whom the veil is removed; to whose eyes are revealed the glories of heaven?

Your indulgent Ruler doth not call you to run in vain, or to labour in vain. Every difficulty, and every trial, that occurs in your path, is a fresh opportunity, presented by his kindness, of improving the happiness, after which he hath taught you to aspire. By every hardship which you sustain in the wilderness, you secure an additional portion of the promised land. What though the combat be severe? A kingdom,—an everlasting kingdom,—is the prize of victory. Look forward to the triumph which awaits you, and your courage will revive. Fight the good fight, finish your course, keep the faith: there is laid up for you a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give unto you at that day.

What though, in the navigation of life, you have sometimes to encounter the war of elements? What though the winds rage, though the waters roar, and danger threatens around? Behold, at a distance, the mountains appear: your friends are impatient for your arrival: already the feast is prepared, and the rage of the storm shall serve only to waft you sooner to the haven of rest. No tempests assail those blissful regions which approach to view: all is peaceful and serene:—there you shall enjoy eternal comfort; and the recollection of the hardships which you now encounter shall heighten the felicity of better days.

LESSON XXIX.

The Promises of Religion to the Young.—Alison.

In every part of Scripture, it is remarkable with what singular tenderness the season of youth is always mentioned, and what hopes are afforded to the devotion of the young. It was at that age that God appeared unto Moses, when he fed his flock in the desert, and called him to the command of his own people. It was at that age he visited the infant Samuel, while he ministered in the temple of the Lord, "in days when the word of the Lord was precious, and when there was no open vision." It was at that age that his spirit fell upon David, while he was yet the youngest of his father's sons, and when, among the mountains of Bethlehem, he fed his father's sheep. It was at that age, also, "that they brought young children unto Christ, that he should touch them: And his disciples rebuked those that brought them: But when Jesus saw it, he was much displeased, and said to them, Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

If these, then, are the effects and promises of youthful piety, rejoice, O young man, in thy youth!—rejoice in those days which are never to return, when religion comes to thee in all its charms, and when the God of nature reveals himself to thy soul, like the mild radiance of the morning sun, when he rises amid the blessings of a grateful world.

If, already, devotion hath taught thee her secret pleasures; if, when nature meets thee in all its magnificence or beauty, thy heart humbleth itself in adoration before the Hand which made it, and rejoiceth in the contemplation of the wisdom by which it is maintained; if, when revelation unveils her mercies, and the Son of God comes forth to give peace and hope to fallen man, thine eye follows, with astonishment, the glories of his path, and pours, at last, over his cross those pious tears which it is a delight to shed; if thy soul accompanieth him in his triumph over the grave, and entereth, on the wings of faith, into that heaven "where he sat down at the right hand of the Majesty on high," and seeth the "society of angels, and of the spirits of just men made perfect," and listeneth to the "everlasting song which is sung before the throne:"—if such are the medita-

tions in which thy youthful hours are passed, renounce not, for all that life can offer thee in exchange, these solitary joys. The world which is before thee,—the world which thine imagination paints in such brightness,—has no pleasures to bestow which can compare with these; and all that its boasted wisdom can produce has nothing so acceptable in the sight of heaven, as this pure offering of thy infant soul.

In these days, "the Lord himself is thy Shepherd, and thou dost not want. Amid the green pastures, and by the still waters" of youth, he now makes "thy soul to repose." But the years draw nigh, when life shall call thee to its trials; the evil days are on the wing, when "thou shalt say thou hast no pleasure in them;" and, as thy steps advance, "the valley of the shadow of death opens," through which thou must pass at last. It is then thou shalt know what it is to "remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth." In these days of trial or of awe, "his spirit shall be with thee," and thou shalt fear no ill; and, amid every evil which surrounds thee, "he shall restore thy soul. His goodness and mercy shall follow thee all the days of thy life;" and when, at last, "the silver cord is loosed," thy spirit shall return to the God who gave it, and thou shalt dwell in the house of the Lord forever.

LESSON XXX.

On the Swiftness of Time.—Dr. Johnson.

The natural advantages, which arise from the position of the earth which we inhabit, with respect to the other planets, afford much employment to mathematical speculation, by which it has been discovered, that no other conformation of the system could have given such commodious distributions of light and heat, or imparted fertility and pleasure to so great a part of a revolving sphere.

It may be, perhaps, observed by the moralist, with equal reason, that our globe seems particularly fitted for the residence of a being, placed here only for a short time, whose task is to advance himself to a higher and happier state of existence, by unremitted vigilance of caution and activity of virtue.

The duties required of man are such as human nature does not willingly perform, and such as those are inclined to delay, who yet intend, some time, to fulfil them. It was, therefore, necessary, that this universal reluctance should be counteracted, and the drowsiness of hesitation wakened into resolve; that the danger of procrastination should be always in view, and the fallacies of security be hourly detected.

To this end all the appearances of nature uniformly conspire. Whatever we see, on every side, reminds us of the lapse of time and the flux of life. The day and night succeed each other; the rotation of seasons diversifies the year; the sun rises, attains the meridian, declines and sets; and the moon, every night, changes its form.

The day has been considered as an image of the year, and a year as the representation of life. The morning answers to the spring, and the spring to childhood and youth. The noon corresponds to the summer, and the summer to the strength of manhood. The evening is an emblem of autumn, and autumn of declining life. The night, with its silence and darkness, shows the winter, in which all the powers of vegetation are benumbed; and the winter points out the time when life shall cease, with its hopes and pleasures.

He that is carried forward, however swiftly, by a motion equable and easy, perceives not the change of place but by the variation of objects. If the wheel of life, which rolls thus silently along, passed on through undistinguishable uniformity, we should never mark its approaches to the end of the course. If one hour were like another; if the passage of the sun did not show that the day is wasting; if the change of seasons did not impress upon us the flight of the year,—quantities of duration, equal to days and years, would glide unobserved. If the parts of time were not variously coloured, we should never discern their departure or succession; but should live, thoughtless of the past, and careless of the future, without will, and, perhaps, without power, to compute the periods of life, or to compare the time which is already lost with that which may probably remain.

But the course of time is so visibly marked, that it is even observed by the passage, and by nations who have raised their minds very little above animal instinct: there are human beings, whose language does not supply them with words by which they can number five, but I have read of none that have not names for day and night, for summer and winter.

Yet it is certain, that these admonitions of nature, however forcible, however importunate, are too often vain; and that many, who mark with such accuracy the course of time, appear to have little sensibility of the decline of life. Every man has something to do, which he neglects; every man has faults to conquer, which he delays to combat.*

So little do we accustom ourselves to consider the effects of time, that things necessary and certain often surprise us like unexpected contingencies. We leave the beauty in her bloom, and, after an absence of twenty years, wonder, at our return, to find her faded. We meet those whom we left children, and can scarcely persuade ourselves to treat them as men. The traveller visits, in age, those countries through which he rambled in his youth, and hopes for merriment at the old place. The man of business, wearied with unsatisfactory prosperity, retires to the town of his nativity, and expects to play away his last years with the companions of his childhood, and recover youth in the fields where he once was young.

From this inattention, so general and so mischievous, let it be every man's study to exempt himself. Let him that desires to see others happy, make haste to give while his gift can be enjoyed, and remember, that every moment of delay takes away something from the value of his benefaction: and let him, who proposes his own happiness, reflect, that, while he forms his purpose, the day rolls on, and "the night cometh, when no man can work."

LESSON XXXI.

Lines written by one who had long been resident in India, on his return to his native country.—ANONYMOUS.

I CAME, but they had passed away—
The fair in form, the pure in mind;—
And, like a stricken deer, I stray
Where all are strange, and none are kind,—
Kind to the worn, the wearied soul,
That pants, that struggles, for repose.
O that my steps had reached the goal
Where earthly sighs and sorrows close!

* *Pron.* cum'-bat.

Years have passed o'er me, like a dream
That leaves no trace on memory's page:
I look around me, and I seem
Some relic of a former age.
Alone, as in a stranger clime,
Where stranger voices mock my ear,
I mark the lagging course of time,
Without a wish,—a hope,—a fear!

Yet I had hopes—and they have fled;
And fears—and they were all too true;
My wishes too—but they are dead;
And what have I with life to do?
'Tis but to wear a weary load
I may not, dare not, cast away;
To sigh for one small, still abode,
Where I may sleep as sweet as they;—

As they, the loveliest of their race,
Whose grassy tombs my sorrows steep,
Whose worth my soul delights to trace,
Whose very loss 'tis sweet to weep,—
To weep beneath the silent moon,
With none to chide, to hear, to see:
Life can bestow no greater boon
On one, whom death disdains to free.

I leave the world, that knows me not,
To hold communion with the dead;
And fancy consecrates the spot
Where fancy's softest dreams are shed.
I see each shade—all silvery white—
I hear each spirit's melting sigh;
I turn to clasp those forms of light,—
And the pale morning chills my eye.

But soon the last dim morn shall rise,—
The lamp of life burns feebly now,—
When stranger hands shall close my eyes,
And smooth my cold and dewy brow.
Unknown I lived; so let me die;
Nor stone, nor monumental cross,
Tell where his nameless ashes lie,
Who sighed for gold, and found it dross.

LESSON XXXII.

"*He shall fly away as a dream.*"—ANONYMOUS.

I DREAMED :—I saw a rosy child,
With flaxen ringlets, in a garden playing;
Now stooping here, and then afar off straying,
As flower or butterfly his feet beguiled.

'Twas changed; one summer's day I stepped aside,
To let him pass; his face had manhood's seeming,
And that full eye of blue was fondly beaming
On a fair maiden, whom he called his bride.

Once more; 'twas evening, and the cheerful fire
I saw a group of youthful forms surrounding,
The room with harmless pleasantry resounding;
And, in the midst, I marked the smiling sire.

The heavens were clouded—and I heard the tone
Of a slow-moving bell: the white-haired man had gone!

LESSON XXXIII.

The Journey of a Day,—A Picture of Human Life.—DR. JOHNSON.

OBIDAH, the son of Abensina, left the caravansary early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Hindostan. He was fresh and vigorous with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire: he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him.

As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise; he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices: he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care was banished from his heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove, that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was travelling, but found a narrow way, bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased, that, by this happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues.

He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruits that hung upon the branches. At last, the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among the hills and thickets, cooled with fountains, and murmuring with water-falls.

Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider, whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but, remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river, that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region, with innumerable circumvolutions.

In these amusements, the hours passed away unaccounted; his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward, lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was over-

spread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head.

He was now roused, by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power,—to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue, where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself upon the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquillity, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand; for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage, and fear, and ravage, and expiration: all the horrors of darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods, and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

> "Worked into sudden rage by wintry showers,
> Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours:
> The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise."

Thus, forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild, without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing nearer to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labour, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down, in resignation to his fate, when he beheld, through the brambles, the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and, finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither: I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of this wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey, without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes, of this day, sink deep into thy heart.

Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on a while in the straight road of piety, towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervour, and endeavour to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end.

"We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolve never to touch. We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides: we are then willing to inquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return.

"But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we, in time, lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue.

"Happy are they, my son, who shall learn, from thy example, not to despair, but shall remember, that, though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return, after all his errors; and that he, who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and, when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

LESSON XXXIV.

The Vision of Mirza.—Addison.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always kept holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and, passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream."

Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock, that was not far from me, where I discovered one, in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes, that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs, that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place.

My heart melted away in secret raptures. I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a Genius; and that several had been entertained with music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasure of his conversation, as I looked upon him, like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat.

I drew near, with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The Genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and, at once, dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground,

and, taking me by the hand, "Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies: follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and, placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest." "I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it." "The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the valley of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity." "What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"

"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is thus bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it." "I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide." "The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life: consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three-score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred.

As I was counting the arches, the Genius told me that this bridge consisted, at first, of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me farther," said he, "what thou discoverest on it." "I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it."

As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and, upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, than many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons,—but their number was very small,—that continued a kind of hobbling march on the

broken arches, but fell through, one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented.

My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping, unexpectedly, in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching by every thing that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they sunk.

In this confusion of objects, I observed some with cimeters in their hands, and others with lancets, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors, which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped, had they not been thus forced upon them.

The Genius, seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou yet seest any thing thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up, "What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and, among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch, in great numbers, upon the middle arches."

"These," said the Genius, "are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life." I here fetched a deep sigh. "Alas!" said I, "man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The Genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man, in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist, into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it."

I directed my sight as I was ordered, and—whether or no the good Genius strengthened it with any supernatural force,

or dissipated part of the mist, that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate—I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands,* that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas, that ran among them.

I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the Genius told me, there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death, that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge.

"The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted, as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea shore. There are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degrees and kinds of virtue† in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants.

"Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on those happy islands. At length, said I, "Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie under those dark clouds, that cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant."

* *Pron.* i'-lănds. † *Pron.* ver'-tshu.

The Genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but, instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

LESSON XXXV.

The World we have not seen.—ANONYMOUS.

THERE is a world we have not seen,
  That time shall never dare destroy,
Where mortal footstep hath not been,
  Nor ear hath caught its sounds of joy.

There is a region, lovelier far
  Than sages tell, or poets sing,
Brighter than summer beauties are,
  And softer than the tints of spring.

There is a world,—and O how blest!—
  Fairer than prophets ever told;
And never did an angel guest
  One half its blessedness unfold.

It is all holy and serene,
  The land of glory and repose;
And there, to dim the radiant scene,
  The tear of sorrow never flows.

It is not fanned by summer gale;
  'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moon-beam pale,
  For there are known no evening hours.

No: for this world is ever bright
  With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
  Flow round it from the Eternal Throne.

There forms, that mortals may not see,
Too glorious for the eye to trace,
And clad in peerless majesty,
Move with unutterable grace.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:—
It is THE DWELLING-PLACE OF GOD.

LESSON XXXVI.

The Better Land.—MRS. HEM'ANS.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land;
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?—
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?—
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies dance through the myrtle boughs?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?—
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold,
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the cŏr'al strand?
Is it there, sweet mother! that better land?"
—"Not there, not there, my child!

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep sounds of joy;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair;
Sorrow and death may not enter there;

Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom;
Beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb;
—It is there, it is there, my child!"

LESSON XXXVII.

The Widow and her Son.—C. EDWARDS.

"My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!
My widow-comfort, and my sorrow's cure!"

CONSUMPTION is a siren. She can give a charm even to deformity. In my school boy days, there lived an aged widow near the church-yard. She had an only child. I have often observed, that the delicate, and the weak, receive more than a common share of affection from a mother. Such a feeling was shown by this widow towards her sickly and unshapely boy.

There are faces and forms which, once seen, are impressed upon our brain; and they will come again, and again, upon the tablet of our memory in the quiet night, and even flit around us in our day walks. Many years have gone by since I first saw this boy; but his delicate form, his quiet manner, and his gentle and virtuous conduct, are often before me.

I shall never forget,—in the sauciness of youth, and fancying it would give importance to my bluff outside,—*swearing* in his presence. The boy was sitting in a high-backed easy chair, reading his Bible. He turned round, as if a signal for dying had sounded in his ear, and fixed upon me his clear gray eye—that look! it made my little heart almost choke me:—I gave some foolish excuse for getting out of the cottage; and, as I met a playmate on the road, who jeered me for my blank countenance, I rushed past him, hid myself in an adjoining cornfield, and cried bitterly.

I tried to conciliate the widow's son, and show my sorrow for having so far forgotten the innocence of boyhood, as to have had my Maker's name sounded in an unhallowed manner from my lips: but I could not reconcile him. My spring flowers he accepted; but, when my back was turned, he flung them away. The toys and books I offered to him were put aside for his Bible. His only occupations were, the feeding of a favourite hen, which would come to his

chair and look up for the crumbs he would let fall, with a noiseless action, from his thin fingers, watching the pendulum and hands of the wooden clock, and reading.

Although I could not, at that time, fully appreciate the beauty of a mother's love, still I venerated the widow for the unobtrusive, but intense, attention she displayed to her son. I never entered her dwelling without seeing her engaged in kind offices towards him. If the sunbeam came through the leaves of the geraniums, placed in the window, with too strong a glare, she moved the high-backed chair with as much care as if she had been putting aside a crystal temple. When he slept, she festooned her silk handkerchief around his place of rest. She placed the earliest violets upon her mantel-piece for him to look at; and the roughness of her own meal, and the delicacy of the child's, sufficiently displayed her sacrifices. Easy and satisfied, the widow moved about. I never saw her but once unhappy. She was then walking thoughtfully in her garden. I beheld a tear. I did not dare to intrude upon her grief, and ask her the cause of it; but I found the reason in her cottage: her boy had been spitting blood.

I have often envied him these endearments; for I was away from a parent who humoured me even when I was stubborn and unkind. My poor mother is in her grave. I have often regretted having been her pet, her favourite: for the coldness of the world makes me wretched; and, perhaps, if I had not drunk at the very spring of a mother's affection, I might have let scorn and con'tumĕly pass by me as the idle wind. Yet I have, afterwards, asked myself what I, a thoughtless though not heartless boy, should have come to, if I had not had such a comforter:—I have asked myself this, felt satisfied and grateful, and wished that her spirit might watch around a child, who often met her kindness with passion, and received her gifts as if he expected homage from her.

Every body experiences how quickly school years pass away; and many persons regret their flight. As for myself, I do not wish for the return of boyhood's days. I cannot forget the harshness of my master. I cannot but know, that, if he had studied my character, and tempered me as the hot iron is made pliable, I should have been a different and a better being. I still remember the tyr'anny of older spirits. School may have its pleasures; but the sorrows of a thinking boy are like the griefs of a fallen angel.

My father's residence was not situated in the village where I was educated; so that, when I left school, I left its scenes also.

After several years had passed away, accident took me again to the well-known place. The stable, into which I led my horse, was dear to me; for I had often listened to the echo that danced within it, when the bells were ringing. The face of the landlord was strange; but I could not forget the in-kneed, red-whiskered hostler*: he had given me a hearty thrashing as a return for a hearty jest.

I had reserved a broad piece of silver for the old widow. But I first ran towards the river, and walked upon the mill-bank. I was surprised at the apparent narrowness of the stream; and, although the willows still fringed the margin, and appeared to stoop in homage to the water lilies, yet they were diminutive! Every thing was but a miniature of the picture within my mind. It proved to me that my faculties had grown with my growth, and strengthened with my strength.

With something like disappointment, I left the river side, and strolled towards the church. My hand was in my pocket, grasping the broad piece of silver. I imagined to myself the kind look of recognition I should receive; I determined on the way in which I should press the money into the widow's hand. But I felt my nerves lightly tremble as I thought upon the look her son had given, and again might give me.

Ah, there is the cottage! but the honey-suckle is older, and it has lost many of its branches!

The door was closed. A pet lamb was fastened to a loose cord under the window; and its melancholy bleating was the only sound that disturbed the silence. In former years, I used, at once, to pull the string which assisted the wooden latch; but now, I deliberately knocked. A strange female form, with a child in her arms, opened the door. I asked for my old acquaintance. "Alas! poor Alice is in her coffin: look, sir, where the shadow of the spire ends: that is her grave." I relaxed my grasp of my money. "And her deformed boy?" "He too, sir, is there!" I drew my hand from my pocket.

It was a hard task for me to thank the woman; but I did so. I moved to the place where the mother and the child were buried. I stood for some minutes, in silence, beside the mound of grass. I thought of the consumptive lad;

Pron. ostler.

and, as I did so, the lamb at the cottage window gave its anxious bleat. And then all the affectionate attentions of my *own* mother arose on my soul; while my lips trembled out—"Mother! dear mother! would that I were as is the widow's son! would that I were sleeping in thy grave! I loved thee, mother! but I would not have thee living now, to view the worldly sorrows of thy ungrateful boy! My first step towards vice was the oath which the deformed child heard me utter.

"I have often wished my means were equal to my heart. Circumstances, alone, have unmade me.—And you, who rest here as quietly as you lived, shall receive the homage of the unworthy. I will protect this hillock from the steps of the heedless wanderer, and from the trampling of the village herd. I will raise up a tabernacle to purity and love. I will do it in secret; and I look not to be rewarded openly."

LESSON XXXVIII.

The Little Man in Black.—W. Irving.

The following story has been handed down by family tradition for more than a century. It is one on which my cousin Christopher dwells, with more than his usual prolixity; and I have thought it worthy of being laid before my readers.

Soon after my grandfather, Mr. Lemuel Cockloft, had quietly settled himself at the Hall, and just about the time that the gossips of the neighbourhood, tired of prying into his affairs, were anxious for some new tea-table topic, the busy community of our little village was thrown into a grand turmoil of curiosity and conjecture,—a situation very common to little gossiping villages,—by the sudden and unaccountable appearance of a mysterious individual.

The object of this solicitude was a little, black-looking man, of a foreign aspect, who took possession of an old building, which, having long had the reputation of being haunted,* was in a state of ruinous desolation, and an object of fear to all true believers in ghosts.

He usually wore a high sugar-loaf hat, with a narrow

* *Haunt*, pronounced to rhyme with *aunt*, not with *want*.

brim, and a little black cloak, which, short as he was, scarcely reached below his knees. He sought no intimacy or acquaintance with any one; appeared to take no interest in the pleasures or the little broils of the village; nor ever talked, except sometimes to himself in an outlandish tongue.

He commonly carried a large book, covered with sheepskin, under his arm; appeared always to be lost in meditation; and was often met by the peasantry, sometimes watching the dawn of day, sometimes, at noon, seated under a tree, poring over his volume, and sometimes, at evening, gazing, with a look of sober tranquillity, at the sun, as it gradually sunk below the horizon.

The good people of the vicinity beheld something prodigiously singular in all this. A profound mystery seemed to hang about the stranger, which, with all their sagacity, they could not penetrate; and, in the excess of worldly charity, they pronounced it a sure sign "that he was no better than he should be:"—a phrase innocent enough in itself, but which, as applied in common, signifies nearly every thing that is bad.

The young people thought him a gloomy mis'anthrope, because he never joined in their sports:—the old men thought still more hardly of him, because he followed no trade, nor ever seemed ambitious of earning a farthing:—and, as to the old gossips, baffled by the inflexible taciturnity of the stranger, they unanimously decreed, that a man, who could not, or would not talk, was no better than a dumb beast.

The little man in black, careless of their opinions, seemed resolved to maintain the liberty of keeping his own secret; and the consequence was, that, in a little while, the whole village was in an uproar: for, in little communities of this description, the members have always the privilege of being thoroughly versed, and even of meddling, in all the affairs of each other.

A confidential conference was held, one Sunday morning, after sermon, at the door of the village church, and the character of the unknown fully investigated. The schoolmaster gave, as his opinion, that he was the wandering Jew:—the sexton was certain that he must be a free-mason, from his silence:—a third maintained, with great obstinacy, that he was a High German doctor, and that the book, which he carried about with him, contained the secrets of the black art:—but the most prevailing opinion seemed to be,

that he was a witch,—a race of beings at that time abounding in those parts,—and a sagacious old mātron proposed to ascertain the fact, by sousing him into a kettle of hot water.

Suspicion, when once afloat, goes with wind and tide, and soon becomes certainty. Many a stormy night was the little man in black seen, by the flashes of lightning, frisking and curvet'ing in the air upon a broomstick; and it was always observable that, at those times, the storm did more mischief than at any other. The old lady, in particular, who suggested the humane ordeal of the boiling kettle, lost, on one of these occasions, a fine brindle cow; which accident was entirely ascribed to the vengeance of the little man in black.

If ever a mischievous hireling rode his master's favourite horse to a distant frolic, and the animal was observed to be lame and jaded in the morning, the little man in black was sure to be at the bottom of the affair: nor could a high wind howl through the village at night, but the old women shrugged up their shoulders, and observed, that the little man in black was in his *tantrums*.

In short, he became the bugbear of every house; and was as effectual in frightening little children into obedience and hysterics as the redoubtable Raw-head-and-bloody-bones himself; nor could a house-wife* of the village sleep in peace, except under the guardianship of a horse-shoe nailed to the door.

The object of these direful suspicions remained, for some time, totally ignorant of the wonderful quandary he had occasioned: but he was soon doomed to feel its effects. An individual, who is once so unfortunate as to incur the odium of a village, is, in a great measure, outlawed and proscribed, and becomes a mark for injury and insult; particularly if he has not the power, or the disposition, to recriminate. The little venomous passions, which, in the great world, are dissipated and weakened by being widely diffused, act, in the narrow limits of a country town, with collected vigour, and become rancorous, in proportion as they are confined in their sphere of action.

The little man in black experienced the truth of this. Every mischievous urchin, returning from school, had full liberty to break his windows: and this was considered as a most daring exploit'; for, in such awe did they stand of him, that the most adventurous school-boy was never seen to

* *Pron.* huz'-wiff.

approach his threshold; and, at night, would prefer going round by the by-roads, where a traveller had been murdered by the Indians, rather than pass by the door of his forlorn habitation.

The only living creature, that seemed to have any care or affection for this deserted being, was an old turnspit,—the companion of his lonely mansion, and his solitary wanderings,—the sharer of his scanty meal, and,—sorry am I to say it,—the sharer of his persecutions. The turnspit, like his master, was peaceable and inoffensive,—never known to bark at a horse, to growl at a traveller, or to quarrel with the dogs of the neighbourhood.

He followed close at his master's heels, when he went out, and, when he returned, stretched himself in the sunbeams, at the door; demeaning himself, in all things, like a civil and well disposed turnspit. But, notwithstanding his exemplary deportment, he fell, likewise, under the ill report of the village, as being the *familiar** of the little man in black, and the evil spirit that presided at his incantations. The old hovel was considered as the scene of their unhallowed rites, and its harmless tenants regarded with a detestation† which their inoffensive conduct never merited.

Though pelted and jeered at by the brats of the village, and frequently abused by their parents, the little man in black never turned to rebuke them; and his faithful dog, when wantonly assaulted, looked up wistfully in his master's face, and there learned a lesson of patience and forbearance.

LESSON XXXIX.

The same, concluded.

The movements of this inscrutable being had long been the subject of speculation at Cockloft Hall; for its inmates were full as much given to wondering as their descendants. The patience with which he bore his persecutions, particularly surprised them; for patience is a virtue but little known in the Cockloft family.

My grandmother, who, it appears, was rather superstitious, saw in this humility nothing but the gloomy sullenness of a wizard, who restrained himself for the present, in hopes of

* A demon, supposed to attend at call:—*Johnson.* † *Pron.* det-tes-ta'-shun.

midnight vengeance. The parson of the village, who was a man of some reading, pronounced it the stubborn insensibility of a stoic philosopher. My grandfather, who, worthy soul, seldom wandered abroad in search of conclusions, took data from his own excellent heart, and regarded it as the humble forgiveness of a Christian.

But, however different were their opinions as to the character of the stranger, they agreed in one particular, namely, in never intruding upon his solitude; and my grandmother, who was, at that time, nursing my mother, never left the room without wisely putting the large family Bible into the cradle,—a sure talisman, in her opinion, against witchcraft and nec'romancy.

One stormy winter night, when a bleak north-east wind moaned about the cottages, and roared around the village steeple, my grandfather was returning from club, preceded by a servant with a lantern. Just as he arrived opposite the desolate abode of the little man in black, he was arrested by the piteous howling of a dog, which, heard in the pauses of the storm, was exquisitely mournful; and he fancied, now and then, that he caught the low and broken groans of some one in distress.

He stopped for some minutes, hesitating between the benevolence of his heart, and a sensation of genuine delicacy, which, in spite of his eccentricity, he fully possessed, and which forbade* him to pry into the concerns of his neighbours. Perhaps, too, this hesitation might have been strengthened by a little taint of superstition; for, surely, if the unknown had been addicted to witchcraft, this was a most propitious night for his vaga'ries.

At length the old gentleman's philanthropy predominated: he approached the hovel, and, pushing open the door,—for poverty has no occasion for locks and keys,—beheld, by the light of the lantern, a scene that smote his generous heart to the core.

On a miserable bed, with a pallid and emaciated visage, and hollow eyes,—in a room destitute of every convenience, without fire to warm, or friend to console him,—lay this helpless mortal, who had been so long the terror and wonder of the village. His dog was crouching on the scanty coverlet, and shivering with cold. My grandfather stepped softly and hesitatingly to the bed-side, and accosted the forlorn sufferer in his usual accents of kindness.

* *Pron.* forbad.

The little man in black seemed recalled, by the tones of compassion, from the lethargy into which he had fallen; for, though his heart was almost frozen, there was yet one chord that answered to the call of the good old man who bent over him: the tones of sympathy, so novel to his ear, called back his wandering senses, and acted like a restorative to his solitary feelings.

He raised his eyes, but they were vacant and haggard:—he put forth his hand, but it was cold:—he essayed to speak, but the sound died away in his throat:—he pointed to his mouth, with an expression of dreadful meaning, and, sad to relate! my grandfather understood, that the harmless stranger, deserted by society, was perishing with hunger.—With the quick impulse of humanity, he despatched the servant to the Hall for refreshment. A little warm nourishment renovated him for a short time, but not long:—it was evident that his pilgrimage was drawing to a close, and he was about entering that peaceful asy'lum, where "the wicked cease from troubling."

His tale of misery was short, and quickly told. Infirmities had stolen upon him, heightened by the rigours of the season:—he had taken to his bed, without strength to rise and ask for assistance:—"And if I had," said he, in a tone of bitter despondency, "to whom should I have applied? I have no friend, that I know of, in the world! The villagers avoid me as something loathsome and dangerous; and here, in the midst of Christians, should I have perished without a fellow being to soothe the last moments of existence, and close my dying eyes, had not the howlings of my faithful dog excited your attention."

He seemed deeply sensible of the kindness of my grandfather; and, at one time, as he looked up into his old benefactor's face, a solitary tear was observed to steal adown the parched furrows of his cheek. Poor outcast! It was the last tear he shed;—but, I warrant, it was not the first, by millions.

My grandfather watched him all night. Towards morning he gradually declined; and, as the rising sun gleamed through the window, he begged to be raised in his bed, that he might look at it for the last time. He contem'plated it a moment with a kind of religious enthusiasm, and his lips moved as if engaged in prayer. The strange conjectures concerning him rushed on my grandfather's mind:—"He is an idolater," thought he, "and is worshipping the sun."

He listened a moment, and blushed at his own uncharitable suspicion. He was only engaged in the pious devotions of a Christian.

His simple or'ison being finished, the little man in black withdrew his eyes from the east, and, taking my grandfather by the hand, and making a motion with the other towards the sun,—"I love to contemplate it," said he; "it is an emblem of the universal benevolence of a true Christian;—and it is the most glorious work of Him who is philanthropy itself." My grandfather blushed still deeper at his ungenerous surmises. He had pitied the stranger at first; but now he revered him. He turned once more to regard him, but his countenance had undergone a change:—the holy enthusiasm, that had lighted up each feature, had given place to an expression of mysterious import:—a gleam of grandeur seemed to steal across his Gothic visage, and he appeared full of some mighty secret which he hesitated to impart.

He raised his tattered night-cap, which had sunk almost over his eyes; and, waving his withered hand with a slow and feeble expression of dignity—"In me," said he, with laconic solemnity,—"In me you behold the last descendant of the renowned Linkum Fidelius!"—My grandfather gazed at him with reverence; for, though he had never heard of the illustrious personage, thus pompously announced, yet there was a certain black-letter dignity in the name, that peculiarly struck his fancy, and commanded his respect.

"You have been kind to me,"—continued the little man in black, after a momentary pause,—"and richly will I requite your kindness by making you heir of my treasures! In yonder large deal box are the volumes of my illustrious ancestor, of which I alone am the fortunate possessor. Inherit them:—ponder over them, and be wise."

He grew faint with the exertion he had made, and sunk back, almost breathless, on his pillow. His hand, which, inspired with the importance of the subject, he had raised to my grandfather's arm, slipped from his hold, and fell over the side of the bed; and his faithful dog licked it, as if anxious to soothe the last moments of his master, and testify his gratitude to the hand that had so often cherished him.

The untaught caresses of the faithful animal were not lost upon his dying master. He raised his languid eyes,—turned them on the dog,—then on my grandfather,—and, having given this silent recommendation,—closed them forever.

The remains of the little man in black, notwithstanding the objections of many pious people, were decently interred in the church-yard of the village:—and his spirit, harmless as the body it once animated, has never been known to molest a living being. My grandfather complied, as far as possible, with his request. He conveyed the volumes of Linkum Fidelius to his library: he pondered over them frequently:—but whether he grew wiser, the tradition does not mention.

This much is certain, that his kindness to the poor descendant of Fidelius was amply rewarded by the approbation of his own heart, and the devoted attachment of the old turnspit; who, transferring his affection from his deceased master to his benefactor, became his constant attendant, and was father to a long line of runty curs, that still flourish in the family. And thus was the Cockloft library first enriched by the valuable folios of the sage Linkum Fidelius.

LESSON XL.

Danger of being a good Singer.—London Literary Chronicle.

One of the pithy remarks in Lacon, though I cannot remember the precise words, amounts to this; that any man, who is an excellent ămăteur′ singer, and reaches the age of thirty, without, in some way or other, feeling the ruinous effects of it, is an extraordinary* man. "True it is, and pity 'tis 'tis true," that a quality so pleasing, and one that might be so innocent and so amiable, is often, through the weakness of "poor human nature," converted into a bane,—a very pest,—and occasions it to be remarked, when this miserable result occurs, that a man had better croak like a frog, than be a good singer.

That the ruin too frequently occasioned by a man's being a good vocalist, arises from want of resolution, and from his inability to say *no*, when invited to a feast; or, when there, to use the same denying monosyllable, when pressed to take another glass, and then—what then?—why, another; cannot be denied; and that such is the manifest and frequent consequence, he who runs may read!

A few mornings ago, I was accidentally reading the Morn-

Pron. ex-tror′-de-ner-e.

ing Herald, in the committee-room, when my attention was roused by a sort of debate at the table, between the presiding overseer, the master of the workhouse, and a pauper, who wanted permission to go out for a hol'ỹday. On raising my head, I discovered, in the pauper, a young man, rather above thirty, to describe whose carbuncled face would be impossible, and whose emaciated appearance bespoke premature decay, and the grossest intemperance; whilst the faculties of his mind were evidently shown, by his conversation, to be as impaired as his body.

To my surprise, I discovered, in this shadow of a man, one who had been, but a very few years prior to this, in a good business, from which his father had retired with a comfortable fortune, and who is still living reputably in one of the villages adjoining the metropolis. At the time I speak of, I frequently met this young man at the Freemasons', the Crown and Anchor, and other taverns, where public dinners are held, and where he was always hailed with rapture, *as a second Braham;* and he really sung very delightfully; but he could not stand the flattery attendant on it, and the hard drinking, which he thought necessary, poor fellow, but which is well known to be a singer's greatest enemy.

He frequently attended two or three dinners in one day; and, in short, he altogether verified the old proverb of "a short life and a merry one;" and, descending in the scale of society, step by step, he exchanged his elegant tavern dining, for evening clubs and free-and-easys, till, ejected from the public-house parlour, he sunk into a frequent'er of common tap-rooms, and an associater with the vilest of the vile,—he cared not whom,—and, provided he could get liquor to drink, he cared not what.

His business had been entirely lost, long before this utter degradation; though his friends had, from time to time, with great sacrifices, upheld him; and he was, at the period spoken of, a pensioner on their bounty, and on the occasional treats still procured by his failing voice; till, at length, finding he was attacked by a grim disease, and having become so lost to all decency of feeling as to make it impossible for his friends to take him into their houses, the parish workhouse was his only resource, where he is now paid for by those friends; an older man in constitution than his father, though still, by age, he ought to be numbered with our youths.

After he had left the room, the overseer told me that,

although he could not find it in his heart to refuse this lost being his request, yet he knew that he would only go begging round among his old friends and acquaintances, the consequence of which would, in all probability, be several days of intoxication before his return, when he would again come into the workhouse, in the same sickly state, from which, by good care and attention, he had been greatly relieved.

Let this communication, every syllable of which is true, sink deeply into the hearts of all my young male readers, who are just entering into life, and who may happen to have tolerable voices. Singing is an elegant, but, as I have shown, a dangerous accomplishment. Far be it from me to assert, that there are not many good singers, both public and private, who are prudent men. I have only sketched, feebly indeed, and slightly, what *has* been the result of musical talent of this sort, and what, therefore, may be the result again; and I have good reason to know, that a fate, similar to the one I have related, has befallen many a man besides him of whom I have been writing, whose youthful pride has been to be called a good singer.

LESSON XLI.

The Country Clergyman.—GOLDSMITH.

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich, with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour:
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,—
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard, descending, swept his aged breast:

The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade* to stay,
Sate† by his fire and talked the night away;
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their wo;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And even his failings leaned to virtue's side:
But, in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all:
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down, the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last, faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran:
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs, were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff, that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

* *Pron.* bad. † *Pron.* sat.

LESSON XLII.

Parody on the preceding.*—Blackwood's Magazine.

Near where yon brook flows babbling through the dell,
From whose green bank those upland meadows swell,
See where the rector's splendid mansion stands,
Embosomed deep in new-enclosed lands,—
Lands wrested from the indigent and poor,
Because, forsooth, he holds the village cure.†
A man is he whom all his neighbours fear,
Litigious, haughty, greedy, and severe;
And starving, with a thousand pounds a year.

Midst crowds and sports he passed his youthful prime;
Retirement had, with him, been deemed a crime:
When the young blood danced jŏc'und through his veins,
'Tis said his sacred stole‡ received some stains.
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour,
By friends, or fawning, he lays claim to power:
For, three fat livings own his goodly sway;
Two wretched curates starve upon his pay.

Celestial Charity, that heavenly guest,
Could ne'er find entrance to his close-locked breast:
The common vagrants pass his well-known gate
With terror's hasty step, and looks of hate;
For well they know the suffering poor he mocks;
Their wants are promised Bridewell‖ or the stocks.
The soldier, seamed with honourable scars,
The sailor, hasting from his country's wars,
In vain to him may tell their wo-fraught tale;
Their wounds, their eloquence, may not prevail:
Though, by their valour, he in peace remains,
He never gives a mite, to soothe the wanderers' pains.

Thus to depress the wretched is his pride;
His seeming virtues are to vice allied;
Backward to duty, hateful to his ears
Sound the church bells to summon him to prayers;

* *Parody*;—A kind of writing, in which the words of an author, or his thoughts, are taken, and, by a slight change, adapted to some other subject.

† *Cure*;—The office or employment of a curate or clergyman.

‡ *Stole*;—A long robe worn by the clergy in England.

‖ *Bridewell*;—A house of correction.

And, like the wolf that stole into the fold,
And slew the sheep, in woolly vestments rolled,
Still bent on gain, he watcheth night and day,
To rend and make God's heritage his prey.
Called to the bed where parting life is laid,
With what reluctance is the call obeyed!
A few brief prayers in haste he mutters o'er,
For time is precious, and the sick man poor;
Fancy, even now, depictures to his eye
Some neighbour's pigs forth-issuing from the sty,
Whose wicked snouts his new-formed banks uproot,
Close in the ditch, and lop the hawthorn shoot.
Full many a luckless hog, in morning round,
He drives, deep grunting, to the starving pound.
When in the church, that venerable place,
A sullen frown o'erspreads his haughty face:
A preacher's frown conviction should impart,
But oft his smile should cheer the drooping heart.
He blunders through the prayers with hasty will,—
A school-boy would be whipped who read so ill,—
Then mounts the pulpit with a haughty mien,
Where more of pride than godliness is seen;
Some fifteen minutes his discourse will last,
And thus the business of the week is past.
The service o'er, no friendly rustics run
To shake his hand; his steps the children shun;
None for advice or comfort round him press,
Their joys would charm not, nor their cares distress;
To notice them they know he's all too proud;
His liveried lackeys spurn the village crowd.
When for the mourner heaved his breast the sigh!
When did compassion trickle from his eye!
Careless is he if weal or wo betide,
If dues and tithes be punctually supplied.
Such is the man blind chance, not God, hath given
To be the guide of humble souls to heaven.
To preach of heaven he'll sometimes condescend,
But all his views and wishes earthward tend.
Like a tall guide-post, towering o'er the way,
Whose lettered arms the traveller's route display,
Fixed to one spot, it stands upon the down,
Its hand still pointing to the distant town.

LESSON XLIII.

Elegy on Mrs. Mary Blaize.—GOLDSMITH.

Good people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize;
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manner wonderous winning;
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoop of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux, and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all,
Her doctors found, when she was dead—
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore;
For Kent-Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more—
She had not died to-day.

LESSON XLIV.

The sick Man and the Angel.—Gay.

"Is there no hope?" the sick man said:
The silent doctor shook his head;
And took his leave with signs of sorrow,
Despairing of his fee to-morrow.
When thus the man, with gasping breath:
"I feel the chilling hand of death.
Since I must bid the world adieu,
Let me my former life review.
I grant my bargains were well made;
But all men over-reach in trade.
'Tis self-defence in each profession:
Sure self-defence is no transgression.
"The little portion in my hands,
By good security on lands,
Is well increased. If, unawares,
My justice to myself and heirs
Hath let my debtor rot in jail,
For want of good sufficient bail;
If I, by writ, or bond, or deed,
Reduced a family to need;
My will hath made the world amends:
My hope on charity depends.
When I am numbered with the dead,
And all my pious gifts are read,
By heaven and earth! 'twill then be known,
My charities were amply shown."
An Angel came. "Ah! friend," he cried,
"No more in flattering hopes confide:
Can thy good deeds, in former times,
Outweigh the balance of thy crimes?
What widow or what orphan prays
To crown thy life with length of days?—
A pious action's in thy power:
Embrace with joy the happy hour.
Now, while you draw the vital air,
Prove your intention is sincere:
This instant give a hundred pound:
Your neighbours want, and you abound."

"But why such haste?" the sick man whines,
"Who knows as yet what heaven designs!
Perhaps I may recover still:
That sum, and more, are in my will."
"Fool!" says the Vision, "now 'tis plain,
Your life, your soul, your heaven, was gain:
From every side, with all your might,
You scraped, and scraped beyond your right;
And, after death, would fain atone,
By giving what is not your own."
"While there is life, there's hope," he cried:
"Then why such haste?" so groaned and died.

LESSON XLV.

The Voice of the Seasons.—ALISON.

THERE is, in the revolution of time, a kind of warning voice, which summons us to thought and reflection; and every season, as it arises, speaks to us of the analogous character which we ought to maintain. From the first openings of the spring, to the last desolation of winter, the days of the year are emblematic of the state and of the duties of man; and, whatever may be the period of our journey, we can scarcely look up into the heavens, and mark the path of the sun, without feeling either something to animate us upon our course, or to reprove us for our delay.

When the spring appears, when the earth is covered with its tender green, and the song of happiness is heard in every shade, it is a call to us to religious hope and joy. Over the infant year the breath of heaven seems to blow with paternal softness, and the heart of man willingly partakes in the joyfulness of awakened nature.

When summer reigns, and every element is filled with life, and the sun, like a giant, pursues his course through the firmament above, it is the season of adoration. We see there, as it were, the majesty of the present God; and, wherever we direct our eye, the glory of the Lord seems to cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

When autumn comes, and the annual miracle of nature is completed, it is the appropriate season of thankfulness and praise. The heart bends with instinctive gratitude before

Him, whose benevolence neither slumbers nor sleeps, and who, from the throne of glory, yet remembereth the things that are in heaven and earth.

The season of winter has also similar instructions. To the thoughtful and the feeling mind it comes not without a blessing upon its wings; and perhaps the noblest lessons of religion are to be learned amid its clouds and storms.

LESSON XLVI.

Anecdote of Richard Jackson.—London Quarterly Review.

During the war of independence in North America, a plain farmer, Richard Jackson by name, was apprehended, under such circumstances as proved, beyond all doubt, his purpose of joining the king's forces; an intention which he was too honest to deny; accordingly, he was delivered over to the high sheriff, and committed to the county jail. The prison was in such a state, that he might have found little difficulty in escaping; but he considered himself as in the hands of authority, such as it was, and the same principle of duty, which led him to take arms, made him equally ready to endure the consequences.

After lying there a few days, he applied to the sheriff for leave to go out and work by day, promising that he would return regularly at night. His character for simple integrity was so well known, that permission was given without hesitation; and, for eight months, Jackson went out every day to labour, and as duly came back to prison at night. In the month of May, the sheriff prepared to conduct him to Springfield, where he was to be tried for high treason. Jackson said, this would be a needless trouble and expense; he could save the sheriff both, and go just as well by himself.

His word was once more taken, and he set off alone, to present himself for trial and certain condemnation. On the way he was overtaken in the woods by Mr. Edwards, a member of the council of Massachusetts, which, at that time, was the supreme executive of the state. This gentleman asked him whither he was going. "To Springfield, sir," was his answer, "to be tried for my life." To this casual interview Jackson owed his escape, when, having been found guilty, and condemned to death, application was made to the council for mercy.

The evidence and the sentence were stated, and the president put the question, whether a pardon should be granted. It was opposed by the first speaker: the case, he said, was perfectly clear; the act was unquestionably high treason, and the proof complete; and if mercy was shown in this case, he saw no reason why it should not be granted in every other.

Few governments have understood how just and politic it is to be merciful: this hard-hearted opinion accorded with the temper of the times, and was acquiesced in by one member after another, till it came to Mr. Edwards' turn to speak. Instead of delivering his opinion, he simply related the whole story of Jackson's singular demeanour, and what had passed between them in the woods.

For the honour of Massachusetts, and of human nature, not a man was found to weaken its effect by one of those dry, legal remarks, which, like a blast of the desert, wither the heart they reach. The council began to hesitate, and, when a member ventured to say, that such a man certainly ought not to be sent to the gallows, a natural feeling of humanity and justice prevailed, and a pardon was immediately made out.

Never was a stronger proof exhibited that honesty is wisdom. And yet, it was not the man's honesty, but his child-like simplicity, which saved his life; without that simplicity his integrity would have availed him little; in fact, it was his crime; for it was for doing what, according to the principles wherein he had been born and bred, he believed to be his duty, that he was brought to trial and condemned.—This it is which renders civil and religious wars so peculiarly dreadful; and, in the history of such wars, every incident, which serves to reconcile us to humanity, ought carefully to be preserved.

LESSON XLVII.

Falls of Niag'ără.—Howison.

The form of Niagara Falls is that of an irregular semicircle,* about three quarters of a mile in extent. This is

* *Pron.* sem'-e-ser-kl.

divided into two distinct cascades by the intervention of Goat Island, the extremity of which is perpendicular, and in a line with the precipice, over which the water is projected. The cataract on the Canada side of the river is called the Horseshoe, or Great Fall, from its peculiar form; and that next the United States, the American Fall.

Three extensive views of the Falls may be obtained from three different places. In general, the first opportunity travellers have of seeing the cataract is from the high-road, which, at one point, lies near the bank of the river. This place, however, being considerably above the level of the Falls, and a good way beyond them, affords a view that is comparatively imperfect and unimposing.

The Table Rock, from which the Falls of the Niagara may be contem'plated in all their grandeur, lies on an exact level with the edge of the cataract on the Canada side, and indeed forms a part of the precipice, over which the water rushes. It derives its name from the circumstance of its projecting beyond the cliffs that support it, like the leaf of a table. To gain this position, it is necessary to descend a steep bank, and to follow a path that winds among shrubbery and trees, which entirely conceal from the eye the scene that awaits him who traverses it.

When near the termination of this road, a few steps carried me beyond all these obstructions, and a magnificent amphitheatre of cataracts burst upon my view with appalling suddenness and majesty. However, in a moment, the scene was concealed from my eyes by a dense cloud of spray, which involved me so completely, that I did not dare to extricate myself.

A mingled and thundering rushing filled my ears. I could see nothing, except when the wind made a chasm in the spray, and then tremendous cataracts seemed to encompass me on every side; while, below, a raging and foamy gulf, of undiscoverable extent, lashed the rocks with its hissing waves, and swallowed, under a horrible obscurity, the smoking floods that were precipitated into its bosom.

At first the sky was obscured by clouds, but, after a few minutes, the sun burst forth, and the breeze, subsiding at the same time, permitted the spray to ascend perpendicularly. A host of pyram'idal clouds rose majestically, one after another, from the abyss at the bottom of the Fall; and each, when it had ascended a little above the edge of the cataract, displayed a beautiful rainbow, which, in a few

moments, was gradually transferred into the bosom of the cloud that immediately succeeded.

The spray of the Great Fall had extended itself through a wide space directly over me, and, receiving the full influence of the sun, exhibited a luminous and magnificent rainbow, which continued to overarch and irradiate the spot on which I stood, while I enthusiastically contem'plated the indescribable scene.

Any person, who has nerve enough, may plunge his hand into the water of the Great Fall, after it is projected over the precipice, merely by lying down flat, with his face beyond the edge of the Table Rock, and stretching out his arm to its utmost extent. The experiment is truly a horrible one, and such as I would not wish to repeat; for, even to this day, I feel a shuddering and recoiling sensation when I recollect having been in the posture above described.

The body of water, which composes the middle part of the Great Fall, is so immense, that it descends nearly two-thirds of the space without being ruffled or broken; and the solemn calmness, with which it rolls over the edge of the precipice, is finely contrasted with the perturbed appearance it assumes after having reached the gulf below. But the water, towards each side of the Fall, is shattered the moment it drops over the rock, and loses, as it descends, in a great measure, the character of a fluid, being divided into pyram'idal-shaped fragments, the bases of which are turned upwards.

The surface of the gulf, below the cataract, presents a very singular aspect; seeming, as it were, filled with an immense quantity of hoar frost, which is agitated by small and rapid undulations. The particles of water are dazzlingly white, and do not apparently unite together, as might be supposed, but seem to continue for a time in a state of distinct comminution, and to repel each other with a thrilling and shivering motion, which cannot easily be described.

* * * *

The road to the bottom of the Fall presents many more difficulties than that which leads to the Table Rock. After leaving the Table Rock, the traveller must proceed down the river nearly half a mile, where he will come to a small chasm in the bank, in which there is a spiral staircase enclosed in a wooden building. By descending the stair, which is seventy or eighty feet perpendicular height, he will find himself under the precipice, on the top of which

he formerly walked. A high but sloping bank extends from its base to the edge of the river; and, on the summit of this, there is a narrow, slippery path, covered with angular fragments of rock, which leads to the Great Fall.

The impending cliffs, hung with a profusion of trees and brushwood, overarch this road, and seem to vibrate with the thunders of the cataract. In some places they rise abruptly to the height of one hundred feet, and display, upon their surfaces, fossil shells, and the organic remains of a former world; thus sublimely leading the mind to contemplate the convulsions which nature has undergone since the creation.

As the traveller advances, he is frightfully stunned by the appalling noise; clouds of spray sometimes envelope him, and suddenly check his faltering steps; rattlesnakes start from the cavities of the rocks; and the scream of eagles, soaring among the whirlwinds of eddying vapour, which obscure the gulf of the cataract, at intervals announces that the raging waters have hurled some bewildered animal over the precipice. After scrambling among piles of huge rocks that obstruct his way, the traveller gains the bottom of the Fall, where the soul can be susceptible only of one emotion,—that of uncontrollable terror.

It was not until I had, by frequent excursions to the Falls, in some measure familiarized my mind with their sublimities, that I ventured to explore the recesses of the Great Cataract. The precipice over which it rolls is very much arched underneath, while the impetus, which the water receives in its descent, projects it far beyond the cliff, and thus an immense Gothic arch is formed by the rock and the torrent. Twice I entered this cavern, and twice I was obliged to retrace my steps, lest I should be suffocated by the blast of dense spray that whirled around me: however, the third time, I succeeded in advancing about twenty-five yards.

Here darkness began to encircle me. On one side, the black cliff stretched itself into a gigantic arch far above my head, and, on the other, the dense and hissing torrent formed an impenetrable sheet of foam, with which I was drenched in a moment. The rocks were so slippery, that I could hardly keep my feet, or hold securely by them; while the horrid din made me think the precipices above were tumbling down in colossal fragments upon my head. * * * *

A little way below the Great Fall, the river is, comparatively speaking, so tranquil, that a ferry-boat plies between

the Canada and American shores, for the convenience of travellers. When I first crossed, the heaving flood tossed about the skiff with a violence that seemed very alarming; but, as soon as we gained the middle of the river, my attention was altogether engaged by the surpassing grandeur of the scene before me.

I was now within the area of a sĕm'icircle of cataracts more than three thousand feet in extent, and floated on the surface of a gulf, raging, fathomless, and interminable. Majestic cliffs, splendid rainbows, lofty trees, and columns of spray, were the gorgeous decorations of this theatre of wonders; while a dazzling sun shed refulgent glories upon every part of the scene.—Surrounded with clouds of vapour, and stunned into a state of confusion and terror by the hideous noise, I looked upwards to the height of one hundred and fifty feet, and saw vast floods, dense, awful, and stupendous, vehemently bursting over the precipice, and rolling down, as if the windows of heaven were opened to pour another deluge upon the earth.

Loud sounds, resembling discharges of artillery or volcanic explosions, were now distinguishable amidst the watery tumult, and added terrors to the abyss from which they issued. The sun, looking majestically through the ascending spray, was encircled by a radiant hălo; while fragments of rainbows floated on every side, and momentarily vanished, only to give place to a succession of others more brilliant.

Looking backwards, I saw the Niagara River, again become calm and tranquil, rolling magnificently between the towering cliffs, that rose on either side. A gentle breeze ruffled the waters, and beautiful birds fluttered around, as if to welcome its égress from those clouds, and thunders, and rainbows, which were the heralds of its precipitation into the abyss of the cataract.

LESSON XLVIII.

*Niag'ără Falls.**

Tremendous torrent! for an instant hush
The terrors of thy voice, and cast aside

* From the United States Review and Literary Gazette, translated from the Spanish of José Maria Heredia.

Those wide-involving shadows, that my eyes
May see the fearful beauty of thy face!
I am not all unworthy of thy sight;
For, from my very boyhood, have I loved,—
Shunning the meaner track of common minds,—
To look on nature in her loftier moods.
At the fierce rushing of the hurricane,
At the near bursting of the thunderbolt,
I have been touched with joy; and, when the sea,
Lashed by the wind, hath rocked my bark, and showed
Its yawning caves beneath me, I have loved
Its dangers and the wrath of elements.
But never yet the madness of the sea
Hath moved me as thy grandeur moves me now.
Thou flowest on in quiet, till thy waves
Grow broken 'midst the rocks; thy current then
Shoots onward, like the irresistible course
Of destiny. Ah! terribly they rage—
The hoarse and rapid whirlpools there! My brain
Grows wild, my senses wander, as I gaze
Upon the hurrying waters, and my sight
Vainly would follow, as toward the verge
Sweeps the wide torrent—waves innumerable
Meet there and madden—waves innumerable
Urge on and overtake the waves before,
And disappear in thunder and in foam.
They reach—they leap the barrier: the abyss
Swallows, insatiable, the sinking waves.
A thousand rainbows arch them, and the woods
Are deafened with the roar. The violent shock
Shatters to vapour the descending sheets:
A cloudy whirlwind fills the gulf, and heaves
The mighty pyramid of circling mist
To heaven. The solitary hunter, near,
Pauses with terror in the forest shades.

* * * *

God of all truth! in other lands I've seen
Lying philosophers, blaspheming men,
Questioners of thy mysteries, that draw
Their fellows deep into impiety;
And therefore doth my spirit seek thy face
In earth's majestic solitudes. Even here
My heart doth open all itself to thee.
In this immensity of loneliness

I feel thy hand upon me. To my ear
The eternal thunder of the cataract brings
Thy voice, and I am humbled as I hear.
Dread torrent! that with wonder and with fear
Dost overwhelm the soul of him that looks
Upon thee, and dost bear it from itself,
Whence hast thou thy beginning? Who supplies,
Age after age, thy unexhausted springs?
What power hath ordered, that, when all thy weight
Descends into the deep, the swollen waves
Rise not, and roll to overwhelm the earth?
The Lord hath opened his omnipotent hand,
Covered thy face with clouds, and given his voice
To thy down-rushing waters; he hath girt
Thy terrible forehead with his radiant bow.
I see thy never-resting waters run,
And I bethink me how the tide of time
Sweeps to eternity. So pass of man,—
Pass, like a noon-day dream,—the blossoming days,
And he awakes to sorrow. * * * *
Hear, dread Niagara! my latest voice.
Yet a few years, and the cold earth shall close
Over the bones of him who sings thee now
Thus feelingly. Would that this, my humble verse,
Might be, like thee, immortal. I, meanwhile,
Cheerfully passing to the appointed rest,
Might raise my radiant forehead in the clouds
To listen to the echoes of my fame.

LESSON XLIX.

*Cataract at Terni.**

THERE is a rare union of beauty and grandeur in the Falls of Terni. Though the quantity of water be much less than the Rhine discharges at Schaffhausen, yet the scene is much more imposing, from the greater height of the precipice. Niagara alone more completely absorbs the ima-

* This beautiful description is extracted from a very elegant volume published by Messrs. Constable and Co. in 1823, under the title of "Essays, descriptive and moral; or, Scenes in Italy, Switzerland, Holland, and France,—by an American."

gination. The American cataract has an overwhelming majesty that belongs to its flood of waters, and which, at first, stupifies the faculties of every observer; but Terni has an attractive grandeur, which induces you to advance deliberately to examine a wonder which nature and art have united to produce.

The rapids in the American river, before you reach the edge of the precipice, combined with the distant roar of the falls, form a more sublime spectacle than the full view of Schaffhausen, while the prospect from the Table Rock is like a glance into eternity. We are obliged to call up the force of our minds to keep us from recoiling with dread. But at the Cascata del Marmŏrĕ, as this Italian waterfall is styled, the eye rests upon the scene with a pleasing astonishment, in which there is more of delight than terror.

It is situated at a few miles distance from Terni. The country is beautifully romantic. The road lies, for the most part, through fields of olive trees. At Papinia you are obliged to leave the carriage; and, after descending and crossing the Nera, and traversing a garden and beautiful line of orange trees, you approach the celebrated fall.

When I saw it, the melting of the snow, and the late rains, had swollen the river to nearly double its ordinary size. This outlet for the lake Velinus has been most happily chosen; for there are few situations where an artificial cataract could be more than beautiful; but this is exquisite. An ancient castle crowns the summit of the lofty mountain near you; and numberless rills run down near the main sheet of water.

But one of the most beautiful objects is occasioned by the quantity of foam produced by the fall, which ascends in clouds, and, being collected by a projecting ridge, runs down in innumerable little cascades; and, as you cannot, at first, divine the cause, the rock seems bursting with the waters it holds in its bosom. Besides its other attributes, this fall has the best of all charms,—association. It is in Italy! it is a work of the Romans! these foaming waters wash the walls of the Eternal City!

When the admirer of nature's wonders visits Niagara, he travels through extensive forests, just beginning to be the residence of civilized men; and he reflects upon the generations of aboriginal inhabitants that vanished from these woods during many centuries, as the foam of the cataract has risen daily, to fall again, and to be swept away. But

they have passed, and have left no memorial: the traveller is forced inward for topics of meditation: the scene wants drapery: it is too much like the summit of Chimborazo,—of unequalled loftiness, but freezing cold.

On the contrary, the Fall of Velino has been approached in a course from the vale of Clitumnus towards the banks of the Tiber; the ruin of Augustus' bridge, at Narni, is to be the picture of to-morrow; Agrippa's Pantheon is soon to be seen. We have not the feeling of sadness, that we are at the end of an enjoyment, when we have beheld this wonder,—a sentiment which forces itself upon the traveller who stands between Erie and Ontario. Such causes give a richness and mellowness to the scene, which cannot operate upon the American cataract.

Yet, with all this, if we could select but one of the two wonders to be seen, it would not be easy to decide between their respective claims. Men of the sterner mould would choose the object of unmingled sublimity, and those of milder sentiment, that which is the perfection of grandeur and beauty. It is not unlike a comparison between Homer and Virgil. * * * *

The impression which is produced by the sight of a great waterfall is unique.* Unlike any of our other feelings, it makes the most giddy thoughtful, and offers many points of comparison with human life. The landmarks are permanent as the fields we live in; the waters fleeting as our breath; the plunge that they make into unknown depths, like our descent into the grave; the rainbow, that sits upon the abyss, like our hope of immortality.

There is the dread of danger, and the curiosity of hope, and the impression of the irresistible impetus by which we are borne forward, to make us feel that we too are gliding onward,—though sometimes as unconscious as the bubble,—to the gulf of eternity, into which the troubled waters of life discharge themselves. An immortal and immutable condition awaits us, though we sport with what seem to be the contingencies of existence.

How often are we reckless of the star that might guide, and the chart that should direct us in our voyage, while we are floating onward and onward, with accelerated velocity, to the last leap of life! It is the highest crime a man can commit against reason and revelation, if he venture to make that leap in the dark.

* *Pron.* u-neck'.

LESSON L.

A West Indian Landscape.—MALTE-BRUN.

IN order to make our readers better acquainted with this country, we shall attempt to describe a morning in the Antil'les. For this purpose, let us watch the moment when the sun, appearing through a cloudless and serene atmosphere, illumines with his rays the summits of the mountains, and gilds the leaves of the plantain and orange trees. The plants are spread over with gossamer of fine and transparent silk, or gemmed with dew-drops and the vivid hues of industrious insects, reflecting unnumbered tints from the rays of the sun.

The aspect of the richly cultivated valleys is different, but not less pleasing; the whole of nature teems with the most varied productions. It often happens, after the sun has dissipated the mist above the crystal expanse of the ocean, that the scene is changed by an optical illusion. The spectator observes sometimes a sand-bank rising out of the deep, or distant canoes in the red clouds, floating in an aerial sea, while their shadows, at the same time, are accurately delineated below them. This phenomenon, to which the French have given the name of *mirage*,* is not uncommon in equatorial climates.

Europeans may admire the views in this archipelago† during the cool temperature of the morning: the lofty mountains are adorned with thick foliage; the hills, from their summits to the very borders of the sea, are fringed with plants of never-fading verdure; the mills, and sugar-works near them, are obscured by their branches, or buried in their shade.

The appearance of the valleys is remarkable. To form even an imperfect idea of it, we must group‡ together the palm tree, the cocoa nut, and mountain cabbage, with the tamarind, the orange, and the waving plumes of the bamboo cane. Fields of sugar-cane, the houses of the planters, the huts of the negroes, and the distant coast lined with ships, add to the beauty of a West Indian landscape. At sun-rise, when no breeze ripples the surface of the ocean, it is frequently so transparent that one can perceive, as if there

* *Pron.* mē-răzhe. † ar-ke-pel'-ă-go. ‡ groop.

were no intervening medium, the channel of the water, and observe the shell-fish scattered on the rocks or reposing on the sand.

A hurricane is generally preceded by an awful stillness of the elements; the air becomes close and heavy; the sun is red; and the stars at night seem unusually large. Frequent changes take place in the thermometer, which rises sometimes from eighty to ninety degrees. Darkness extends over the earth; the higher regions gleam with lightning.

The impending storm is first observed on the sea: foaming mountains rise suddenly from its clear and motionless surface. The wind rages with unrestrained fury: its noise may be compared to distant thunder. The rain descends in torrents; shrubs and lofty trees are borne down by the mountain stream; the rivers overflow their banks, and submerge the plains.

Terror and consternation seem to pervade the whole of animated nature; land birds are driven into the ocean, and those whose element is the sea, seek for refuge in the woods. The frighted beasts of the field herd together, or roam in vain for a place of shelter. It is not a contest of two opposite winds, or a roaring ocean that shakes the earth: all the elements are thrown into confusion; the equilibrium of the atmosphere seems as if it were destroyed; and nature appears to hasten to her ancient chaos.

Scenes of sudden desolation have often been disclosed in these islands to the morning's sun: uprooted trees, branches shivered from their trunks, and the ruins of houses, have been strewed* over the land. The planter is sometimes unable to distinguish the place of his former possessions. Fertile valleys are changed in a few hours into dreary wastes, covered with the carcasses of domestic animals and the fowls of heaven.

LESSON LI.

Influences of Natural Scenery favourable to Devotional Feelings.—Blackwood's Magazine.

Whatever leads our minds habitually to the Author of the universe; whatever mingles the voice of nature with the revelation of the Gospel; whatever teaches us to see,

* *Pron.* strowed.

in all the changes of the world, the varied goodness of Him, in whom "we live, and move, and have our being," brings us nearer to the spirit of the Saviour of mankind. But it is not only as encouraging a sincere devotion, that these reflections are favourable to Christianity; there is something, moreover, *peculiarly* allied to its spirit in such observations of external nature.

When our Saviour prepared himself for his temptation, his agony, and death, he retired to the wilderness of Judea, to inhale, we may venture to believe, a holier spirit amidst its solitary scenes, and to approach to a nearer communion with his Father, amidst the sublimest of his works. It is with similar feelings, and to worship the same Father, that the Christian is permitted to enter the temple of nature; and, by the spirit of his religion, there is a language infused into the objects which she presents, unknown to the worshipper of former times.

To all, indeed, the same objects appear, the same sun shines, the same heavens are open; but to the Christian alone it is permitted to know the Author of these things; to see his spirit "move in the breeze and blossom in the spring;" and to read, in the changes which occur in the material world, the varied expression of eternal love. It is from the influence of Christianity, accordingly, that the key has been given to the signs of nature. It was only when the spirit of God moved on the face of the deep, that order and beauty were seen in the world.

It is, accordingly, peculiarly well worthy of observation, that the *beauty of nature*, as felt in modern times, seems to have been almost unknown to the writers of antiquity. They described, occasionally, the scenes in which they dwelt; but,—if we except Virgil, whose gentle mind seems to have anticipated, in this instance, the influence of the Gospel,—never with any deep feeling of their beauty. Then, as now, the citadel of Athens looked upon the evening sun, and her temples flamed in his setting beam; but what Athenian writer ever described the matchless glories of the scene? Then, as now, the silvery clouds of the Ægéan Sea rolled round her verdant isles, and sported in the ăzure vault of heaven; but what Grecian poet has been inspired by the sight?

The Italian lakes spread their waves beneath a cloudless sky, and all that is lovely in nature was gathered around them; yet even Eustace tells us, that a few detached lines

is all that is left in regard to them by the Roman poets. The Alps themselves,

> "The palaces of nature, whose vast walls
> Have pinnacled in clouds their snowy scalps,
> And throned eternity in icy halls
> Of cold sublimity, where forms and falls
> The avalanche—the thunderbolt of snow,"—

even these, the most glorious objects which the eye of man can behold, were regarded by the ancients with sentiments only of dismay or horror; as a barrier from hostile nations, or as the dwelling of barbarous tribes. The torch of religion had not then lightened the face of nature; they knew not the language which she spoke, nor felt that holy spirit, which, to the Christian, gives the sublimity of these scenes.

There is something, therefore, in religious reflections on the objects, or the changes of nature, which is peculiarly fitting in a Christian teacher. No man will impress them on his heart without becoming happier and better,—without feeling warmer gratitude for the beneficence of nature, and deeper thankfulness for the means of knowing the Author of this beneficence which revelation has afforded.

"Behold the lilies of the field," says our Saviour; "they toil not, neither do they spin: yet, verily I say unto you, that even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." In these words, we perceive the deep sense which he entertained of the beauty even of the minutest of the works of nature. If the admiration of external objects is not directly made the object of his precepts, it is not, on that account, the less allied to the spirit of religion; it springs from the revelation which he has made, and grows with the spirit which he inculcates.

The cultivation of this feeling, we may suppose, is purposely left to the human mind, that man may be induced to follow it from the charms which novelty confers; and the sentiments which it awakens are not expressly enjoined, that they may be enjoyed as the spontaneous growth of our own imagination. While they seem, however, to spring up unbidden in the mind, they are, in fact, produced by the spirit of religion; and those who imagine that they are not the fit subject of Christian instruction, are ignorant of the secret workings, and finer analogies, of the faith which they profess.

LESSON LII.

Passage of the Pŏtōmac and Shen'ăndōăh Rivers through the Blue Ridge.—JEFFERSON.

THE passage of the Potomac through the Blue Ridge, is, perhaps, one of the most stupendous scenes in nature. You stand on a very high point of land. On your right comes up the Shenandoah, having ranged along the foot of the mountain a hundred miles, to seek a vent. On your left approaches the Potomac, in quest of a passage also. In the moment of their junction they rush together against the mountain, rend it asunder, and pass off to the sea.

The first glance of this scene hurries our senses into the opinion, that this earth has been created in time; that the mountains were formed first; that the rivers began to flow afterwards; that, in this place particularly, they have been dammed up by the Blue Ridge of mountains, and have formed an ocean, which filled the whole valley; that, continuing to rise, they have, at length, broken over at this spot, and have torn the mountain down, from its summit to its base. The piles of rock on each hand, but particularly on the Shenandoah, the evident marks of their disrupture and avulsion from their beds, by the most powerful agents of nature, corroborate this impression.

But the distant finishing, which nature has given to the picture, is of a very different character. It is a true contrast to the fore-ground. That is as placid and delightful, as this is wild and tremendous. For the mountain, being cloven asunder, presents to your eye, through the cleft, a small catch of smooth blue horizon, at an infinite distance in the plain country, inviting you, as it were, from the riot and tumult roaring around, to pass through the breach and participate of the calm below.

Here the eye ultimately composes itself; and that way, too, the road happens actually to lead. You cross the Potomac above the junction, pass along its side through the base of the mountain, for three miles; its terrible precipices hanging in fragments over you. This scene is worth a voyage across the Atlantic. Yet here, as in the neighbourhood of the Natural Bridge, are people, who have passed their lives within half a dozen miles, and have never been to

survey these monuments of a war between rivers and mountains, which must have shaken the earth itself to its centre.

LESSON LIII.

The Blind Boy.—Bloomfield.

Where's the blind child, so admirably fair,
With guileless dimples, and with flaxen hair
That waves in every breeze? He's often seen
Beside yon cottage wall, or on the green,
With others, matched in spirit and in size,
Health on their cheeks, and rapture in their eyes.
That full expanse of voice, to childhood dear,
Soul of their sports, is duly cherished here;
And, hark! that laugh is his, that jovial cry;
He hears the ball and trundling hoop brush by,
And runs the giddy course with all his might,—
A very child in every thing but sight.
With circumscribed, but not abated powers,—
Play the great object of his infant hours,—
In many a game he takes a noisy part,
And shows the native gladness of his heart.
But soon he hears, on pleasure all intent,
The new suggestion and the quick assent:
The grove invites, delight thrills every breast:
To leap the ditch, and seek the downy nest,
Away they start,—leave balls and hoops behind,
And one companion leave,—the boy is blind!
His fancy paints their distant paths so gay,
That childish fortitude awhile gives way:
He feels his dreadful loss: yet short the pain:
Soon he resumes his cheerfulness again.
Pondering how best his moments to employ,
He sings his little songs of nameless joy,
Creeps on the warm green turf for many an hour,
And plucks, by chance, the white and yellow flower:
Smoothing their stems, while resting on his knees,
He binds a nosegay which he never sees;
Along the homeward path then feels his way,
Lifting his brow against the shining day,
And, with a playful rapture round his eyes,
Presents a sighing parent with the prize.

LESSON LIV.

A Thought on Death.—Mrs. Barbauld.*

When life as opening buds is sweet,
And golden hopes the spirit greet,
And youth prepares his joys to meet,
Alas! how hard it is to die!

When scarce is seized some valued prize,
And duties press, and tender ties
Forbid the soul from earth to rise,
How awful then it is to die!

When, one by one, those ties are torn,
And friend from friend is snatched forlorn,
And man is left alone to mourn,
Ah! then, how easy 'tis to die!

When trembling limbs refuse their weight,
And films, slow-gathering, dim the sight,
And clouds obscure the mental light,
'Tis nature's precious boon to die!

When faith is strong, and conscience clear,
And words of peace the spirit cheer,
And visioned glories half appear,
'Tis joy, 'tis triumph, then to die!

LESSON LV.

The Old Man's Funeral.—Bryant.

I saw an aged man upon his bier:
His hair was thin and white, and on his brow
A record of the cares of many a year;—
Cares that were ended and forgotten now.
And there was sadness round, and faces bowed,
And women's tears fell fast, and children wailed aloud.

* Written after she had passed her eightieth year.

Then rose another hoary man, and said,
In faltering accents, to that weeping train,
"Why mourn ye that our aged friend is dead?
Ye are not sad to see the gathered grain,
Nor when their mellow fruit the orchards cast,
Nor when the yellow woods shake down the ripened mast.

"Ye sigh not when the sun, his course fulfilled,—
His glorious course, rejoicing earth and sky,—
In the soft evening, when the winds are stilled,
Sinks where the islands of refreshment lie,
And leaves the smile of his departure, spread
O'er the warm-coloured heaven and ruddy mountain head.

"Why weep ye then for him, who, having run
The bound of man's appointed years, at last,
Life's blessings all enjoyed, life's labours done,
Serenely to his final rest has passed?
While the soft memory of his virtues yet
Lingers, like twilight hues, when the bright sun is set.

"His youth was innocent; his riper age
Marked with some act of goodness every day;
And, watched by eyes that loved him, calm and sage,
Faded his late-declining years away.
Cheerful he gave his being up, and went
To share the holy rest that waits a life well spent.

"That life was happy; every day, he gave
Thanks for the fair existence that was his;
For a sick fancy made him not her slave,
To mock him with her phantom miseries.
No chronic* tortures racked his aged limb,
For luxury and slōth had nourished none† for him.

"And I am glad that he has lived thus long;
And glad that he has gone to his reward;
Nor deem that kindly nature did him wrong,
Softly to disengage the vital cord.
When his weak hand grew palsied, and his eye
Dark with the mists of age, it was his time to die."

* A chronic disease is one of long duration. † *Pron.* nun.

LESSON LVI.

Sunday Evening.—BOWRING.

How shall I praise thee, Lord of light?
  How shall I all thy love declare?
The earth is veiled in shades of night;
  But heaven is open to my prayer;—
That heaven, so bright with stars and suns;
  That glorious heaven, which knows no bound;
Where the full tide of being runs,
  And life and beauty glow around.
From thence,—thy seat of light divine,
  Circled by thousand streams of bliss,
Which calmly flow and brightly shine,—
  Say, to a world so mean as this,
Canst thou direct thy pitying eye?
  How shall my thoughts expression find,
All lost in thy immensity!
  How shall I seek, thou infinite Mind,
Thy holy presence, God sublime!
  Whose power and wisdom, love and grace,
Are greater than the round of time,
  And wider than the bounds of space!

Gently the shades of night descend;
  Thy temple, Lord, is calm and still;
A thousand lamps of ether blend,
  A thousand fires that temple fill,
To honour thee. 'Tis bright and fair,
  As if the very heavens, impressed
With thy pure image smiling there,
  In all their loveliest robes were dressed.
Yet thou canst turn thy friendly eye
  From that immeasurable throne;
Thou, smiling on humanity,
  Dost claim earth's children for thy own,
And gently, kindly, lead them through
  Life's varied scenes of joy and gloom,
Till evening's pale and pearly dew
  Tips the green sod that decks their tomb.

LESSON LVII.

The Star of Bethlehem.—J. G. Percival.

Brighter than the rising day,
When the sun of glory shines;
Brighter than the diamond's ray,
Sparkling in Golconda's mines;
Beaming through the clouds of wo,
Smiles in Mercy's diadem
On the guilty world below,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When our eyes are dimmed with tears,
This can light them up again,
Sweet as music to our ears,
Faintly warbling o'er the plain.
Never shines a ray so bright
From the purest earthly gem;
O! there is no soothing light
Like the Star of Bethlehem.

Grief's dark clouds may o'er us roll,
Every heart may sink in wo,
Gloomy conscience rack the soul,
And sorrow's tears in torrents flow;
Still, through all these clouds and storms,
Shines this purest heavenly gem,
With a ray that kindly warms—
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When we cross the roaring wave
That rolls on life's remotest shore;
When we look into the grave,
And wander through this world no more;
This, the lamp whose genial ray,
Like some brightly-glowing gem,
Points to man his darkling way—
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

Let the world be sunk in sorrow,
Not an eye be charmed or blessed;
We can see a fair to-morrow
Smiling in the rosy west;

This, her beacon, Hope displays;
For, in Mercy's diadem,
Shines, with Faith's serenest rays,
The Star that rose in Bethlehem.

When this gloomy life is o'er,
When we smile in bliss above,
When, on that delightful shore,
We enjoy the heaven of love,—
O! what dazzling light shall shine
Round salvation's purest gem!
O! what rays of love divine
Gild the Star of Bethlehem!

LESSON LVIII.

The Funeral of Maria.—MACKENZIE.

MARIA was in her twentieth year. To the beauty of her form, and excellence of her natural disposition, a parent, equally indulgent and attentive, had done the fullest justice. To accomplish her person, and to cultivate her mind, every endeavour had been used, and had been attended with that success which parental efforts commonly meet with, when not prevented by mistaken fondness, or untimely vanity.

Few young ladies have attracted more admiration; none ever felt it less: with all the charms of beauty, and the polish of education, the plainest were not less affected, nor the most ignorant less assuming. She died when every tongue was eloquent of her virtues, when every hope was ripening to reward them.

It is by such private and domestic distresses, that the softer emotions of the heart are most strongly excited. The fall of more important personages is commonly distant from our observation; but, even where it happens under our immediate notice, there is a mixture of other feelings, by which our compassion is weakened.

The eminently great, or extensively useful, leave behind them a train of interrupted views, and disappointed expectations, by which the distress is complicated beyond the simplicity of pity. But the death of one, who, like Maria, was to shed the influence of her virtues over the age of a

father, and the childhood of her sisters, presents to us a little view of family affliction, which every eye can perceive, and every heart can feel.

On scenes of public sorrow and national regret, we gaze as upon those gallery pictures, which strike us with wonder and admiration: domestic calamity is like the miniature of a friend, which we wear in our bosoms, and keep for secret looks and solitary enjoyment.

The last time I saw Maria, was in the midst of a crowded assembly of the fashionable and the gay, where she fixed all eyes by the gracefulness of her motions, and the native dignity of her mien; yet, so tempered was that superiority which they conferred with gentleness and modesty, that not a murmur was heard, either from the rivalship of beauty, or the envy of homeliness. From that scene the transition was so violent to the hearse and the pall, the grave and the sod, that once or twice my imagination turned rebel to my senses: I beheld the objects around me as the painting of a dream, and thought of Maria as still living.

I was soon, however, recalled to the sad reality. The figure of her father bending over the grave of his darling child; the silent, suffering composure, in which his countenance was fixed; the tears of his attendants, whose grief was light, and capable of tears; these gave me back the truth, and reminded me that I should see her no more. There was a flow of sorrow, with which I suffered myself to be borne along, with a melancholy kind of indulgence; but when her father dropped the cord, with which he had helped to lay his Maria in the earth, its sound on the coffin chilled my heart, and horror for a moment took place of pity!

It was but for a moment.—He looked eagerly into the grave; made one involuntary motion to stop the assistants, who were throwing the earth into it; then, suddenly recollecting himself, clasped his hands together, threw up his eyes to heaven; and then, first, I saw a few tears drop from them. I gave language to all this. It spoke a lesson of faith, and piety, and resignation. I went away sorrowful, but my sorrow was neither ungentle nor unmanly; I cast on this world a glance rather of pity than of enmity; and on the next, a look of humbleness and hope!

Such, I am persuaded, will commonly be the effect of scenes like that I have described, on minds neither frigid nor unthinking: for, of feelings like these, the gloom of the

ascetic is as little susceptible as the levity of the giddy. There needs a certain pliancy of mind, which society alone can give,—though its vices often destroy it,—to render us capable of that gentle melancholy, which makes sorrow pleasant, and affliction useful.

It is not from a melancholy of this sort, that men are prompted to the cold, unfruitful virtues of monkish solitude. These are often the effects rather of passion secluded than repressed, rather of temptation avoided than overcome. The crucifix and the rosary, the death's head and the bones, if custom has not made them indifferent, will rather chill desire than excite virtue; but, amidst the warmth of social affection, and of social sympathy, the heart will feel the weakness, and enjoy the duties, of humanity.

Perhaps it will be said, that such situations, and such reflections as the foregoing, will only affect minds already too tender, and be disregarded by those who need the lessons they impart. But this, I apprehend, is to allow too much to the force of habit, and the resistance of prejudice.

I will not pretend to assert, that rooted principles, and long-established conduct, are suddenly to be changed by the effects of situation, or the eloquence of sentiment; but, if it be granted that such change ever took place, who shall determine by what imperceptible motive, or accidental impression, it was first begun? And, even if the influence of such a call to thought can only smother, in its birth, one allurement to evil, or confirm one wavering purpose to virtue, I shall not have unjustly commended that occasional indulgence of pensiveness and sorrow, which will thus be rendered not only one of the refinements, but one of the improvements of life.

LESSON LIX.

A Leaf from "The Life of a Looking-Glass."—Miss Jane Taylor.

It being very much the custom, as I am informed, even for obscure individuals to furnish some account of themselves, for the edification of the public, I hope I shall not be deemed impertinent for calling your attention to a few particulars of my own history. I cannot, indeed, boast of

any very extraordinary incidents; but having, during the course of a long life, had much leisure and opportunity for observation, and being naturally of a *reflecting* cast, I thought it might be in my power to offer some remarks that may not be wholly unprofitable to your readers.

My earliest recollection is that of a carver and gilder's workshop, where I remained for many months, leaning with my face to the wall; and, having never known any livelier scene, I was very well contented with my quiet condition. The first object that I remember to have arrested my attention, was, what I now believe must have been, a large spider, which, after a vast deal of scampering about, began, very deliberately, to weave a curious web all over my face. This afforded me great amusement; and, not then knowing what far lovelier objects were destined to my gaze, I did not resent the indignity.

At length, when little dreaming of any change of fortune, I felt myself suddenly removed from my station; and, immediately afterwards, underwent a curious operation, which, at the time, gave me considerable apprehensions for my safety; but these were succeeded by pleasure, upon finding myself arrayed in a broad black frame, handsomely carved and gilt; for, you will please to observe that the period, of which I am now speaking, was upwards of fourscore years ago.

This process being finished, I was presently placed in the shop window, with my face to the street, which was one of the most public in the city. Here my attention was, at first, distracted by the constant succession of objects that passed before me. But it was not long before I began to remark the considerable degree of attention I myself excited; and how much I was distinguished, in this respect, from the other articles, my neighbours, in the shop window.

I observed, that passengers, who appeared to be posting away upon urgent business, would often just turn and give me a friendly glance as they passed. But I was particularly gratified to observe, that, while the old, the shabby, and the wretched, seldom took any notice of me, the young, the gay, and the handsome, generally paid me this compliment; and that these good-looking people always seemed the best pleased with me; which I attributed to their superior discernment.

I well remember one young lady, who used to pass my master's shop regularly every morning, in her way to school,

and who never omitted to turn her head to look at me as she went by; so that, at last, we became well acquainted with each other. I must confess, that, at this period of my life, I was in great danger of becoming insufferably vain, from the regards that were then paid me; and, perhaps, I am not the only individual, who has formed mistaken notions of the attentions he receives in society.

My vanity, however, received a considerable check from one circumstance: nearly all the goods by which I was surrounded, in the shop window,—though, many of them, much more homely in their structure, and humble in their destinations,—were disposed of sooner than myself. I had the mortification of seeing one after another bargained for and sent away, while I remained, month after month, without a purchaser.

At last, however, a gentleman and lady, from the country, who had been standing some time in the street, inspecting, and, as I perceived, conversing about me, walked into the shop; and, after some altercation with my master, agreed to purchase me; upon which, I was packed up, and sent off. I was very curious, you may suppose, upon arriving at my new quarters, to see what kind of life I was likely to lead. I remained, however, some time, unmolested in my packing-case, and very *flat* I felt there.

Upon being, at last, unpacked, I found myself in the hall of a large, lone house in the country. My master and mistress, I soon learned, were new-married people, just setting up house-keeping; and I was intended to decorate their best parlour, to which I was presently conveyed, and, after some little discussion between them, in fixing my longitude and latitude, I was hung up opposite the fire-place, in an angle of ten degrees from the wall, according to the fashion of those times.

And there I hung, year after year, almost in perpetual solitude. My master and mistress were sober, regular, old-fashioned people; they saw no company, except at fair time and Christmas-day; on which occasions, only, they occupied the best parlour. My countenance used to brighten up, when I saw the annual fire kindled in that ample grate, and when a cheerful circle of country cousins assembled round it. At those times I always got a little notice from the young folks; but, those festivities over, I was condemned to another half year of complete loneliness.

How familiar to my recollection, at this hour, is that large,

old-fashioned parlour! I can remember, as well as if I had seen them but yesterday, the noble flowers on the crimson damask chair-covers and window-curtains; and those curiously carved tables and chairs. I could describe every one of the stories on the Dutch tiles that surrounded the grate, the rich China ornaments on the wide mantel-piece, and the pattern of the paper hangings, which consisted alternately of a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess,—a parrot, a poppy, and a shepherdess.

The room being so little used, the window-shutters were rarely opened; but there were three holes cut in each, in the shape of a heart, through which, day after day, and year after year, I used to watch the long, dim, dusty sunbeams, streaming across the dark parlour. I should mention, however, that I seldom missed a short visit from my master and mistress on a Sunday morning, when they came down stairs ready dressed for church. I can remember how my mistress used to trot in upon her high-heeled shoes; unfold a leaf of one of the shutters; then come and stand straight before me; then turn half round to the right and left; never failing to see if the corner of her well-starched handkerchief was pinned exactly in the middle. I think I can see her now, in her favourite dove-coloured lustring, (which she wore every Sunday in every summer for seven years at the least,) and her long, full ruffles, and worked apron. Then followed my good master, who, though his visit was somewhat shorter, never failed to come and settle his Sunday wig before me.

Time rolled away, and my master and mistress, with all that appertained to them, insensibly suffered from its influence. When I first knew them, they were a young, blooming couple as you would wish to see; but I gradually perceived an alteration. My mistress began to stoop a little; and my master got a cough, which troubled him, more or less, to the end of his days. At first, and for many years, my mistress' foot upon the stairs was light and nimble, and she would come in as blithe and as brisk as a lark; but, at last, it was a slow, heavy step; and even my master's began to totter. And, in these respects, every thing else kept pace with them: the crimson damask, that I remembered so fresh and bright, was now faded and worn; the dark polished mahogany was, in some places, worm eaten; the parrot's gay plumage on the walls grew dull; and I myself, though long unconscious of it, partook of the universal decay.

The dissipated taste I acquired upon my first introduction to society, had, long since, subsided; and the quiet, sombre life I led, gave me a grave, meditative turn. The change, which I witnessed in all things around me, caused me to reflect much on their vanity; and when, upon the occasions before-mentioned, I used to see the gay, blooming faces of the young saluting me with so much complacency, I would fain have admonished them of the alteration they must soon undergo, and have told them how certainly their bloom, also, must fade away as a flower. But, alas! you know, sir, looking-glasses can only *reflect.*

LESSON LX.

The Silent Expression of Nature.—ANONYMOUS.*

"There is no speech nor language——their voice is not heard."—*Ps.* xix. 3.

WHEN, thoughtful, to the vault of heaven
I lift my wondering eyes,
And see the clear and quiet even
To night resign the skies,—
The moon, in silence, rear her crest,
The stars, in silence, shine,—
A secret rapture fills my breast,
That speaks its birth divine.

Unheard, the dews around me fall,
And heavenly influence shed,
And, silent, on this earthly ball,
Celestial footsteps tread.
Aërial music wakes the spheres,
Touched by harmonious powers:
With sounds, unheard by mortal ears,
They charm the lingering hours.

Night reigns, in silence, o'er the pole,
And spreads her gems unheard:
Her lessons penetrate the soul,
Yet borrow not a word.

* From "Musæ Biblicæ," published, London, 1819.

Noiseless the sun emits his fire,
And pours his golden streams;
And silently the shades retire
Before his rising beams.

The hand that moves, and regulates,
And guides the vast machine,—
That governs wills, and times, and fates,—
Retires, and works unseen.
Angelic visitants forsake
Their amaranthine bowers;
On silent wing their stations take,
And watch the allotted hours.

Sick of the vanity of man,—
His noise, and pomp, and show,—
I'll move upon great Nature's plan,
And, silent, work below.
With inward harmony of soul,
I'll wait the upper sphere;
Shining, I'll mount above the pole,
And break my silence there.

LESSON LXI.

A Thought.—Blackwood's Magazine.

O could we step into the grave,
And lift the coffin lid,
And look upon the greedy worms
That eat away the dead,—

It well might change the reddest cheek
Into a lily white,
And freeze the warmest blood, to look
Upon so sad a sight!

Yet still it were a sadder sight,
If, in that lump of clay,
There were a sense, to feel the worms
So busy with their prey.

O pity, then, the living heart,—
The lump of living clay,—
On which the canker-worms of guilt
Forever, ever prey.

LESSON LXII.

Fidelity.—WORDSWORTH.

A BARKING sound the shepherd hears,
A cry as of a dog or fox;—
He halts, and searches with his eyes
Among the scattered rocks:
And now, at distance, can discern
A stirring in a brake of fern,
From which immediately leaps out
A dog, and, yelping, runs about.

The dog is not of mountain breed;
Its motions, too, are wild and shy;
With something—as the shepherd thinks—
Unusual in its cry:
Nor is there any one in sight,
All round, in hollow, or on height;
Nor shout, nor whistle, strikes his ear:—
What is the creature doing here?

It was a cove, a huge recess,
That keeps, till June, December's snow;
A lofty precipice in front,
A silent tarn* below!
Far in the bosom of Helvellyn,
Remote from public road or dwelling,
Pathway or cultivated land,
From trace of human foot or hand.

There, sometimes, does a leaping fish
Send through the tarn a lonely cheer:
The crags repeat the raven's croak,
In symphony austere.

* *Tarn* is a small mere or lake, mostly high up in the mountains.

Thither the rainbow comes; the cloud;
And mists, that spread the flying shroud;
And sun-beams; and the sounding blast,
That, if it could, would hurry past:—
But that enormous barrier binds it fast.

Not knowing what to think, a while
The shepherd stood; then makes his way
To'wards the dog, o'er rocks and stones,
As quickly as he may;
Nor far had gone, before he found
A human skeleton on the ground:
Sad sight! the shepherd, with a sigh,
Looks round, to learn the history.

From those abrupt and perilous rocks,
The man had fallen,—that place of fear!—
At length, upon the shepherd's mind
It breaks, and all is clear.
He instantly recalled the name,
And who he was, and whence he came;
Remembered, too, the very day
On which the traveller passed this way.

But hear a wonder now, for sake
Of which this mournful tale I tell!
A lasting monument of words
This wonder merits well:—
The dog, which still was hovering* nigh,
Repeating the same timid cry,
This dog had been, through three months' space,
A dweller in that savage place.

Yes,† proof was plain, that, since the day
On which the traveller thus had died,
The dog had watched about the spot,
Or by his master's side:
How nourished here, through such long time,
He knows, who gave that love sublime,
And gave that strength of feeling, great
Above all human estimate.

* *Pron.* huv'-ur-ing. † yiss.

LESSON LXIII.

Solitude.—Henry K. White.

It is not that my lot is low,
That bids this silent tear to flow:
It is not grief that bids me moan:
It is—that I am all alone.

In woods and glens I love to roam,
When the tired hedger hies him home;
Or, by the woodland pool to rest,
When pale the star looks on its breast.

Yet, when the silent evening sighs,
With hallowed airs and symphonies,
My spirit takes another tone,
And sighs that it is all alone.

The autumn leaf is sear and dead:
It floats upon the water's bed:—
I would not be a leaf, to die
Without recording sorrow's sigh.

The woods and winds, with sudden wail,
Tell all the same unvaried tale:—
I've none to smile when I am free,
And, when I sigh, to sigh with me.

Yet, in my dreams, a form I view,
That thinks on me, and loves me too:
I start;—and, when the vision's flown,
I weep, that I am all alone.

LESSON LXIV.

Necessity of Industry, even to Genius.—V. Knox.

From the revival of learning to the present day, every thing that labour and ingenuity can invent, has been produced to facilitate the acquisition of knowledge. But, not-

withstanding all the Introductions, the Translations, the Annotations, and the Interpretations, I must assure the student, that industry, great and persevering industry, is absolutely necessary to secure any very valuable and distinguished improvement. Superficial qualifications are indeed obtained at an easy price of time and labour; but superficial qualifications confer neither honour, emolument, nor satisfaction.

The pupil may be introduced, by the judgment and the liberality of his parents, to the best schools, the best tutors, the best books; and his parents may be led to expect, from such advantages alone, extraordinary advancement. But these things are all extraneous. The mind of the pupil must be accustomed to submit to labour; sometimes to painful labour.

The poor and solitary student, who has never enjoyed any of these advantages, but in the ordinary manner, will, by his own application, emerge to merit, fame, and fortune; while the indolent, who has been taught to lean on the supports which opulence supplies, will sink into insignificance. His mind will have contracted habits of inactivity, and inactivity causes imbecility.

I repeat, that the first great object is, to induce the mind to work within itself, to think long and patiently on the same subject, and to compose in various styles, and in various metres. It must be led not only to bear, but to seek, occasional solitude. If it is early habituated to all these exercises, it will find its chief pleasure in them; for the energies of the mind affect it with the finest feelings.

But is industry, such industry as I require, necessary to genius? The idea, that it is not necessary, is productive of the greatest evils. We often form a wrong judgment in determining who is, and who is not, endowed with this noble privilege. A boy who appears lively and talkative, is often supposed by his parents to be a genius. He is suffered to be idle, for he is a genius; and genius is only injured by application.

Now it usually happens, that the very lively and talkative boy is the most deficient in genius. His forwardness arises from a defect of those fine sensibilities, which, at the same time, occasion diffidence and constitute genius. He ought to be inured to literary labour; for, without it, he will be prevented, by levity and stupidity, from receiving any valuable impressions.

Parents and instructers must be very cautious how they

dispense with diligence, from an idea that the pupil possesses genius sufficient to compen'sate for the want of it. All men are liable to mistake in deciding on genius at a very early age; but parents more than all, from their natural partiality.

On no account, therefore, let them dispense with close application. If the pupil has genius, this will improve and adorn it; if he has not, it is confessedly requisite to supply the defect. Those prodigies of genius, which require not instruction, are rare phenomena: we read, and we hear of such; but few of us have seen and known such.

What is genius worth without knowledge? But is a man ever born with knowledge? It is true, that one man is born with a better capacity than another, for the reception and retention of ideas; but still the mind must operate in collecting, arranging, and discriminating those ideas, which it receives with facility. And I believe the mind of a genius is often very laboriously at work, when, to the common observer, it appears to be quite inactive.

I most anxiously wish, that a due attention may be paid to my exhortations, when I recommend great and ex'emplary diligence. All that is excellent in learning depends upon it. And how can the time of a boy or young man be better employed? It cannot be more pleasantly; for I am sure, that industry, by presenting a constant succession of various objects, and by precluding the listlessness of inaction, renders life, at all stages of it, agreeable, and particularly so in the restless season of youth.

It cannot be more innocently; for learning has a connexion with virtue; and he, whose time is fully engaged, will escape many vices and much misery. It cannot be more usefully; for he, who furnishes his mind with ideas, and strengthens his faculties, is preparing himself to become a valuable member of society, whatever place in it he may obtain; and he is likely to obtain an exalted place.

LESSON LXV.

Story of Matilda.—GOLDSMITH.

OUR happiness is in the power of One, who can bring it about in a thousand unforeseen ways, that mock our foresight. If example be necessary to prove this, I'll give you a story,

told us by a grave, though sometimes a romancing historian.

"Matilda was married, very young, to a Neapolitan nobleman of the first quality, and found herself a widow and a mother at the age of fifteen. As she stood one day caressing her infant son in the open window of an apartment which hung over the river Volturnus, the child, with a sudden spring, leaped from her arms into the flood below, and disappeared in a moment.

"The mother, struck with instant surprise, and making an effort to save him, plunged in after; but, far from being able to assist the infant, she herself, with great difficulty, escaped to the opposite shore, just when some French soldiers were plundering the country on that side, who immediately made her their prisoner.

"As the war was then carried on between the French and Italians with the utmost inhumanity, they were going at once to perpetrate those two extremes suggested by appetite and cruelty. This base resolution, however, was opposed by a young officer, who, though their retreat required the utmost expedition, placed her behind him, and brought her in safety to his native city.

"Her beauty at first caught his eye, her merit, soon after, his heart. They were married: he rose to the highest posts: they lived long together, and were happy. But the felicity of a soldier can never be called permanent. After an interval of several years, the troops which he commanded having met with a repulse, he was obliged to take shelter in the city where he had lived with his wife. Here they suffered a siege, and the city at length was taken.

"Few histories can produce more various instances of cruelty, than those which the French and Italians, at that time, exercised upon each other. It was resolved by the victors, upon this occasion, to put all the French prisoners to death; but particularly the husband of the unfortunate Matilda, as he was principally instrumental in protracting the siege. Their determinations were, in general, executed almost as soon as resolved upon.

"The captive soldier was led forth, and the executioner with his sword stood ready, while the spectators in gloomy silence awaited the fatal blow, which was only suspended till the general, who presided as judge, should give the signal. It was in this interval of anguish and expectation, that Matilda came to take her last farewell of her husband and

deliverer, deploring her wretched situation, and the cruelty of fate, that had saved her from perishing by a premature death in the river Volturnus, to be the spectator of still greater calamities.

"The general, who was a young man, was struck with surprise at her beauty, and pity at her distress; but with still stronger emotions, when he heard her mention her former dangers. He was her son—the infant, for whom she had encountered so much danger. He acknowledged her at once as his mother, and fell at her feet. The rest may be easily supposed: the captive was set free, and all the happiness that love, friendship, and duty, could confer on each, was enjoyed."

LESSON LXVI.

The Man of Ross.—POPE.

But all our praises why should lords engrōss?
Rise, honest muse! and sing the man of Rŏss;
Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tossed,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost,
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught that heaven-directed spire to rise?
"The man of Ross," each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon alms-house, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? The man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, the medicine makes, and gives.
Is there a variance? Enter but his door,
Balked are the courts, and contest is no more.

Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
Thrice happy man! enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?—
Of debts, and taxes, wife, and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze!
Ye little stars, hide your diminished rays!
And what! no monument, inscription, stone!
His race, his form, his name, almost unknown!—
Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name.
Go search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor, makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.

LESSON LXVII.

Early Recollections.—New Monthly Magazine.

It is delightful to fling a glance back to our early years, and recall our boyish actions, glittering with the light of hope and the sanguine expectations of incipient being. But the remembrance of our sensations when we were full of elasticity, when life was new, and every sense and relish keen, when the eye saw nothing but a world of beauty and glory around, every object glittering in golden resplendency—is the most agreeable thing of all.

The recollection of boyish actions gives small gratification to persons of mature years, except for what may, perchance, be associated with them. But youthful sensations, experienced when the edge of enjoyment was most keen, and the senses exquisitely susceptible, furnish delightful recollections, that cling around some of us, in the last stage of life, like the principle of being itself. How do we recollect the exquisite taste of a particular fruit or dish to have been then! how delicious a cool draught from the running stream! A landscape, a particular tree, a field, how much better defined and delightfully coloured then, than they ever appeared afterwards! * * * * * *

There was a single tree opposite the door of my father's house: I remember, even now, how every limb branched off, and that I thought no tree could be finer or larger. I loved its shade; I played under it for years; but when I visited it, after my first absence for a few months from home, though I recognised it with intense interest, it appeared lessened in size; it was an object I loved, but as a tree it no longer attracted wonder at its dimensions. During my absence I had travelled in a forest of much larger trees, and the pleasure and well-defined image in my mind's eye, which I owed to the singleness of this object, I never again experienced in observing another.

Can I ever forget the sunny side of the wood, where I used to linger away my hŏl'ydays among the falling leaves of the trees in autumn! I can recall the very smell of the sere foliage to recollection; and the sound of the dashing water is even now in my ear. The rustling of the boughs, the sparkling of the stream, the gnarled trunks of the old oaks around, long since levelled by the axe, left impressions only to be obliterated by death. The pleasure I then felt was undefinable; but I was satisfied to enjoy without caring whence my enjoyment arose.

The old church-yard and its yew-trees, where I sacrilegiously enjoyed my pastimes among the dead,—and the ivied tower, the belfry of which I frequently ascended, and wondered at the skill, which could form such ponderous masses as the bells, and lift them so high,—these were objects that, on Sundays particularly, often filled my mind, upon viewing them, with a sensation that cannot be put into language.

It was not joy, but a soothing, tranquil delight, that made me forget, for an instant, that I had any desire in the world unsatisfied. I have often thought since, that this state of mind must have approached pretty closely to happiness. As we passed the church-way path to the old Gothic porch on Sundays, I used to spell the inscriptions on the tombs, and wonder at the length of a life that exceeded sixty or seventy years; for days then passed slower than weeks pass now.

I visited, the other day, the school-room where I had been once the drudge of a system of learning, the end of which I could not understand, and where, as was then the fashion, every method taken seemed intended to disgust the scholar with those studies he should be taught to love. I saw my name cut in the desk; I looked again on my old

seat; but my youthful recollections of the worse than eastern slavery I there endured, made me regard what I saw with a feeling of peculiar distaste.

If one thing more than another prevent my desiring the days of my youth to return, it is the horror I feel for the despotism of the pedagogue. For years after I left school, I looked at the classics with disgust. I remembered the heart-burnings, the tears, and the pains, the monkish method of teaching—now almost wholly confined to our public schools—had caused me. It was long before I could take up a Horace, much less enjoy its perusal.

It was not thus with the places I visited during the short space of cessation from task and toil that the week allowed. The meadow, where, in true jovialness of heart, I had leaped, and raced, and played—this recalled the contentedness of mind, and the overflowing tide of delight I once experienced, when, climbing the stile which led into it, I left behind me the book and the task. How the sunshine of the youthful breast burst forth upon me, and the gushing spirit of unreined and innocent exhilaration braced every fibre, and rushed through every vein!

The sun has never shone so brilliantly since. How fragrant were the flowers! How deep the azure of the sky! How vivid were the hues of nature! How intense the short-lived sensations of pain and pleasure! How generous were all impulses! How confiding, open, and upright, all actions! "Inhumanity to the distressed, and insolence to the fallen," those besetting sins of manhood, how utterly strangers to the heart! How little of sordid interests, and how much of intrepid honesty, was then displayed! * * * * *

The sensations peculiar to youth, being the result of impulse rather than reflection, have the advantage over those of manhood, however the pride of reason may give the latter the superiority. In manhood there is always a burden of thought bearing on the wheels of enjoyment. In manhood, too, we have the misfortune of seeing the wrecks of early associations scattered every where around us. Youth can see nothing of this. It can take no review of antecedent pleasures or pains that become such a source of melancholy emotion in mature years. It has never sauntered through the rooms of a building, and recalled early days spent under its roof.

I remember my feelings on an occasion of this sort, when I was like a traveller on the plain of Babylon, wondering

where all, that had once been to me so great and mighty, then was; in what gulf the sounds of merriment, that once reverberated from the walls, the master, the domestic, the aged, and the young, had disappeared. Our early recollections are pleasing to us, because they look not on the morrow. Alas! what did that morrow leave when it had become merged in the past!

I have lately traversed the village in which I was born, without discovering a face that I knew. Houses have been demolished, fronts altered, tenements built, trees rooted up, and alterations effected, that made me feel a stranger amid the home of my fathers. The old-fashioned and roomy house, where my infant years had been watched by parental affection, had been long uninhabited: it was in decay: the storm beat through its fractured windows, and it was partly roofless. The garden, and its old elms, the scene associated with the cherished feelings of many a happy hour, lay a weedy waste:

> Amid thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
> And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
> Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
> And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall!

But the picture it presented in my youth exhibits it as true and vivid as ever. It is hung up in memory in all its freshness, and time cannot dilapidate its image. It is now become an essence, that defies the mutability of material things. It is fixed in ethereal colours on the tablets of the mind, and lives within the domain of spirit, within the circumference of which the universal spoiler possesses no sovereignty.

LESSON LXVIII.

On visiting a Scene of Childhood.—Blackwood's Magazine.

"I came to the place of my birth, and said, 'The friends of my youth, where are they?' and Echo answered, 'Where are they?'"

Long years had elapsed since I gazed on the scene,
Which my fancy still robed in its freshness of green,—
The spot where, a school-boy, all thoughtless, I strayed
By the side of the stream, in the gloom of the shade.

I thought of the friends, who had roamed with me there,
When the sky was so blue, and the flowers were so fair,—
All scattered!—all sundered by mountain and wave,
And some in the silent embrace of the grave!

I thought of the green banks, that circled around,
With wild-flowers, and sweet-brier, and eglantine crowned:
I thought of the river, all quiet and bright
As the face of the sky on a blue summer night:

And I thought of the trees, under which we had strayed,
Of the broad leafy boughs, with their coolness of shade;
And I hoped, though disfigured, some token to find
Of the names, and the carvings, impressed on the rind.

All eager, I hastened the scene to behold,
Rendered sacred and dear by the feelings of old;
And I deemed that, unaltered, my eye should explore
This refuge, this haunt, this Elysium of yore.

'Twas a dream!—not a token or trace could I view
Of the names that I loved, of the trees that I knew:
Like the shadows of night at the dawning of day,
"Like a tale that is told"—they had vanished away.

And methought the lone river, that murmured along,
Was more dull in its motion, more sad in its song,
Since the birds, that had nestled and warbled above,
Had all fled from its banks, at the fall of the grove.

I paused:—and the moral came home to my heart:—
Behold, how of earth all the glories depart!
Our visions are baseless,—our hopes but a gleam,—
Our staff but a reed,—and our life but a dream.

Then, O, let us look—let our prospects allure—
To scenes that can fade not, to realms that endure,
To glories, to blessings, that triumph sublime
O'er the blightings of Change, and the ruins of Time.

LESSON LXIX.

The Little Graves.—ANONYMOUS.

'Twas autumn, and the leaves were dry,
And rustled on the ground,
And chilly winds went whistling by,
With low and pensive sound.

As through the grave-yard's lone retreat,
By meditation led,
I walked, with slow and cautious feet,
Above the sleeping dead,—

Three little graves, ranged side by side,
My close attention drew;
O'er two, the tall grass, bending, sighed,
And one seemed fresh and new.

As, lingering there, I mused awhile
On death's long, dreamless sleep,
And opening life's deceitful smile,
A mourner came to weep.

Her form was bowed, but not with years,
Her words were faint and few,
And on those little graves her tears
Distilled like evening dew.

A prattling boy, some four years old,
Her trembling hand embraced,
And from my heart the tale he told
Will never be effaced.

"Mămma',* now you must love me more,
For little sister's dead;
And t'other sister died before,
And brother too, you said.

"Mamma, what made sweet sister die?
She loved me when we played:
You told me, if I would not cry,
You'd show me where she's laid."

* *a* sounded as in *father*.

"'Tis here, my child, that sister lies,
Deep buried in the ground:
No light comes to her little eyes,
And she can hear no sound."

"Mamma, why can't we take her up,
And put her in my bed?
I'll feed her from my little cup,
And then she won't be dead.

"For sister'll be afraid to lie
In this dark grave to-night,
And she'll be very cold, and cry,
Because there is no light."

"No, sister is not cold, my child;
For God, who saw her die,
As he looked down from heaven and smiled,
Recalled her to the sky.

"And then her spirit quickly fled
To God, by whom 'twas given;
Her body in the ground is dead,
But sister lives in heaven."

"Mamma, won't she be hungry there,
And want some bread to eat?
And who will give her clothes to wear,
And keep them clean and neat?

"Păpa' must go and carry some;
I'll send her all I've got;
And he must bring sweet sister home,
Mamma, now must he not?"

"No, my dear child, that cannot be;
But, if you're good and true,
You'll one day go to her; but she
Can never come to you.

"'*Let little children come to me*,'
Once our good Saviour said,
And in his arms she'll always be,
And God will give her bread."

LESSON LXX.

Life and Death.—New Monthly Magazine.

O fear not thou to die!
But rather fear to live; for life
Has thousand snares thy feet to try,
By peril, pain, and strife.
Brief is the work of death;
But life!—the spirit shrinks to see
How full, ere heaven recalls the breath,
The cup of wo may be.

O fear not thou to die!
No more to suffer or to sin;
No snares without, thy faith to try,
No traitor heart within:
But fear, O! rather fear,
The gay, the light, the changeful scene,
The flattering smiles that greet thee here,
From heaven thy heart to wean.

Fear, lest, in evil hour,—
Thy pure and holy hope o'ercome,
By clouds that in the horizon lower,—
Thy spirit feel that gloom,
Which, over earth and heaven,
The covering throws of fell despair;
And deems itself the unforgiven,
Predestined child of care.

O fear not thou to die!
To die, and be that blessed one,
Who, in the bright and beauteous sky,
May feel his conflict done—
May feel that, never more,
The tear of grief or shame shall come,
For thousand wanderings from the Power
Who loved, and called him home!

LESSON LXXI.

*The Burial of Arnold.**—Connecticut Journal.

Ye've gathered to your place of prayer,
With slow and measured tread:
Your ranks are full, your mates all there—
But the soul of one has fled.
He was the proudest in his strength,
The manliest of ye all;
Why lies he at that fearful length,
And ye around his pall?

Ye reckon it in days, since he
Strode up that foot-worn aisle,
With his dark eye flashing gloriously,
And his lip wreathed with a smile.
O, had it been but told you then,
To mark whose lamp was dim,
From out yon rank of fresh-lipped men,
Would ye have singled him?

Whose was the sinewy arm, which flung
Defiance to the ring?
Whose laugh of victory loudest rung,
Yet not for glorying?
Whose heart, in generous deed and thought,
No rivalry might brook,
And yet distinction claiming not?
There lies he—go and look!

On now—his requiem is done,
The last deep prayer is said—
On to his burial, comrades—on,
With the noblest of the dead!
Slow—for it presses heavily—
It is a man ye bear!
Slow, for our thoughts dwell wearily
On the noble sleeper there.

Tread lightly, comrades!—we have laid
His dark locks on his brow—

* A member of the senior class in Yale College.

Like life—save deeper light and shade:—
We'll not disturb them now.
Tread lightly—for 'tis beautiful,
That blue veined eye-lid's sleep,
Hiding the eye death left so dull—
Its slumber we will keep.

Rest now!—his journeying is done—
Your feet are on his sod—
Death's chain is on your champion—
He waiteth here his God!
Ay—turn and weep—'tis manliness
To be heart-broken here—
For the grave of earth's best nobleness
Is watered by a tear.

LESSON LXXII.

Cruelty to Animals reproved.—MAYOR.

A YOUNGSTER, whose name we shall conceal, because it is not for his credit it should be known, was amusing himself with a beetle stuck on a pin, and seemed vastly delighted with the gyrations* it made, occasioned by the torture it felt. Harley saw this with emotion; for he would not wantonly have injured the most contemptible animal that breathes.

He rebuked the unfeeling youth in the following terms; and the impression, which the lecture made, was never after effaced from his mind: "I am deeply concerned," said he, "to observe any one, whom I so tenderly love, fond of cruel sport. Do you think that the poor beetle, which you are thus agonizing, is incapable of sensation? And if you are aware that it feels pain as well as you, how can you receive amusement from its torture? Animals, it is true, were formed for the use of man; but reason and humanity forbid us to abuse them.

"Every creature, not immediately noxious to our kind, ought to be cherished, or, at least, not injured. The heart of sensibility bleeds for misery wherever it is seen. No amusement can be rational that is founded on another's pain. I know you take delight in bird-nesting: I wish to discourage this pursuit too.

* *g* sounded like *j*.

"Consider how little you gain, and how much distress you occasion to some of the most beautiful and lovely of creation's tribes. You destroy the eggs, from which the fond bird hoped to rear an offspring; or, what is still more cruel, you rob her of her young, when maternal care and affection are at the highest pitch. Could you possibly conceive what the parent bird must suffer from this deprivation, you would be ashamed of your insensibility.

"The nightingale, robbed of her tender young, is said to sing most sweetly; but it is the plaintive voice of lacerated nature, not the note of joy. It should be heard as the expression of distress; and, if you are the cause of it, you ought to apply it to yourself.

'O then, ye friends of love, and love-taught song,
Spare the soft tribes! this barbarous art forbear
If on your bosom innocence can win,
Music engage, or piety persuade!'

"Even the meanest insects receive an existence from the Author of our being; and why should you abridge their span? They have their little sphere of bliss allotted them; they have purposes, which they are destined to fulfil; and, when these are accomplished, they die. Thus it is with you! You have, indeed, a more extensive range of action, more various and important duties to discharge; and well will it be for you if you discharge them aright.

"But think not, because you have reason and superiority given you, that irrational animals are beneath your regard. In proportion as you enjoy the benefits they are adapted to confer, you should be careful to treat them with tenderness and humanity: it is the only return you can make. Remember, every thing that has life is doomed to suffer and to feel, though its expression of pain may not be capable of being conveyed to your ears.

"To the most worthless reptile, to the most noxious animal, some pity is due. If its life is dangerous to you, it may be destroyed without blame; but let it be done without cruelty. To torture is unmanly; to tyrannise, where there can be no resistance, is the extreme of baseness.

"I never knew an amiable person, who did not feel an attachment for animals. A boy who is not fond of his bird, his rabbit, his dog, or his horse, or whatever other creature he takes under his protection, will never have a good heart, and will always be wanting in affection to his own kind.

But he, who, after admonition, delights in misery, or sports with life, must have a disposition and a heart that I should blush to own: he is neither qualified to be happy himself, nor will he ever make others so."

LESSON LXXIII.

Impolicy and Injustice of Excessive Severity in Punishments.—GOLDSMITH.

It were highly to be wished, that legislative power would direct the law rather to reformation than severity; that it would seem convinced, that the work of eradicating crimes is not by making punishments familiar, but formidable. Then, instead of our present prisons, which find, or make men guilty; which enclose wretches for the commission of one crime, and return them, if returned alive, fitted for the perpetration of thousands; it were to be wished, we had places of penitence and solitude, where the accused might be attended by such as could give them repentance, if guilty, or new motives to virtue, if innocent. And this, but not the increasing of punishments, is the way to mend a state.

Nor can I avoid even questioning the validity of that right, which social combinations have assumed, of capitally punishing offences of a slight nature. In cases of murder their right is obvious, as it is the duty of us all, from the law of self-defence, to cut off that man who hath shown a disregard for the life of another. Against such all nature rises in arms.

But it is not so against him who steals my property. Natural law gives me no right to take away his life, as, by that, the horse he steals is as much his property as mine. If, then, I have any right, it must be from a compact made between us, that he, who deprives the other of his horse, shall die. But this is a false compact; because no man has a right to barter his life, any more than to take it away, as it is not his own.

And, besides, the compact is inadequate, and would be set aside, even in a court of modern equity, as there is a great penalty for a trifling convenience; since it is far better that two men should live, than that one should ride. But a compact that is false between two men, is equally so

between a hundred and a hundred thousand; for as ten millions of circles can never make a square, so the united voice of myriads cannot lend the smallest foundation to falsehood.

It is thus that reason speaks, and untutored nature says the same thing. Savages, that are directed by natural law alone, are tender of the lives of each other; they seldom shed blood but to retaliate former cruelty. * * * * * *

It were to be wished, then, that power, instead of contriving new laws to punish vice; instead of drawing hard the cords of society, till a convulsion come to burst them; instead of cutting away wretches as useless, before we have tried their utility; instead of converting correction into vengeance; it were to be wished, that we tried the restrictive arts of government, and made law the protector, but not the tyrant, of the people.

We should then find, that creatures, whose souls are held as dross, only wanted the hand of a refiner; we should then find, that wretches, now stuck up for long tortures, lest luxury should feel a momentary pang, might, if properly treated, serve to sinew the state in times of danger; that, as their faces are like ours, their hearts are so too; that few minds are so base as that perseverance cannot amend; that a man may see his last crime without dying for it; and that very little blood will serve to cement our security.

LESSON LXXIV.

Address to Liberty.—COWPER.

O, COULD I worship aught beneath the skies
That earth hath seen, or fancy could devise,
Thine altar, sacred Liberty, should stand,
Built by no mercenary, vulgar hand,
With fragrant turf, and flowers as wild and fair
As ever dressed a bank, or scented summer air.
Duly, as ever on the mountain's height
The peep of morning shed a dawning light;
Again, when evening in her sober vest
Drew the grey curtain of the fading west;
My soul should yield thee willing thanks and praise
For the chief blessings of my fairest days:

But that were sacrilege: praise is not thine,
But His, who gave thee, and preserves thee mine:
Else I would say,—and, as I spake, bid fly
A captive bird into the boundless sky,—
This rising realm adores thee; thou art come
From Sparta hither, and art here at home;
We feel thy force still active; at this hour
Enjoy immunity from priestly power;
While conscience, happier than in ancient years,
Owns no superior, but the God she fears.
Propitious Spirit! yet expunge a wrong
Thy rights have suffered, and our land, too long;
Teach mercy to ten thousand hearts, that share
The fears and hopes of a commercial care:
Prisons expect the wicked, and were built
To bind the lawless, and to punish guilt;
But shipwreck, earthquake, battle, fire, and flood,
Are mighty mischiefs, not to be withstood:
And honest merit stands on slippery ground,
Where covert guile, and artifice abound.
Let just restraint, for public peace designed,
Chain up the wolves and tigers of mankind;—
The foe of virtue has no claim to thee:—
But let insolvent innocence go free.

LESSON LXXV.

The Hermit.—BEATTIE.

AT the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,—
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove;
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove;—
'Twas then, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began;—
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, while he felt as a man;—

"Ah, why, thus abandoned to darkness and wo,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom enthral.

if pity inspire thee, renew thy sad lay;
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn:
soothe him, whose pleasures, like thine, pass away—
Full quickly they pass—but they never return.

"Now, gliding remote, on the verge of the sky,
The moon, half extinguished, her crescent displays:
But lately I marked, when, majestic on high,
She shone, and the planets were lost in her blaze.
Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
The path that conducts thee to splendor again:
But man's faded glory no change shall renew!
Ah fool! to exult in a glory so vain!

"'Tis night, and the landscape is lovely no more;
I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you;
For morn is approaching your charms to restore,
Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew.
Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn:
Kind nature the embryo blossom will save:
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn!
O when shall it dawn on the night of the grave!"

'Twas thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
That leads to bewilder, and dazzles to blind,
My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
Destruction before me and sorrow behind:
"O pity, great Father of light," then I cried,
"Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee!
Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride;
From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free."

And darkness and doubt are now flying away:
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom!
On the cold cheek of Death smiles and roses are blending,
And Beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.

LESSON LXXVI.

Hymn to the Stars.—Monthly Repository.

Ay, there ye shine, and there have shone,
In one eternal 'hour of prime,'
Each rolling burningly, alone,
Through boundless space and countless time.
Ay, there ye shine the golden dews
That pave the realms by seraphs trod;
There, through yon echoing vault, diffuse
The song of choral worlds to God.

Ye visible spirits! bright as erst
Young Eden's birthnight saw ye shine
On all her flowers and fountains first,
Yet sparkling from the hand divine;
Yes, bright as then ye smiled, to catch
The music of a sphere so fair,
Ye hold your high, immortal watch,
And gird your God's pavilion there.

Gold frets to dust,—yet there ye are;
Time rots the diamond,—there ye roll
In primal light, as if each star
Enshrined an everlasting soul!
And does it not—since your bright throngs
One all-enlightening Spirit own,
Praised there by pure, sidereal tongues,
Eternal, glorious, blest, alone?

Could man but see what ye have seen,
Unfold awhile the shrouded past,
From all that is, to what has been,
The glance how rich! the range how vast!
The birth of time, the rise, the fall
Of empires, myriads, ages flown,
Thrones, cities, tongues, arts, worships,—all
The things whose echoes are not gone.

Ye saw rapt Zoroaster send
His soul into your mystic reign;
Ye saw the adoring Sabian bend—
The living hills his mighty fane!

Beneath his blue and beaming sky,
He worshipped at your lofty shrine,
And deemed he saw, with gifted eye,
The Godhead in his works divine.

And there ye shine, as if to mock
The children of a mortal sire.
The storm, the bolt, the earthquake's shock,
The red volcano's cataract fire,
Drought, famine, plague, and blood, and flame,
All nature's ills,—and life's worse woes,—
Are nought to you: ye smile the same,
And scorn alike their dawn and close.

Ay, there ye roll—emblems sublime
Of Him, whose spirit o'er us moves,
Beyond the clouds of grief and crime,
Still shining on the world he loves:—
Nor is one scene to mortals given,
That more divides the soul and sod,
Than yon proud heraldry of heaven—
Yon burning blazonry of God!

LESSON LXXVII.

Religion the only Basis of Society.—CHANNING.

RELIGION is a social concern; for it operates powerfully on society, contributing, in various ways, to its stability and prosperity. Religion is not merely a private affair; the community is deeply interested in its diffusion; for it is the best support of the virtues and principles, on which the social order rests. Pure and undefiled religion is, to do good; and it follows, very plainly, that, if God be the Author and Friend of society, then, the recognition of him must enforce all social duty, and enlightened piety must give its whole strength to public order.

Few men suspect, perhaps no man comprehends, the extent of the support given by religion to every virtue. No man, perhaps, is aware, how much our moral and social sentiments are fed from this fountain; how powerless conscience would become, without the belief of a God; how

palsied would be human benevolence, were there not the sense of a higher benevolence to quicken and sustain it; how suddenly the whole social fabric would quake, and with what a fearful crash it would sink into hopeless ruin, were the ideas of a supreme Being, of accountableness, and of a future life, to be utterly erased from every mind.

And, let men thoroughly believe that they are the work and sport of chance; that no superior intelligence concerns itself with human affairs; that all their improvements perish forever at death; that the weak have no guardian, and the injured no avenger; that there is no recompense for sacrifices to uprightness and the public good; that an oath is unheard in heaven; that secret crimes have no witness but the perpetrator; that human existence has no purpose, and human virtue no unfailing friend; that this brief life is every thing to us, and death is total, everlasting extinction; once let them *thoroughly* abandon religion; and who can conceive or describe the extent of the desolation which would follow!

We hope, perhaps, that human laws and natural sympathy would hold society together. As reasonably might we believe, that, were the sun quenched in the heavens, *our* torches would illuminate, and *our* fires quicken and fertilize the creation. What is there in human nature to awaken respect and tenderness, if man is the unprotected insect of a day? And what is he more, if atheism be true?

Erase all thought and fear of God from a community, and selfishness and sensuality would absorb the whole man. Appetite, knowing no restraint, and suffering, having no solace or hope, would trample in scorn on the restraints of human laws. Virtue, duty, principle, would be mocked and spurned as unmeaning sounds. A sordid self-interest would supplant every other feeling; and man would become, in fact, what the theory of atheism declares him to be,—a companion for brutes.

LESSON LXXVIII.

Punishment of a Liar.—BIBLE.

Now Nā'ăman, captain of the host of the king of Syria, was a great man with his master, and honourable; because

by him the Lord had given deliverance unto Syria: he was also a mighty man in valour; but he was a lĕp'er. And the Syrians had gone out by companies, and had brought away captive, out of the land of Israel, a little maid; and she waited on Naaman's wife. And she said unto her mistress, Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy.

And one went in, and told his lord, saying, Thus and thus said the maid that is of the land of Israel. And the king of Syria said, Go to, go; and I will send a letter unto the king of Israel. And he departed, and took with him ten talents of silver, and six thousand pieces of gold, and ten changes of raiment. And he brought the letter to the king of Israel, saying, Now, when this letter is come unto thee, behold, I have therewith sent Naaman my servant to thee, that thou mayest recover him of his leprosy.

And it came to pass, when the king of Israel had read the letter, that he rent his clothes, and said, Am I God, to kill and to make alive, that this man doth send unto me to recover a man of his leprosy? Wherefore consider, I pray you, and see how he seeketh a quarrel against me.

And it was so, when Elisha, the man of God, had heard that the king of Israel had rent his clothes, that he sent to the king, saying, Wherefore hast thou rent thy clothes? let him come now to me, and he shall know that there is a prophet in Israel. So Naaman came, with his horses and with his chariot, and stood at the door of the house of Elisha. And Elisha sent a messenger unto him, saying, Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean.

But Naaman was wroth, and went away, and said, Behold, I thought, He will surely come out to me, and stand, and call on the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper. Are not Ab'ănă and Pharpar, rivers of Damascus, better than all the waters of Israel? may I not wash in them, and be clean? So he turned, and went away in a rage.

And his servants came near, and spake unto him, and said, My father, if the prophet had bid thee do some great thing, wouldest thou not have done it? how much rather, then, when he saith to thee, Wash, and be clean? Then went he down, and dipped himself seven times in Jordan, according to the saying of the man of God: and his flesh came again like unto the flesh of a little child, and he was clean.

And he returned to the man of God, he and all his company, and came and stood before him: and he said, Behold, now I know that there is no God in all the earth but in Israel; now therefore, I pray thee, take a blessing of thy servant. But he said, As the Lord liveth, before whom I stand, I will receive none. And he urged him to take it: but he refused. * * * * So he departed from him a little way.

But Gehazi, the servant of Elisha the man of God, said, Behold, my master hath spared Naaman this Syrian, in not receiving at his hands that which he brought; but, as the Lord liveth, I will run after him, and take somewhat of him.

So Gehazi followed after Naaman: and when Naaman saw him running after him, he lighted down from the chariot to meet him, and said, Is all well? And he said, All is well. My master hath sent me, saying, Behold, even now there be come to me from mount Ephraim two young men of the sons of the prophets: give them, I pray thee, a talent of silver, and two changes of garments.

And Naaman said, Be content; take two talents. And he urged him, and bound two talents of silver in two bags, with two changes of garments, and laid them upon two of his servants; and they bare them before him. And when he came to the tower, he took them from their hand, and bestowed them in the house; and he let the men go, and they departed. But he went in, and stood before his master.

And Elisha said unto him, Whence comest thou, Gehazi? And he said, Thy servant went no whither. And he said unto him, Went not my heart with thee, when the man turned again from his chariot to meet thee? Is it a time to receive money, and to receive garments, and oliveyards, and vineyards, and sheep, and oxen, and men-servants, and maid-servants? The leprosy, therefore, of Naaman shall cleave unto thee. * * * * And he went out from his presence a leper as white as snow.

LESSON LXXIX.

Claims of the Jews.—Noel.

In very truth, there are claims, which the Jew can urge, in which the Gentile cannot share. In advocating the cause

of Israel, I would ask, and strongly too, Is the account of *justice* towards that nation settled? Is the long arrear of Gentile *gratitude* to that nation discharged? For to what blessing shall we refer, in the long catalogue of our own mercies, which we have not derived from Israel?

Amidst the sorrows and vicissitudes of life, do we find daily consolations from God? Under the terrors of conscience, do we behold a peaceful asylum in the Gospel of Christ? By the bed of dying worth, or at the oft-frequented grave of departed friendship, do we wipe away our tears in the prospect of a sure and certain hope of a resurrection to the life eternal?

From whence do all these consolations flow? They flow to us from Judah. The Volume of God was penned by Jewish hands; the Gospel was proclaimed by Jewish lips; yēa, that Sacred Victim on the cross,—the world's only hope, the sinner's only joy,—wears not even *he* the lin'ĕaments of the children of Abraham? And, without the blush of self-abasement, can we speculate any longer on our indifference to the Jewish cause, and coldly complain, that we feel not here that energy of sympathy, which we can feel on other appeals to our compassion? * * * *

Christians! at length remove the stigma; repay the debt; redeem the time; admit the claims of justice; yield to the impulse of gratitude; feel, toil, supplicate for those, whose forefathers felt, and toiled, and prayed for you!

Think, I pray you, of all their former grandeur, and contrast it with their present desolation. Such a contrast raises, even under ordinary circumstances, a keen emotion in the human heart. No sympathy is so strong as that, which is drawn forth by fallen greatness. The extent of the ruin is the very measure of that emotion. Why does the traveller fondly linger amidst the scenes of ancient art, or power, or influence? Why, for so many a year, has the poet and the philosopher wandered amidst the fragments of Athens or of Rome? why paused, with strange and kindling feelings, amidst their broken columns, their mouldering temples, their deserted plains? It is because their day of glory is passed; it is because their name is obscured, their power is departed, their influence is lost! The gloomy contrast casts a shade over the renown and the destiny of man.

Similar emotions have, indeed, been often felt amidst the scenes of Jewish fame. The forsaken banks of Jordan, where the Psalmist once might tune his lyre, and utter his

prophetic songs; the blighted plains of Galilee, where the Saviour might often bend his lonely steps to cheer the widow's dwelling; the ruined city, once the terror of surrounding nations; the forgotten temple, whose walls once echoed back the accents of that voice, "which spake as never man spake;"—these images and memorials of former days have often produced a solemn sadness in the minds of those, who have visited the shores of Palestine; and these feelings have responded to the affecting complaint, "Thy holy cities are a wilderness, Zion is a wilderness, Jerusalem is a desolation. Our holy and our beautiful house, where our fathers praised thee, is burned up with fire, and all our pleasant things are laid waste."

But is there no emphasis of sadness to be found in the sordid and degraded state of those, who wander through the world forgotten and forlorn, though once the honoured servants, the favoured children, of the Lord?

Shall the sculptured stone, the broken shaft, the time-worn capital, even the poor fragments of some profane sanctuary—shall these affect so deeply the heart? and shall the moral ruin, the spiritual decay, the symptoms of eternal perdition—shall these vestiges of desolation excite no feeling in our bosoms? And where is a ruin to be found so mournful, and so complete, as that which the moral aspect of Judah now presents to our view?

LESSON LXXX.

The Influence of Devotional Habits and Feelings, happy at all Times.—WELLBELOVED.

IN every age, and in every condition of life, the influence of devotion is highly needful and important. The adoration of the great Source of all enjoyment, by whose providence all exist, and from whose goodness all derive the comfort of their existence, is an employment worthy of the human faculties, reasonable in itself, and productive of the most excellent dispositions.

In the day of prosperity, what more natural or becoming, than the language of praise at the throne of God? in the hour of adversity, what more suitable or consoling, than the expression of confidence in the divine government, and the

wish that devotion breathes, "Father, not my will, but thine, be done?" in the whole conduct of life, in all the events of this ever-varying scene, what more likely to keep the mind in a calm and tranquil state, or to render the present moral discipline efficacious in preparing us for future eminence and glory, than the habit of devout intercourse with the great Father of our spirits?

A practice so excellent in maturer life, is recommended to youth by reasons peculiarly forcible. Piety, a crown of glory to the hoary head, is an ornament of peculiar beauty upon that which has not seen many years. It is the language of the most absurd and fatal folly, that religion and its duties are not suited to the innocent gayety of youth; that devotion belongs to those only, who have passed that period; and that it will be sufficient to think of preparing for a future state, when we begin to lose our relish for the present.

Such sentiments as these are not, I hope, adopted by any of those young persons, to whom I address myself. The reverse are such as they ought to maintain; such as, alone, are worthy of a rational mind. Is it reasonable, my young friends, that, living as you do upon the bounty of Providence, you should feel no gratitude, nor express any thankfulness for its bounties? that, dependant as you are upon God for life, and health, and all things, you should live without any regard for your unceasing Benefactor, and think yourselves improperly employed when celebrating his praise?

Are the blessings you receive undeserving of your thanks? Are you insensible of the value of kind relations, judicious friends, and wise instructers; of bodily strength and activity; of cheerfulness of mind; of all the numberless means, by which life is not only supported, but rendered happy? Is it possible that you should not see and feel the ingratitude of employing your best days, and your most vigorous powers, without one thought of God; and of contenting yourselves with the resolution of devoting to his service the imbecility of old age?

With so many monuments of death around you; with so many awful warnings of the uncertainty of life, even at your period of it; is it not the height of presumption and folly, to defer the formation of a religious and devotional temper to a period, which, it is probable, or at least possible, may never arrive?

Have you seen so little of life, as not to know, that the

feeling and conduct of maturer years, and of old age, are almost invariably marked by the character which distinguished the youth; that the man, who neglected God and religious duties when young, becomes more averse from them as he advances in life, and leaves the world with the same irreligious temper with which he entered upon it; unimproved by the events that have happened to him, bearing no similitude to God, without the favour of his friendship, and unprepared for the joys of his presence? Or, is this the envied character you desire to form? is this the happy end to which you aspire? is such the life you wish to lead? or such the death you hope to die?

My young friends, let not any evil suggestions enslave you, and prevent you from pursuing that conduct, which reason and Scripture pronounce to be honourable and safe. If it be an awful thing to die without hope of future happiness, it is an awful thing to live every moment liable to death, without those dispositions, which, by the wise appointment of Almighty God, are necessary to obtain the blessedness of the world to come.

LESSON LXXXI.

The Seasons.—Mrs. Barbauld.

Who may she be, this beauteous, smiling maid,
In light-green robe with careless ease arrayed?
Her head is with a flowery garland crowned,
And where she treads, fresh flowerets spring around.
Her genial breath dissolves the gathered snow;
Loosed from their icy chains the rivers flow;
At sight of her the lambkins bound along,
And each glad warbler trills his sweetest song;
Their mates they choose, their breasts with love are filled,
And all prepare their mossy nests to build.
Ye youths and maidens, if ye know, declare
The name and lineage of this smiling fair.

Who from the south is this, with lingering tread
Advancing, in transparent garments clad?
Her breath is hot and sultry: now she loves
To seek the inmost shelter of the groves;
The crystal brooks she seeks, and limpid streams,
To quench the heat that preys upon her limbs.

From her the brooks and wandering rivulets fly;
At her approach their currents quickly dry.
Berries and every acid fruit she sips,
To allay the fervour of her parching lips;
Apples and melons, and the cherry's juice,
She loves, which orchards plenteously produce.
The sunburnt hay-makers, the swain who shears
The flocks, still hail the maid when she appears.
At her approach, O be it mine to lie
Where spreading beeches cooling shades supply;
Or with her let me rove at early morn,
When drops of pearly dew the grass adorn;
Or, at soft twilight, when the flocks repose,
And the bright star of evening mildly glows.
Ye youths and maidens, if ye know, declare
The name and lineage of this blooming fair.

Who may he be that next, with sober pace,
Comes stealing on us? Sallow is his face;
The grape's red blood distains his robes around;
His temples with a wheaten sheaf are bound;
His hair hath just begun to fall away,
The auburn blending with the mournful gray.
The ripe brown nuts he scatters to the swain;
He winds the horn, and calls the hunter train:
The gun is heard; the trembling partridge bleeds;
The beauteous pheasant to his fate succeeds.
Who is he with the wheaten sheaf? Declare,
If ye can tell, ye youths and maidens fair.

Who is he from the north that speeds his way?
Thick furs and wool compose his warm array:
His cloak is closely folded; bald his head;
His beard of clear sharp icicles is made.
By blazing fire he loves to stretch his limbs;
With skait-bound feet the frozen lakes he skims.
When he is by, with breath so piercing cold,
No floweret dares its tender buds unfold.
Nought can his powerful freezing touch withstand;
And, should he smite you with his chilling hand,
Your stiffened form would on his snows be cast,
Or stand, like marble, pale and breathless as he passed.
Ye youths and maidens, does he yet appear?
Fast he approaches, and will soon be here.
Declare, I pray you, tell me, if ye can,
The name and lineage of this aged man.

LESSON LXXXII.

March.—BRYANT.

THE stormy March is come at last,
With wind, and cloud, and changing skies:
I hear the rushing of the blast,
That through the snowy valley flies.

Ah! passing few are they who speak,
Wild, stormy month, in praise of thee;
Yet, though thy winds are loud and bleak,
Thou art a welcome month to me.

For thou to northern lands again,
The glad and glorious sun dost bring,
And thou hast joined the gentle train,
And wear'st the gentle name of Spring.

And, in thy reign of blast and storm,
Smiles many a long, bright, sunny day,
When the changed winds are soft and warm,
And heaven puts on the blue of May.

Then sing aloud the gushing rills
And the full springs, from frost set free,
That, brightly leaping down the hills,
Are just set out to meet the sea.

The year's departing beauty hides
Of wintry storms the sullen threat;
But, in thy sternest frown, abides
A look of kindly promise yet.

Thou bring'st the hope of those calm skies,
And that soft time of sunny showers,
When the wide bloom, on earth that lies,
Seems of a brighter world than ours.

LESSON LXXXIII.

April.—LONGFELLOW.

When the warm sun, that brings
Seed-time and harvest, has returned again,
'Tis sweet to visit the still wood, where springs
The first flower of the plain.

I love the season well,
When forest glades are teeming with bright forms,
Nor dark and many-folded clouds foretell
The coming-in of storms.

From the earth's loosened mould
The sapling draws its sustenance, and thrives:
Though stricken to the heart with winter's cold,
The drooping tree revives.

The softly-warbled song
Comes through the pleasant woods, and coloured wings
Are glancing in the golden sun, along
The forest openings.

And when bright sunset fills
The silver woods with light, the green slope throws
Its shadows in the hollows of the hills,
And wide the upland glows.

And when the day is gone,
In the blue lake, the sky, o'erreaching far,
Is hollowed out, and the moon dips her horn,
And twinkles many a star.

Inverted in the tide
Stand the gray rocks, and trembling shadows throw,
And the fair trees look over, side by side,
And see themselves below.

Sweet April, many a thought
Is wedded unto thee, as hearts are wed;
Nor shall they fail, till, to its autumn brought,
Life's golden fruit is shed.

LESSON LXXXIV.

May.—J. G. Percival.

I feel a newer life in every gale;
The winds, that fan the flowers,
And with their welcome breathings fill the sail,
Tell of serener hours,—
Of hours that glide unfelt away
Beneath the sky of May.

The spirit of the gentle south-wind calls
From his blue throne of air,
And where his whispering voice in music falls,
Beauty is budding there;
The bright ones of the valley break
Their slumbers, and awake.

The waving verdure rolls along the plain,
And the wide forest weaves,
To welcome back its playful mates again,
A canopy of leaves;
And, from its darkening shadow, floats
A gush of trembling notes.

Fairer and brighter spreads the reign of May;
The tresses of the woods,
With the light dallying of the west-wind play;
And the full-brimming floods,
As gladly to their goal they run,
Hail the returning sun.

LESSON LXXXV.

The Voice of Spring.—Mrs. Hem'ans.

I come, I come!—ye have called me long,—
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,

By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers,
By thousands, have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the rein-deer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain;
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay:
Come forth to the sunshine: I may not stay!

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth;
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye !—ye are changed since ye met me last;
A shade of earth has been round you cast !
There is that come over your brow and eye
Which speaks of a world where the flowers must die !
Ye smile !—but your smile hath a dimness yet—
—Oh ! what have ye looked on since last we met?

Ye are changed, ye are changed !—and I see not here
All whom I saw in the vanished year !
There were graceful heads, with their ringlets bright,
Which tossed in the breeze with a play of light;
There were eyes, in whose glistening laughter lay
No faint remembrance of dull decay.

There were steps, that flew o'er the cowslip's head,
As if for a banquet all earth were spread;
There were voices that rung through the sapphire sky,
And had not a sound of mortality !
—Are they gone ?—is their mirth from the green hills passed?
—Ye have looked on Death since ye met me last !

I know whence the shadow comes o'er ye now :
Ye have strown the dust on the sunny brow !
Ye have given the lovely to Earth's embrace;
She hath taken the fairest of Beauty's race !
With their laughing eyes and their festal crown,
They are gone from amongst you in silence down !

They are gone from amongst you, the bright and fair;
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair !
—But I know of a world where there falls no blight :
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light !—
Where Death, midst the blooms of the morn, may dwell,
I tarry no longer :—farewell, farewell !

The summer is hastening, on soft winds borne :
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn !
For me, I depart to a brighter shore :
Ye are marked by care, ye are mine no more.
I go where the loved, who have left you, dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's :—fare ye well, farewell !

LESSON LXXXVI.

Folly of deferring, to a Future Time, the religious Duties of the Present.—WELLBELOVED.

THERE are few young persons so careless and indifferent, as not occasionally to look forward to the time when they shall become devout. However they may neglect God, and disregard the duties of religion at present, they hope to serve and obey God, and to live virtuously, before they die.

Alas! they reflect not, that, by a continuance in evil practices, they render it almost impossible that they should attain to any love of virtue; that, by forming habits inconsistent with piety, in the early period of their lives, they expose themselves to the almost certain hazard of never acquiring one pious sentiment, how protracted soever their existence in the present world.

Be careful, I entreat you, my young friends, not to indulge such fallacious hopes. To whatever you now devote yourselves, to that you will, most probably, continue to adhere to the last hour. Your future pursuits may be in some respects altered, but they will never be totally changed. A vicious youth almost invariably becomes a vicious man; and they whose declining years are dignified by virtue and piety, are, for the most part, those who sought wisdom early and found her.

We are the creatures of habit; and, if we wish to be found, in old age, proceeding in the paths of wisdom and virtue, we must yield ourselves to the counsels of religion in the days of our youth. It is both the safest and the easiest way to form no habits which you propose hereafter to break; to cherish no dispositions which you hope, when time has confirmed them, to relinquish; to gain a fondness for no practices which you know will, if not abandoned, disqualify you for the happiness of a future state.

If you cannot resolve to be pious now, how can you hope for the resolution hereafter? If passion exerts so strong an influence at present, how can you expect that long indulgence will lessen its power? If you neglect to form habits of virtue, when every thing invites and assists you in this important work, how can you trust to that period, when, to the labour and difficulty of acquiring new principles, will be added that of undoing all that the former years of your lives have effected?

A moment's reflection will show you, that the attainment of pious affections in old age, after a long pursuit of folly, must require nothing less than an entire change of dispositions and of conduct, a complete regeneration of the mind and character. Old things must pass away, and all things become new. From reflecting, turn yourselves to the experience of mankind, and observe how few are capable of the exertion so necessary in this momentous concern.

"Remember, then, your Creator, in the days of your youth, while the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh, in which," disturbed by reflections upon the past, oppressed by the consciousness of your inability to relinquish what you disapprove, and alarmed at the prospect of futurity, "ye shall say, We have no pleasure in them."

It is an error, too commonly prevalent, that the duties of piety are inconsistent with the enjoyment of youth, and that they tend to damp, if not extinguish, the vivacity which adorns that season of life. You will perhaps be told, that devotion is not required in you; that it will serve only to render you gloomy, disqualify you for the society of those who are young like yourselves, and render you a fit companion for those only, who have forgotten the days of former years, and have arrived at the verge of the grave.

Be not influenced by such assertions; make the experiment for yourselves; and, if you do not find that the ways of piety are the only ways of pleasantness, and her paths the only paths of peace, I ask you not to walk in them: if the service of God do not yield you the only rational and pure pleasure, I will cease from advising you to avoid the debasing slavery of sin.

That devotion will interfere with the pursuits which young persons sometimes follow, and prohibit the pleasures in which they are too frequently seen to indulge, I will not deny. Yes, my young friends, if you will be virtuous and devout, you must refrain from all those pleasures which end in pain; you must abandon all those pursuits which lead to disgrace and ruin; you must apply to other sources of gratification than those, which, however sweet to the taste, contain a deadly poison; you must fly the society of those "whose feet go down to death, whose steps take hold on hell;" and often send your thoughts to that land of promise, where all the wise and virtuous shall enjoy inconceivable and uninterrupted happiness.

Are these requisitions unreasonable? are these injunc-

tions oppressive? will these destroy your innocent gayety, or render you gloomy and austere? The most thoughtless and inexperienced will acknowledge, that no joys but such as are innocent can be pure and lasting; and piety requires of you no more, than that you indulge not in those that are impure and deceitful.

The peculiar enjoyment of youth arises from innocence, inexperience in the vicissitudes and trials of life, and ardent hope. Devotion, therefore, will increase your enjoyment, instead of lessening it, by rendering you secure against temptations, assuring you of the favour and friendship of God, encouraging you to contemplate, with satisfaction and with pleasure, whatever his providence shall reserve for you in future; and, above all, by giving a wider scope for your expectations to range in,—by opening before you the eternal abodes of the wise and the good.

LESSON LXXXVII.

Religion the best Preparation for the Duties of Life.—NORTON.

THE interest which we feel in the young should direct our attention to all those means, by which their virtue and happiness may be secured, and by which they may be saved, as far as possible, from the evils that are in the world. The worst sufferings, to which they are exposed, are those which may be avoided; for they are those which we bring upon ourselves.

The best preparation, which we can give them, for meeting the trials, and performing the duties, of life, is religious principle. Through the influence of this only can a character be formed, which will lead one to act, and suffer, and resist, wisely and honourably, in every situation. This only can deliver man from the power of the world, and secure him from becoming the slave of circumstances and accidents.

The essential truths of religion are those truths, which we know concerning God; and concerning ourselves, considered as immortal beings. It is religion which teaches us what we are, and on whom we depend; and which, widening immeasurably our sphere of view, discovers to us by far the most important of our relations,—those which connect us with God, and with eternity. It is little to say

that it is the most sublime, it is the most practical, of all sciences. * * * *

The foundation of all true religion is a belief of the existence and perfections of God. We must conceive of him, and represent him to the young, as the Maker and Preserver of all things; as a being on whom the whole creation is entirely and continually dependent; who is every where invisibly present, and knows all our thoughts and actions; from whom we receive all that we enjoy; to whom we must look for all that we hope; who is our constant Benefactor, our Father in Heaven.

The feelings toward him, which should be first formed and cultivated in the minds of the young, are those of gratitude, love, and reverence. In endeavouring to impress them with these sentiments toward God, we ought to take advantage of those occasions when they are most cheerful and satisfied with themselves. It is then that his idea is to be presented to their minds. Should they be touched by the beauty or sublimity of nature, we may then endeavour to give them some just conceptions of that infinite Spirit, whose agency is displaying itself on every side, and of whose presence all visible forms are the marks and symbols.

When we teach them something respecting the immensity of the universe; that the portion of this earth with which they are acquainted, is only a very small part of an immense globe, forever wheeling through void space; that this globe is but an inconsiderable thing, compared with others that are known to us; that the stars of heaven are a multitude of suns, which cannot be numbered, placed at distances from each other, which cannot be measured; we may then direct their thoughts to that Power, by whom this illimitable universe was created, and is kept in motion, and who superintends all the concerns of every individual in every one of these myriads of worlds.

When we point out to them any of the admirable contrivances of nature, which appear around us in such inexhaustible profusion and variety, so that we tread them without thought under our feet; when we explain to them, that each of the countless insects of a summer's day is a miracle of curious mechanism; we can hardly avoid telling them by whose wisdom these contrivances were formed, and by whose goodness their benevolent purposes were designed.

When their hearts are opened by gladness, and their feelings spread themselves out to find objects to which to cling;

you may then, by a word or two, direct their thoughts to God as their Benefactor. When the occasion is of importance enough to give propriety to the introduction of religious ideas, you may lead them in their sorrows to the consolation and hope which a belief in him affords.

You may thus do what is in your power to enthrone the idea of God in their minds, so that all the thoughts and affections shall pay homage to it. You may thus do what is in your power toward forming that temper of habitual devotion, to which God is continually revealing himself in his works, and in his providence. You may thus give the first impulse to those feelings of love, reverence, and trust, which connect a good man so strongly with God, that, if it were possible for him to be deprived of the belief of his existence, it would be with the same feeling of horror, with which he would see the sun darkening and disappearing from the heavens.

LESSON LXXXVIII.

The Young, of every Rank, entitled to Education.—GREENWOOD.

THE benefits of education should be extended to all children, without exception. They never have been denied to those who are born to rank and wealth, or even to a competency and mediocrity of estate, except till very lately, and, in some respects, in the case of the female sex. But, even at this enlightened day, it is not entirely a superfluous task to vindicate the claims of the offspring of the poor, of the poorest, of the vilest, to that mental cultivation, which it is in the power of every community to bestow.

That old notion is not yet stowed away among the forgotten rubbish of old times, that those, who were born to labour and servitude, were born for nothing but labour and servitude, and that, the less they knew, the better they would obey, and that the only instruction, which was necessary or safe for them, was that which would teach them to move, like automatons, precisely as those above them pulled the strings. I say, we still hear this principle asserted, though perhaps in more guarded and indefinite language; and a more selfish, pernicious, disgraceful principle, in whatever terms it may be muffled up, never insulted human nature, nor degraded

human society. It is the leading principle of despotism, the worst feature of aristocracy, and a profane contradiction of that indubitable Word, which has pronounced all men to be brethren, and, in every thing which relates to their common nature, equal.

In short, it is only to the domestic animals, to the brutes that God has given for our use, that this principle can with justice be applied. Their education is not to be carried beyond obedience, because their faculties will not authorize a more liberal discipline. We are to feed them well, and use them gently, and our duty toward them is performed. But, to say that this is the extent of our obligations toward any class or description of our fellow beings, is to advance the monstrous proposition, that their capacity is as low as their circumstantial situation, and their degree among those who bear the yoke, and eat the grass of the field.

But the truth is, that the minds of any one class are as improvable as the minds of any other class of men, and may therefore be improved in the same way, by the same means, and to as good purposes. Once grant that all human beings have the same human faculties, and you grant, to all, the complete right of the unlimited cultivation of those faculties. Nor is it at all more rational to suppose, that a judicious education of the poor, conducted to any attainable extent, will be liable to abuse in their hands, and lead them to forget their station and their duty, than that it will have similar effects on those who are nourished on the lap of affluence. The experience, that has been collected on this point, only strengthens the deductions of analogy, and confirms the important position, which has hitherto gained too little practical faith in the world, that, the more a people know, the less exposed they are to every description of extravagance. * * * *

Wherever there is an unimproved mind, there is an unknown amount of lost usefulness and dormant energy. If this is so through the negligence or perversity of the individual, with him is the guilt, and with him be the punishment; but if it is so through the influence of sentiments which are current in society, the fearful responsibility rests with those who avow and maintain them. I see not why the man who would repress, and who does repress, as far as in him lies, the moral and intellectual capabilities of a fellow creature, is not as culpable as if he abused and destroyed his own.

I have said, that even the children of the vilest and lowest portion of the community share in the general right to the advantages of education. Their claim possesses a peculiar title to our consideration. Some have spoken, as if such were beyond or beneath our assistance, and would bring contamination from their birth-place. Their lot is in the region of irreclaimable wickedness, it is said; and as their parents are, so are they destined to become.

Destined! and so they are, if you will not save them. They are destined, and forever chained down, to a state of moral loathsomeness, in which degradation seems to be swallowed with the food, and vice breathed in with the air. And shall they stay in such a pit of darkness? Is not their situation the strongest possible appeal, which can be made to your pity, and your generosity, and your sense of justice, and your love of good? Does it not call on you, most loudly and imperatively, to pluck these brands from the burning, ere yet they have been scorched too deeply and darkly by the flame?

Nothing is more probable, than that such children may be preserved to virtue by a timely interference; nothing is more certain, than that they will be lost, if they remain. I know of no case, which promises such ample success and reward to the spirited efforts of benevolence, as this. Vice may be cut off, in a great measure, of her natural increase, by the adoption of her offspring into the family of virtue; and, though it is true, that the empire of guilt receives constant emigrations and fresh accessions of strength, from all the regions of society, yet it is equally as true, that they, whose only crime it is that they were born within its confines, may be snatched away, and taught another allegiance, before they have become familiar with its language, its customs, and its corruptions, and have vowed a dreadful fidelity to its laws.

LESSON LXXXIX.

Childhood and Manhood—an Apologue.—CRABBE.

"Men are but children of a larger growth."

'Twas eight o'clock, and near the fire
My ruddy little boy was seated,
And with the title of a sire
My ears expected to be greeted:—

But vain the thought: by sleep oppressed,
No father there the child descried;
His head reclined upon his breast,
Or, nodding, rolled from side to side.

"Let this young rogue be sent to bed"—
Nought further had I time to say,
When the poor urchin raised his head
To beg that he might longer stay.
Refused, towards rest his steps he bent,
With tearful eye and aching heart;
But claimed his playthings ere he went,
And took up stairs his *horse* and *cart*.

For new delay, though oft denied,
He pleaded; wildly craved the boon:
Though past his usual hour, he cried
At being sent away so soon.
If stern to him, his grief I shared;
(Unmoved who hears his offspring weep!)
Of soothing him I half despaired;
But soon his cares were lost in sleep.

"Alas! poor infant!" I exclaimed,
"Thy father blushes now to scan,
In all which he so lately blamed,
The follies and the fears of man.
The vain regret, the anguish brief,
Which thou hast known, sent up to bed,
Portrays of man the idle grief,
When doomed to slumber with the dead.

And more I thought, when, up the stairs,
With "longing, lingering looks," he crept,
To mark of man the childish cares,
His playthings carefully he kept.
Thus mortals, on life's later stage,
When nature claims their forfeit breath,
Still grasp at wealth in pain and age,
And cling to golden toys in death.

'Tis morn; and see, my smiling boy
Awakes to hail returning light,—
To fearless laughter,—boundless joy,—
Forgot the tears of yesternight.

Thus shall not man forget his wo?
Survive of age and death the gloom?
Smile at the cares he knew below?
And, renovated, burst the tomb?

O, my Creator! when thy will
Shall stretch this frame on earth's cold bed,
Let that blest hope sustain me still,
'Till thought, sense, memory—all are fled.
And, grateful for what thou may'st give,
No tear shall dim my fading eye,
That 'twas thy pleasure I should live,
That 'tis thy mandate bids me die.

LESSON XC.

The Skies.—BRYANT.

Ay, gloriously thou standest there,
Beautiful, boundless firmament!
That, swelling wide o'er earth and air,
And round the horizon bent,
With that bright vault and sapphire wall,
Dost overhang and circle all.

Far, far below thee, tall gray trees
Arise, and piles built up of old,
And hills, whose ancient summits freeze
In the fierce light and cold.
The eagle soars his utmost height;
Yet far thou stretchest o'er his flight.

Thou hast thy frowns: with thee, on high,
The storm has made his airy seat:
Beyond thy soft blue curtain lie
His stores of hail and sleet:
Thence the consuming lightnings break;
There the strong hurricanes awake.

Yet art thou prodigal of smiles—
Smiles sweeter than thy frowns are stern:
Earth sends, from all her thousand isles,
A song at their return:

The glory that comes down from thee
Bathes in deep joy the land and sea.

The sun, the gorgeous sun, is thine,
The pomp that brings and shuts the day,
The clouds that round him change and shine,
The airs that fan his way.
Thence look the thoughtful stars, and there
The meek moon walks the silent air.

The sunny Italy may boast
The beauteous tints that flush her skies,
And lovely, round the Grecian coast,
May thy blue pillars rise:—
I only know how fair they stand
About my own beloved land.

And they are fair: a charm is theirs,
That earth—the proud, green earth—has not,
With all the hues, and forms, and airs,
That haunt her sweetest spot.
We gaze upon thy calm, pure sphere,
And read of heaven's eternal year.

Oh! when, amid the throng of men,
The heart grows sick of hollow mirth,
How willingly we turn us, then,
Away from this cold earth,
And look into thy azure breast,
For seats of innocence and rest!

LESSON XCI.

Address to the Stars.—New Monthly Magazine.

Ye are fair, ye are fair; and your pensive rays
Steal down like the light of parted days;
But have sin and sorrow ne'er wandered o'er
The green abodes of each sunny shore?
Hath no frost been there, and no withering blast,
No cold, o'er the flower and the forest, passed?

Does the playful leaf never fall nor fade?
The rose ne'er droop in the silent shade?
Say, comes there no cloud on your morning beam?
On your night of beauty no troubled dream?
Have ye no tear the eye to annoy?
No grief to shadow its light of joy?
No bleeding breasts, that are doomed to part?
No blighted bower, and no broken heart?
Hath death ne'er saddened your scenes of bloom?
Have your suns ne'er shone on the silent tomb?
Did their sportive radiance never fall
On the cypress tree or the ruined wall?—
'Twere vain to guess; for no eye hath seen
O'er the gulf eternally fixed between.
We hear not the song of your early hours;
We hear not the hymn of your evening bowers.
The strains that gladden each radiant sphere
Ne'er poured their sweets on a mortal ear;
Though such I could deem, on the evening's sigh,
The air-harp's unearthly melody!
Farewell, farewell! I go to my rest;
For the shades are passing into the west,
And the beacon pales on its lonely height.
Isles of the blessed, good-night, good-night!

LESSON XCII.

Song of the Stars.—BRYANT.

WHEN the radiant morn of creation broke,
And the world in the smile of God awoke,
And the empty realms of darkness and death
Were moved through their depths by his mighty breath,
And orbs of beauty, and spheres of flame,
From the void abyss, by myriads came,
In the joy of youth, as they darted away,
Through the widening wastes of space to play,
Their silver voices in chorus rung;
And this was the song the bright ones sung:—

"Away, away! through the wide, wide sky,—
The fair blue fields that before us lie,—

Each sun, with the worlds that round us roll,
Each planet, poised on her turning pole,
With her isles of green, and her clouds of white,
And her waters that lie like fluid light.

"For the Source of glory uncovers his face,
And the brightness o'erflows unbounded space;
And we drink, as we go, the luminous tides
In our ruddy air and our blooming sides.
Lo, yonder the living splendors play:
Away, on our joyous path away!

"Look, look, through our glittering ranks afar,
In the infinite āzure, star after star,
How they brighten and bloom as they swiftly pass!
How the verdure runs o'er each rolling mass!
And the path of the gentle winds is seen,
Where the small waves dance, and the young woods lean.

"And see, where the brighter day-beams pour,
How the rainbows hang in the sunny shower;
And the morn and the eve, with their pomp of hues,
Shift o'er the bright planets, and shed their dews;
And, 'twixt them both, o'er the teeming ground,
With her shadowy cone, the night goes round!

"Away, away!—in our blossoming bowers,
In the soft air, wrapping these spheres of ours,
In the seas and fountains that shine with morn,
See, love is brooding, and life is born,
And breathing myriads are breaking from night,
To rejoice, like us, in motion and light.

"Glide on in your beauty, ye youthful spheres,
To weave the dance that measures the years.
Glide on, in the glory and gladness sent
To the farthest wall of the firmament,—
The boundless visible smile of Him,
To the veil of whose brow our lamps are dim."

LESSON XCIII.

The Bells of St. Mary's, Limerick.—London Literary Gazette.

"Those evening bells—those evening bells!"
Moore's National Melodies.

There is a delight, which those only can appreciate who have felt it, in recalling to one's mind, when cast by fortune upon a strange soil and among strangers, the sights and sounds which were familiar to one's infant days. It is pleasant, too, though, perhaps, like the praise of one's own friend, rather obtrusive, to snatch those memories from their rest, and give them to other ears,—to tinge them with an interest, and bid them live again. When we perceive, likewise, that places and circumstances of real beauty and curiosity remain neglected and unknown, for want of "some tongue to give their worthiness a voice," there is a gratification to our human pride in the effort to procure them, even for a space,

A forted residence 'gainst the tooth of time
And razure of oblivion.

I shall not, in this letter, as in my last, give any thing characteristic—any thing Irish. I will be dull rather than descend from the elevation I intend to keep; but, in compensation, I will tell you a fine old story; and, if you have but the slightest mingling of poetical feeling in your composition, (and who is there now-a-days that will not pretend to some?) I promise myself that you shall not be disappointed.

The city of Limerick, though surrounded by some very tolerable demesnes,* is sadly deficient in one respect,—not an unimportant one in any large town;—there is no public walk of any consequence immediately adjoining it. The canal which leads to Dublin is bleak, from its want of trees; and unhealthy, from the low marshy champaign,† which lies on either side its banks. * * * *

But, at the head of this canal, where it divides itself into two branches, which, gradually widening and throwing off their artificial appearance, form a glittering circlet around a small island, which is covered with water shrubs—on this spot I have delightedly reposed in many a sweet sunset,—

* *Pron.* dĕmains'. † *Pron.* sham'pāne.

when I loved to seek a glimpse of inspiration in such scenes, to imitate Moore's poetry, and throw rhymes together, about the rills and hills, streams and beams, and even and heaven, and fancy I was a genius !—" 'Tis gone—'tis gone—'tis gone !" as old Capulet says.

But let us recall it for a moment. Have the complaisance to indulge me in a day-dream, and fancy, if you can, that you sit beside me on the bank. We are beyond the hearing of the turmoil and bustle of the town; "the city's voice itself is soft, like solitude's;" and there is a hush around us that is delightful—the beautiful repose of the evening. The sun, that, but a few minutes since, rushed down the west with the speed of a wandering star, pauses, ere he shall set, upon the very verge of the horizon, and smiles upon his own handiwork—the creation of his fostering fervour.

Hark ! one sound alone reaches us here ; and how grand, and solemn, and harmonious, in its monotony ! These are the great bells of St. Mary's. Their deep-toned vibrations undulate so as to produce a sensible effect on the air around us. The peculiar fineness of the sound has been often remarked ; but there is an old story connected with their history, which, whenever I hear them ring out over the silent city, gives a something more than harmony to the peal. I shall merely say, that what I am about to relate is told as a real occurrence ; and I consider it so touchingly poetical in itself, that I shall not dare to supply a fictitious name, and fictitious circumstances, where I have been unable to procure the actual ones.

They were originally brought from Italy; they had been manufactured by a young native (whose name the tradition has not preserved,) and finished after the toil of many years; and he prided himself upon his work. They were consequently purchased by the prior of a neighbouring convent; and, with the profits of this sale, the young Italian procured a little villa, where he had the pleasure of hearing the tolling of his bells from the convent cliff, and of growing old in the bosom of domestic happiness.

This, however, was not to continue. In some of those broils, whether civil or foreign, which are the undying worm in the peace of a fallen land, the good Italian was a sufferer amongst many. He lost his all; and, after the passing of the storm, found himself preserved alone amid the wreck of fortune, friends, family, and home. The convent, in which the bells, the master-pieces of his skill, were hung,

was razed to the earth, and these last carried away into another land.

The unfortunate owner, haunted by his memories, and deserted by his hopes, became a wanderer over Europe. His hair grew gray, and his heart withered, before he again found a home or a friend. In this desolation of spirit, he formed a resolution of seeking the place, to which those treasures of his memory had been finally borne. He sailed for Ireland; proceeded up the Shannon; the vessel anchored in the Pool, near Limerick, and he hired a small boat for the purpose of landing.

The city was now before him; and he beheld St. Mary's steeple, lifting its turreted head above the smoke and mist of the Old Town. He sat in the stern, and looked fondly toward it. It was at evening, so calm and beautiful, as to remind him of his own native haven in the sweetest time of the year—the death of the spring. The broad stream appeared like one smooth mirror, and the little vessel glided through it with almost a noiseless expedition.

On a sudden, amid the general stillness, the bells tolled from the cathedral; the rowers rested on their oars, and the vessel went forward with the impulse it had received. The old Italian looked towards the city, crossed his arms on his breast, and lay back in his seat. Home, happiness, early recollections, friends, family—all were in the sound, and went with it to his heart. When the rowers looked round, they beheld him with his face still turned toward the cathedral; but his eyes were closed, and, when they landed—they found him cold!

Such are the associations, which the ringing of St. Mary's bells brings to my recollection. I do not know how I can better conclude this letter than with the little melody, from which I have taken the line above. It is a good specimen of the peculiar tingling melody of the author's poetry—a quality in which he never has been equalled in his own language, nor exceeded in any other:—Why! you can almost fancy you hear them ringing!—

"Those evening bells—those evening bells—
How many a tale their music tells
Of youth, and home, and native clime,
When I last heard their soothing chime!

"Those pleasant hours have passed away,
And many a heart, that then was gay,
Within the tomb now darkly dwells,
And hears no more those evening bells.

"And so 'twill be when I am gone :
That tuneful peal will still ring on,
When other bards shall walk those dells,
And sing your praise, sweet evening bells!"

LESSON XCIV.

Description of Jerusalem and the surrounding Country.—LETTERS FROM THE EAST.

ALTHOUGH the size of Jerusalem was not extensive, its very situation, on the brink of rugged hills, encircled by deep and wild valleys, bounded by eminences whose sides were covered with groves and gardens, added to its numerous towers, and temple, must have given it a singular and gloomy magnificence scarcely possessed by any other city in the world.

The most pleasing feature in the scenery around the city is the valley of Jehoshaphat. Passing out of the gate of St. Stephen, you descend the hill to the torrent of the Kĕd'ron: a bridge leads over its dry and deep bed: it must have been a very narrow, though, in winter, a rapid stream. On the left is a grotto, handsomely fitted up, and called the tomb of the Virgin Mary, though, it is well known, she neither died nor was buried near Jerusalem. Being surprised, however, on the hills by a long and heavy shower of rain, we were glad to take shelter beneath the doorway of this grotto.

A few steps beyond the Kedron, you come to the garden of Gethsem'ănĕ, of all gardens the most interesting and hallowed; but how neglected and decayed! It is surrounded by a kind of low hedge; but the soil is bare; no verdure grows on it, save six fine venerable olive-trees, which have stood here for many centuries. This spot is at the foot of Olivet, and is beautifully situated: you look up and down the romantic valley; close behind rises the mountain; before you are the walls of the devoted city.

While lingering here, at evening, and solitary,—for it is not often a footstep passes by,—that night of sorrow and dismay rushes on the imagination, when the Redeemer was betrayed, and forsaken by all, even by the loved disciple.—Hence the path winds up the Mount of Olives: it is a beautiful *hill:* the words of the Psalmist, "the *mountains* around Jerusalem," must not be literally applied, as none are within

view, save those of Arabia. It is verdant, and covered, in some parts, with olive-trees. From the summit you enjoy an admirable view of the city: it is beneath, and very near; and looks, with its valleys around it, exactly like a panorama.* Its noble temple of Omar, and large ārĕa planted with palms; its narrow streets, ruinous places, and towers, are all laid out before you.

On the summit are the remains of a church, built by the Empress Hĕl'ĕna; and, in a small edifice, containing one large and lofty apartment, is shown the print of the last footstep of Christ, when he took his leave of earth. The fathers should have placed it nearer to Bethany, in order to accord with the account given us in Scripture; but it answers the purpose of drawing crowds of pilgrims to the spot. Descending Olivet to the narrow valley of Jehoshaphat, you soon come to the pillar of Absalom: it has a very antique† appearance, and is a pleasing object in the valley: it is of a yellow stone, adorned with half columns, formed into three stages, and terminates in a cupola.

The tomb of Zacharias, adjoining, is square, with four or five pillars, and is cut out of the rock. Near these is a sort of grotto, hewn out of an elevated part of the rock, with four pillars in front, which is said to have been the apostles' prison at the time they were confined by the rulers. The small and wretched village of Silōa is built on the rugged sides of the hill above; and just here the valleys of Hinnom and Jehoshaphat meet, at the south-east corner of Mount Zion: they are both sprinkled with olive-trees.

Over the ravine‡ of Hinnom, and directly opposite the city, is the Mount of Judgment, or of Evil Counsel; because there, they say, the rulers took counsel against Christ, and the palace of Caiaphas§ stood. It is a broad and barren hill, without any of the picturesque|| beauty of Olivet, though loftier. On its side is pointed out the Aceldama,¶ or field where Judas hung himself: a small and rude edifice stands on it, and it is used as a burying-place.

But the most in'teresting portion of this hill, is where its rocks descend precipitously into the valley of Hinnom, and are mingled with many a straggling olive-tree. All these rocks are hewn into sepulchres of various forms and sizes: no doubt they were the tombs of the ăncient Jews, and are in general cut with considerable care and skill. They are often the resting-place of the benighted passenger. Some

* *Pron.* pan-o-ra'-ma—*a* as in *father*.
† an-teek'.
‡ ra-veen'.
§ Cay'-ă-phas.
|| pic-tshu-resk'.
¶ A-sel'-dă-ma.

of them open into inner apartments, and are provided with small windows or ap'ertures cut in the rock.

In these there is none of the darkness or sadness of the tomb; but in many, so elevated and picturesque is the situation, a traveller may pass hours, with a book in his hand, while valley and hill are beneath and around him. Before the door of one large sepulchre stood a tree on the brink of the rock; the sun was going down on Olivet on the right, and the resting-place of the dead commanded a sweeter scene than any of the abodes of the living.

Many of the tombs have flights of steps leading up to them: it was in one of these that a celebrated traveller would fix the site of the holy sepulchre: it is certainly more picturesque; but why more just, is hard to conceive; since the words of Scripture do not fix the identity of the sacred tomb to any particular spot, and tradition, on so memorable an occasion, could hardly err. The fathers declare, it long since became absolutely necessary to cover the native rock with marble, in order to prevent the pilgrims from destroying it, in their zeal to carry off pieces to their homes; and on this point their relation may, one would suppose, be believed.

The valley of Hinnom now turns to the west of the city, and extends rather beyond the north wall: here the plain of Jeremiah commences, and is the best wooded tract in the whole neighbourhood. In this direction, but further on, the historian of the siege speaks "of a tower, that afforded a prospect of Arabia at sunrising, and of the utmost limits of the Hebrew possessions at the sea westward." The former is still enjoyed from the city; but the latter could only be had at a much greater distance north, where there is no hill in front.

Above half a mile from the wall, are the tombs of the kings. In the midst of a hollow, rocky, and adorned with a few trees, is the entrance; you then find a large apartment, above fifty feet long, at the side of which a low door, over which is a beautiful frieze,* leads into a series† of small chambers, in the walls of which are several deep recesses, hewn out of the rock, of the size of the human body. There are six or seven of these low and dark apartments, one or two of which are adorned with vine-leaves and clusters of grapes. Many parts of the stone coffins, beautifully orna-

* *Pron.* freeze. † sē'-rē-ēs.

mented in the Saracenic manner, are strewed* on the floor: it would seem, that some hand of ravage had broken them to pieces, with the view of finding something valuable within. The sepulchres of the judges, so called, are situated in a wild spot about two miles from the city. They bear much resemblance to those of the kings, but are not so handsome or spacious.

Returning to the foot of the Mount of Olives, you proceed up the vale of Jehoshaphat on a line with the plain: it widens as you advance, and is more thickly sprinkled with olives. When arrived at the hill in which it terminates, the appearance of the city and its en'virons is rich and magnificent; and you cannot help thinking, that, were an English party suddenly transported here, they would not believe it was the sad and dreary Jerusalem they were gazing on.

This is the finest point to view it from; for its numerous min'arets and superb mosque are seen to great advantage over the trees of the plain and valley, and the foreground is verdant and cultivated. One or two houses of the Turks stood in this spot, and we had trespassed on the rude garden of one of them, where the shade of a spreading tree invited us to linger over the prospect. For some days there had been heavy falls of rain, yet the bed of the Kedron was still dry, and has been so, most probably, for many centuries.

The climate of the city and country is in general very healthy. The elevated position of the former, and the numerous hills which cover the greater part of Palestine, must conduce greatly to the purity of the air. One seldom sees a country overrun with hills in the manner this is: in general they are not in ranges, but more or less isolated, and of a picturesque form. Few of them approach to the character of mountains, save Carmel, the Quaranti'na, the shores of the lakes, and those which bound the valley of the Jordan.

To account for the existence of so large a population in the promised lands, the numerous hills must have been entirely cultivated: at present, their appearance, on the sides and summits, is, for the most part, bare and rocky. In old time, they were probably formed into terraces, as is now seen on the few cultivated ones, where the vine, olive, and fig-tree flourish.

On a delightful evening, we rode to the wilderness of St. John. The mon'astery of that name stands at the entrance: it is a good and spacious building, and its terrace enjoys a

* *Pron.* strōwed.

fine prospect, in which is the lofty hill of Modin, with the ruins of the palace of the Maccabees on its summit. A small village adjoins the convent, in which are shown the remains of the house of Elizabeth, where the meeting with Mary took place. But few monks reside in the convent, which affords excellent accommodations for a traveller.

* * * *

In the church, a rich altar is erected on the spot where St. John was born, with an inscription over it. The next morning we visited the wilderness: it is narrow, partially cultivated, and sprinkled with trees; the hills rise rather steep on each side; from that on the right, a small stream flows into the ravine below. The whole appearance of the place is romantic; and the prophet might have resided here, while exercising his ministry, with very little hardship. The neighbourhood still, no doubt, produces excellent honey, which is to be had throughout Palestine.

High up the rocky side of the hill on the left, amidst a profusion of trees, is the cave or grotto of St. John. A fountain gushes out close by. When we talk of wildernesses, mountains, and plains, in Palestine, it is to be understood, that they seldom answer to the size of the same objects in more extensive countries; that they sometimes present but a beautiful miniature of them. It certainly deserved the term, given by the Psalmist to the city, of being a "compact" country.

The Baptist, in his wild garb, surrounded by an assemblage of various characters, warning them to repentance, in this wild spot, must have presented a fine subject for the painter. In wandering over the country, we feel persuaded, that its very scenery lent wings to the poetical and figurative discourses of its prophets and seers. Sublime and diversified, it is yet so confined and minute as to admit the deepest seclusion in the midst of a numerous population.

The monks in the convent are of the Catholic order, and have the advantage of all their brethren in point of situation and comfort; and yet nothing will induce these Franciscans to keep their habitations clean: the Greek and Armenian monasteries are palaces compared to them. The fathers are, in general, a very ignorant race of men, chiefly from the lowest orders of society. Their tables, except during lent, are spread plentifully, twice a day, with several dishes of meat and wine; and so well do many of them thrive, that they would consider it banishment to be sent home to Europe to their friends.

From the east end of the wilderness, you enter the famous valley of Elah, where Goli'ah was slain by the champion of Israel. It is a pretty and interesting spot; the bottom covered with olive-trees. Its present appearance answers exactly to the description given in Scripture; the two hills, on which the armies stood, entirely confining it on the right and left. The valley is not above half a mile broad. Tradition was not required to identify this spot: nature has stamped it with everlasting features of truth. The brook still flows through it in a winding course, from which David took the smooth stones; the hills are not precipitous, but slope gradually down; and the vale is varied with banks and undulations, and not a single habitation is visible in it. * * * *

LESSON XCV.

The same, concluded.

At the south-east of Zion, in the vale of Jehoshaphat, they say the gardens of Solomon stood, and also on the sides of the hill adjoining that of Olivet. It was not a bad, though rather a confined, site for them. The valley here is covered with a rich verdure, divided by hedges into a number of small gardens. A mean looking village stands on the rocky side of the hill above. Not a single palm-tree is to be seen in the whole territory around, where once every eminence was covered with them.

The roads leading to the city are bad, except to the north, being the route to Damascus; but the supplies of wood, and other articles for building the temple, must have come by another way than the near and direct one from Jaffa, which is impassable for burthens of a large size, from the defiles and rocks amidst which it is carried; the circuitous routes by land from Tyre or Acre were probably used. The Turk, who is chief of the guard that keeps watch at the entrance of the sacred church, waited on us two or three times; he is a very fine and dignified looking man, and ensured us entrance at all hours, which permission we availed ourselves of, to pass another night amidst its hallowed scenes, with interest and pleasure but little diminished.

We chose a delightful morning for a walk to Bethany.

The path leads up the side of Olivet, by the very way which our Saviour is said to have descended in his last entry into Jerusalem. At a short distance are the ruins of the village of Bethphage; and, half a mile further, is Bethany. The distance is about two miles from the city. The village is beautifully situated; and the ruins of the house of Lazarus are still shown, and do credit to the good father's taste.

On the right of the road is the tomb of Lazarus, cut out of the rock. Carrying candles, we descended ten or twelve stone steps to the bottom of the cave: in the middle of the floor is the tomb, a few feet deep, and large enough to admit one body only. Several persons can stand conveniently in the cave around the tomb, so that Lazarus, when restored, did not, as some suppose, descend from a sepulchre cut out of the wall, but rose out of the grave, hewn in the floor of the grotto.

The light that enters from above does not find its way to the bottom; the fine painting in the Louvre, of this resurrection, was probably faithful in representing it by torch-light. Its identity cannot be doubted: the position of Bethany could never have been forgotten, and this is the only sepulchre in the whole neighbourhood. It is a delightful Sunday afternoon's walk to Bethany: after crossing the mounts, the path passes along the side of a hill, that looks down into a wild and long valley, in which are a few scattered cottages. The view, just above the village, is very magnificent, as it embraces the Dead Sea, the valley and river of the Jordan, and its confluence with the lake.

On the descent of Olivet is shown the spot where Christ wept over Jerusalem: tradition could not have selected a more suitable spot. Up this ascent David went, when he fled from Absalom, weeping. And, did a Jew wish to breathe his last where the glory of his land and fallen city should meet his departing gaze, he would desire to be laid on the summit of the Mount of Olives.

The condition of the Jews in Palestine is more insecure, and exposed to insult and exaction, than in Egypt and Syria, from the frequent lawless and oppressive conduct of the governors and chiefs. These distant pachalics* are less under the control of the Porte†; and, in Egypt, the subjects of Mahmoud enjoy a more equitable and quiet government than in any other part of the empire. There is little na-

* *Pron.* pă'-shaw-lics. † The Ottoman government.

tional feeling or enthusiasm among them; though there are some exceptions, where these exist in an intense degree. In the city, they appear fearful and humbled; for the contempt in which they are held by the Turks is excessive, and they often go poorly clad to avoid exciting suspicion.

Yet it is an interesting sight, to meet with a Jew, wandering, with his staff in his hand, and a venerable beard sweeping his bosom, in the rich and silent plain of Jericho, on the sides of his native mountains, or on the banks of the ancient river Kish'on, where the arm of the mighty was withered in the battle of the Lord. Did a spark of the love of his country warm his heart, his feelings must be exquisite: —but his spirit is suited to his condition.

LESSON XCVI.

"——*that ye, through his poverty, might be rich.*"—
CHRISTIAN EXAMINER.

Low in the dim and sultry west
Is the fierce sun of Syria's sky;
The evening's grateful hour of rest,
Its hour of feast and joy, is nigh.

But he, with thirst and hunger spent,
Lone, by the wayside faintly sinks;
A lowly hand the cup hath lent,
And from the humble well he drinks.

* * * * * *

On the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And o'er the waters drearily
Sweeps the bleak evening blast.

The weary bird hath left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered rest;
The wandering beast hath sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind;

And, from his lone, unsheltered head,
Flows the chill night-damp on the wind.

Why seeks not he a home of rest?
Why seeks not he the pillowed bed?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest;—
He hath not where to lay his head!

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save, the human race;
And, through his poverty, there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

LESSON XCVII.

Elijah fed by Ravens.—GRAHAME.

SORE was the famine throughout all the bounds
Of Israel, when Elijah, by command
Of God, toiled on to Cherith's failing brook.
No rain-drops fall, no dew-fraught cloud, at morn,
Or closing eve, creeps slowly up the vale.
The withering herbage dies. Among the palms,
The shrivelled leaves send to the summer gale
An autumn rustle. No sweet songster's lay
Is warbled from the branches. Scarce is heard
The rill's faint brawl. The prophet looks around,
And trusts in God, and lays his silvered head
Upon the flowerless bank. Serene he sleeps,
Nor wakes till dawning. Then, with hands enclasped,
And heavenward face, and eye-lids closed, he prays
To Him who manna on the desert showered,
To Him who from the rock made fountains gush.
Entranced the man of God remains; till, roused
By sound of wheeling wings, with grateful heart
He sees the ravens fearless by his side
Alight, and leave the heaven-provided food.

LESSON XCVIII.

Mount Sinai.—Letters from the East.

Leaving the valley of Paran, the path led over a rocky wilderness, to render which more gloomy, the sky became clouded, and a shower of rain fell. By moonlight we ascended the hills, and, after some hours' progress, rested for the night on the sand. The dews had fallen heavy for some nights, and the clothes that covered us were quite wet in the morning; but, as we advanced, the dews ceased.

Our mode of life, though irregular, was quite to a wanderer's taste. We sometimes stopped for an hour, at midday, or, more frequently, took some bread and a draught of water on the camel's back; but we were repaid for our fatigues, when we halted for the evening, as the sun was sinking in the desert, and, having taken our supper, strolled amidst the solitudes, or spent the hours in conversation till dark.

But the bivouac* by night was the most striking, when, arriving, fatigued, long after dark, the two fires were lighted. I have frequently retired to some distance to gaze at the group of Arabs round theirs, it was so entirely in keeping. They were sipping their coffee, and talking with expressive action and infinite vivacity; and, as they addressed each other, they often bent over the flame which glanced on their white turbans and drapery and dark countenances, and the camels stood behind, and stretched their long necks over their masters.

Having finished our repast, we wrapped ourselves in our cloaks, and lay down round the fire: and let not that couch be pitied; for it was delightful, as well as romantic, to sink to rest as you looked on that calm and glorious sky, the stars shining with a brilliancy you have no conception of in our climate. Then, in the morning, we were suddenly summoned to depart, and, the camels being loaded, we were soon on the march. Jouma frequently chanted his melancholy Arab song, for at this time we were seldom disposed to converse, and were frequently obliged to throw a blanket over our cloak, and walk for some hours, to guard against the chilness of the air.

The sunsets in Egypt are the finest; but to see a sunrise in its glory, you must be in the desert: nothing there obscures or obstructs it. You are travelling on, chill and silent,

* *Pron.* bē-voo-ac; an encampment for a night.

your looks bent toward the east; a variety of glowing hues appear and die away again; and, for some time, the sky is blue and clear; when the sun suddenly darts above the horizon, and such a splendour is thrown instantly on the wide expanse of sand and rocks, that, if you were a Persian adorer, you would certainly break out, like the muezzin* from the minaret, in praise and blessing.

The way now became very interesting, and varied by several narrow, deep valleys, where a few stunted palms grew. The next morning, we entered a noble desert, lined on each side by lofty mountains of rock, many of them perfectly black, with sharp and ragged summits. In the midst of the plain, which rose with a continual yet gentle ascent, were isolated rocks of various forms and colours, and over its surface were scattered a number of shrubs of a lively green. Through all the route, we had met few passengers. One or two little caravans, or a lonely wanderer with his camel, had passed at times, and given us the usual salute of "Peace be unto you." * * * *

A few hours more we got sight of the mountains round Sinai. Their appearance was magnificent; when we drew nearer, and emerged out of a deep pass, the scenery was infinitely striking, and, on the right, extended a vast range of mountains as far as the eye could reach, from the vicinity of Sinai down to Tor. They were perfectly bare, but of grand and singular form. We had hoped to reach the convent by day-light, but the moon had risen some time, when we entered the mouth of a narrow pass, where our conductors advised us to dismount.

A gentle yet perpetual ascent, led on, mile after mile, up this mournful valley, whose aspect was terrific, yet ever varying. It was not above two hundred yards in width, and the mountains rose to an immense height on each side. The road wound at their feet along the edge of a precipice, and amidst masses of rock that had fallen from above. It was a toilsome path, generally over stones, placed like steps, probably by the Arabs; and the moonlight was of little service to us in this deep valley, as it only rested on the frowning summits above.

Where is Mount Sinai? was the inquiry of every one. The Arabs pointed before to Gabel Mousa, the Mount of

*_Muezzin_,—one of a religious order, among the Mohammedans, whose clear and sonorous voice, from the minaret, or steeple of a mosque, answers the purpose of a bell, among Christians, to call the people to morning and evening prayers.

Moses, as it is called, but we could not distinguish it. Again, and again, point after point was turned, and we saw but the same stern scenery. But what had the softness and beauty of nature to do here? Mount Sinai required an approach like this, where all seemed to proclaim the land of miracles, and to have been visited by the terrors of the Lord.

The scenes, as you gazed around, had an unearthly character, suited to the sound of the fearful trumpet that was once heard there. We entered at last on the more open valley, about half a mile wide, and drew near this famous mountain. Sinai is not so lofty as some of the mountains around it, and in its form there is nothing graceful or peculiar, to distinguish it from others. * * * *

On the third morning we set out early from the convent for the summit of Mount Sinai, with two Arab guides. The ascent was, for some time, over long and broken flights of stone steps, placed there by the Greeks. The path was often narrow and steep, and wound through lofty masses of rock on each side. In about half an hour, we came to a well of excellent water; a short distance above which is a small, ruined chapel.

About half way up was a verdant and pleasant spot, in the midst of which stood a high and solitary palm, and the rocks rose in a small and wild amphitheatre around. We were not very long now in reaching the summit, which is of limited extent, having two small buildings on it, used formerly by the Greek pilgrims, probably for worship.

But Sinai has four summits; and that of Moses stands almost in the middle of the others, and is not visible from below, so that the spot where he received the law must have been hid from the view of the multitudes around; and the smoke and flame, which, Scripture says, enveloped the entire Mount of Sinai, must have had the more awful appearance, by reason of its many summits and great extent; and the account delivered gives us reason to imagine, the summit or scene where God appeared was shrouded from the hosts around.

But what occasions no small surprise at first, is the scarcity of plains, valleys, or open places, where the children of Israel could have stood conveniently to behold the glory on the mount. From the summit of Sinai you see only innumerable ranges of rocky mountains. One generally places, in imagination, around Sinai, extensive plains, or sandy deserts, where the camp of the hosts was placed, where the

families of Israel stood at the doors of their tents, and the line was drawn round the mountain, which no one might break through on pain of death.

But it is not thus: save the valley by which we approached Sinai, about half a mile wide, and a few miles in length, and a small plain we afterwards passed through, with a rocky hill in the middle, there appear to be few open places around the mount. We did not, however, examine it on all sides. On putting the question to the superior of the convent, where he imagined the Israelites stood; "Every where," he replied, waving his hands about—"in the ravines, the valleys, as well as the plains."

Having spent an hour here, we descended to the place of verdure, and, after resting awhile, took our road, with one of the guides, towards the mountain of St. Catharine. The rapture of Mr. Wolf's feelings on the top of Sinai was indescribable; I expected to see him take flight for a better region. Being the son of a rabbi at Munich, the conviction of being on the scene where God visited his people, and conferred such glory on them, was almost too much for him.

After ascending again, in another direction, we came to a long and steep descent, that commanded a very noble scene, and reached, at last, a little valley at the bottom, that was to be our resting-place for the night. The mountains rose around this valley in vast precipices: a line of beautiful verdure ran along its whole extent, in the midst of which stood a deserted monastery. The fathers had long been driven from it by the Arabs, but its various apartments were still entire, and afforded an excellent asylum for a traveller.

This deep solitude had an exceeding and awful beauty: the palms, the loftiest I ever saw, rose moveless, and the garden and grove were desolate and neglected; the fountain in the latter was now useless, and the channel of the rivulet that ran through the valley was quite dry; the walls were in ruins, and the olive, the poplar, and other trees, grew in wild luxuriance.

Within, some old books of devotion were yet left behind. Having chosen an apartment in the upper story, which opened into the corridor, and had been one of the cells of the exiled fathers, we took possession of it at night, kindled a fire on a large stone in a corner, and made a good supper of the rude provisions we had. There needed no spirit of romance in order to enjoy the situation exquisitely: few ideal

pictures ever equalled the strangeness and savageness of this forsaken sanctuary in the retreats of Sinai.

LESSON XCIX.

The Summit of Mount Sinai.—MONTGOMERY.

I SEEK the mountain cleft: alone
I seem in this sequestered place:—
Not so: I meet, unseen, yet known,
My Maker, face to face.
My heart perceives his presence nigh,
And hears his voice proclaim,
While bright his glory passes by,
His noblest name.

LOVE is that name—for "God is Love."
Here, where, unbuilt by mortal hands—
Mountains below, and heaven above—
His awful temple stands,
I worship.—Lord, though I am dust
And ashes in thy sight,
Be thou my strength;—in thee I trust;—
Be thou my light.

Hither, of old, the Almighty came:
Clouds were his car, his steeds the wind;
Before him went devouring flame,
And thunder rolled behind.
At his approach the mountains reeled,
Like vessels, to and fro;
Earth, heaving like a sea, revealed
The gulfs below.

Borne through the wilderness in wrath,
He seemed, in *power* alone, a God:
But blessings followed in his path,
For *Mercy* seized his rod.
He smote the rock, and, as he passed,
Forth gushed a living stream;
The fire, the earthquake, and the blast,
Fled as a dream.

LESSON C.

Religious Education indispensable to individual Happiness, and to national Prosperity.—GREENWOOD.

RELIGION is the only sure foundation of virtue; and what is any human being, young or old, rich or poor, without virtue? He cannot be trusted, he cannot be respected, confided in, or loved. Religion is the only sure index of duty; and how can any one pursue an even, or a reputable course, without rules and without principles? Religion is the only guide to true happiness; and who is there so hardy as to assume the tremendous responsibility of withholding those instructions and consolations, which dispel doubt, soothe affliction, make the bed of sickness, spread the dying pillow, and open the gates of an effulgent futurity?

Let, then, religion be the primary object in the education of the young. Let it mingle, naturally, easily, and gracefully, in all their pursuits and acquirements. Let it be rendered intelligible, attractive, and practical. Let it win their affections, command their reverence, and ensure their obedience. Children, of any class whatever, may be taught in a great compass and liberality of knowledge, not only without apprehension, but with assiduity and encouragement; but let them, above all things, be "taught of the Lord."

And what follows? When all thy children shall be taught of the Lord, what is the promise, the reward, and the consummation? "Great shall be the peace of thy children." All the blessings, signified by that word *peace*, shall be the lot of those who are thus wisely instructed, and shall descend on the community, in proportion as it has exerted itself to diffuse light and religion throughout its whole mass.

Knowledge of itself is power; and when the knowledge of the Lord is united with it, it is happiness and real prosperity. Order reigns—the best order—that which is produced, not so much by the coercive operations of authority and law, as by the independent righteousness of each individual, who bears about with him his own law: freedom finds its congenial habitation and home; for general intelligence inspires mutual respect, and self-respect; and, "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty."

Benevolence is ever active and zealous; for knowledge is the enemy of selfishness. Religion warms and expands the

heart, and the disciple of Christ is assured, that the best service of God is the service of mankind. In short, there cannot be other than a sense of security, and a composed countenance of peace, felt and experienced throughout society, when those principles of religious knowledge are generally and practically received, which hold up plainly before the face of every man, his duty to his Maker, to his neighbour, and to his own self.

Then there is that separate, individual peace, which takes up its dwelling in the hearts of all those who have been taught of the Lord; a peace, holy, heavenly, profound, which the world cannot give, because it is above the world, and independent of it; the peace of a quiet conscience, of a regulated mind, of innocent hopes, of calm desires, of the love which embraces humanity, and the trust which reposes on Heaven; a gentle river, running through the life, imparting beauty, pouring out refreshment, and lending its grateful moisture to the most hidden and attenuated roots and threads of sentiment and feeling, clothing the sands with verdure, and sprinkling the lonely places with sweet flowers. Add this peace of each single bosom to that general peace which pervades the community, and how truly may it be called great!

I deny not that a nation may become powerful, victorious, renowned, wealthy, and full of great men, even though it should neglect the education of the humbler classes of its population; but I do deny, that it can ever become a happy or a truly prosperous nation, till all its children are taught of the Lord.

To say nothing of the despotisms of the east, look at the kingdoms of Europe, with their battles, and their alliances, and their pompous and gaudy ceremonies, and their imposing clusters of high titles and celebrated names; and, after this showy phantasmagōria has passed away, mark the condition of the majority, observe their superstition, their slavishness, their sensual enjoyments, their limited range of thought, their almost brutalized existence; mark this, and say whether a heavenly peace is among them. Alas! they know not the things which belong to their peace, nor are their rulers desirous that they should know, but rather prefer that they should live on in submissive ignorance, that they may be at all times ready to swell the trains of their masters' pride, and be sacrificed by hecatombs to their masters' ambition.

Far different were the views of those gifted patriarchs who founded a new empire here. They were determined that all their children should be taught of the Lord; and, side by side with the humble dwellings, which sheltered their heads from the storms of a strange world, arose the school-house and the house of God. And, ever after, the result has been peace,—great, unexampled peace; peace to the few, who gradually encroached on the primeval forests of the land, and peace to the millions, who have now spread themselves abroad in it from border to border. In the strength and calm resolution of that peace they stood up once, and shook themselves free from the rusted fetters of the old world; and in the beauty and dignity of that peace they stand up now, self-governed, orderly, and independent, —a wonder to the nations.

If a stranger should inquire of me the principal cause and source of this greatness of my country, would I bid him look on the ocean widely loaded with our merchandise, and proudly ranged by our navy? or on the land where it is girdled by roads, and scored by canals, and burthened with the produce of our industry and ingenuity?—would I bid him look on these things as the springs of our prosperity?

Indeed, I would not. Nor would I show him our colleges and literary institutions; for he can see nobler ones elsewhere. I would pass all these by, and would lead him out by some winding highway among the hills and woods, and, when the cultivated spots grew small and infrequent, and the houses became few and scattered, and a state of primitive nature seemed to be immediately before us, I would stop in some sequestered spot, and, directed by a steady hum, like that of bees, I would point out to him a lowly building, hardly better than a shed, but full of blooming, happy children, collected together from the remote and unseen farm-houses, conning over their various tasks, or reading with a voice of reverential monotony, a portion of the Word of God; and I would bid him note, that, even here, in the midst of poverty and sterility, was a specimen of the thousand nurseries, in which all our children are taught of the Lord, and formed, some to legislate for the land, and all to understand its constitution and laws, to maintain their unspotted birthright, and contribute to the great aggregate of the intelligence, the morality, the power and peace of this mighty commonwealth.

LESSON CI.

Importance of Science to a practical Mechanic.—
G. B. Emerson.

Let us imagine for a moment the condition of an individual, who has not advanced beyond the merest elements of knowledge, who understands nothing of the principles even of his own art, and inquire what change will be wrought in his feelings, his hopes, and happiness, in all that makes up the character, by the gradual inpouring of knowledge.

He has now the capacity of thought, but it is a barren faculty, never nourished by the food of the mind, and never rising above the poor objects of sense. Labour and rest, the hope of mere animal enjoyment, or the fear of want, the care of providing covering and food, make up the whole sum of his existence. Such a man may be industrious, but he cannot love labour, for it is not relieved by the excitement of improving or changing the processes of his art, nor cheered by the hope of a better condition.

When released from labour he does not rejoice; for mere idleness is not enjoyment, and he has no book, no lesson of science, no play of the mind, no interesting pursuit, to give a zest to the hour of lēisure. Home has few charms for him; he has little taste for the quiet, the social converse, and exchange of feeling and thought, the innocent enjoyments, that ought to dwell there. Society has little to interest him; for he has no sympathy for the pleasures or pursuits, the cares or troubles of others, to whom he cannot feel nor perceive his bonds of relationship.

All of life is but a poor boon for such a man; and happy for himself and for mankind, if the few ties that hold him to this negative existence be not broken. Happy for him if that best and surest friend of man, that messenger of good news from heaven to the poorest wretch on earth, Religion, bringing the fear of God, appear to save him. Without her to support, should temptation assail him, what an easy victim would he fall to vice or crime! How little would be necessary to overturn his ill-balanced principles, and leave him grovelling in intemperance, or send him abroad on the ocean or the highway, an enemy to himself and his kind!

But, let the light of science fall upon that man; open to

him the fountain of knowledge. A few principles of philosophy enter his mind, and awaken the dormant power of thought. He begins to look upon his art with an altered eye. It ceases to be a dark mechanical process, which he cannot understand; he regards it as an object of inquiry, and begins to penetrate the reasons, and acquire a new mastery over his own instruments.

He finds other and better modes of doing what he had done before, blindly and without interest, a thousand times. He learns to profit by the experience of others, and ventures upon untried paths. Difficulties, which before would have stopped him at the outset, receive a ready solution from some luminous principle of science.

He gains new knowledge and new skill, and can improve the quality of his manufacture, while he shortens the process and diminishes his own labour. Then labour becomes sweet to him; it is accompanied by the consciousness of increasing power; it is leading him forward to a higher place among his fellow men. Relaxation, too, is sweet to him, as it enables him to add to his intellectual stores, and to mature, by undisturbed meditation, the plans and conceptions of the hour of labour.

His home has acquired a new charm; for he is become a man of thought, and feels and enjoys the peace and seclusion of that sacred retreat; and he carries thither the honest complacency, which is the companion of well-earned success. There, too, bright visions of the future sphere open upon him, and excite a kindly feeling towards those who are to share in his prosperity.

Thus his mind and heart expand together. He has become an intelligent being, and, while he has learned to esteem himself, he has also learned to live no longer for himself alone. Soci[illegible]

LESSON CII.

Story of Rabbi Akiba.—Hurwitz's Hebrew Tales.

Compelled, by violent persecution, to quit his native land, Rabbi Akiba wandered over barren wastes and dreary deserts. His whole equipage consisted of a lamp, which he used to light at night, in order to study the law; a cock, which served him instead of a watch, to announce to him the rising dawn; and an ass, on which he rode.

The sun was gradually sinking behind the horizon, night was fast approaching, and the poor wanderer knew not where to shelter his head, or where to rest his weary limbs. Fatigued, and almost exhausted, he came at last near a village. He was glad to find it inhabited, thinking, where human beings dwelt, there dwelt, also, humanity and compassion.

But he was mistaken. He asked for a night's lodging. It was refused. Not one of the inhospitable inhabitants would accommodate him. He was, therefore, obliged to seek shelter in a neighbouring wood. "It is hard, very hard," said he, "not to find a hospitable roof to protect me against the inclemency of the weather; but God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He seated himself beneath a tree, lighted his lamp, and began to read the law. He had scarcely read a chapter, when a violent storm extinguished the light. "What!" exclaimed he, "must I not be permitted even to pursue my favourite study! But God is just, and whatever he does is for the best."

He stretched himself on the earth, willing, if possible, to [illegible] his eyes,

to the village to see whether he could procure a horse, or any other beast of burden, to enable him to pursue his journey. But what was his surprise, not to find a single individual alive!

It appears, that a band of robbers had entered the village during the night, killed its inhabitants, and plundered their houses. As soon as Akiba had sufficiently recovered from the amazement, into which this wonderful occurrence had thrown him, he lifted up his voice, and exclaimed, "Thou great God, the God of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, now I know, by experience, that poor mortal men are short-sighted and blind; often considering as evils, what was intended for their preservation! But thou, alone, art just, and kind, and merciful.

"Had not the hard-hearted people driven me, by their inhospitality, from the village, I should assuredly have shared their fate. Had not the wind extinguished my lamp, the robbers would have been drawn to the spot, and have murdered me. I perceive, also, that it was thy mercy which deprived me of my companions, that they might not, by their noise, give notice to the banditti where I was. Praised, then, be thy name forever and ever!"

LESSON CIII.

Alice Fell.—WORDSWORTH.

THE post-boy drove with fierce career,—
For threatening clouds the moon had drowned,—
When suddenly I seemed to hear
A moan, a lamentable sound.

As if the wind blew many ways
I heard the sound, and more and more:
It seemed to follow with the chaise,
And still I heard it, as before.

At length, I to the boy called out:
He stopped his horses at the word;
But neither cry, nor voice, nor shout,
Nor ought else like it, could be heard.

The boy then smacked his whip, and fast
The horses scampered through the rain;
And soon I heard, upon the blast,
The voice, and bade* him halt again.

Said I, alighting on the ground,
"What can it be, this piteous moan?"
And there a little girl I found,
Sitting behind the chaise alone.

"My cloak!" the word was last and first,
And loud and bitterly she wept,
As if her very heart would burst;
And down from off the chaise she leapt.

"What ails you, child?" She sobbed, "Look here!"
I saw it in the wheel entangled,—
A weather-beaten rag as e'er
From any garden scare-crow dangled.

'Twas twisted betwixt nave and spoke:
Her help she lent, and, with good heed,
Together we released the cloak,—
A wretched, wretched rag, indeed!

"And whither are you going, child,
To-night, along these lonesome ways?"
"To Durham," answered she, half wild:—
"Then come with me into the chaise."

She sat like one past all relief;
Sob after sob she forth did send
In wretchedness, as if her grief
Could never, never, have an end.

"My child, in Durham do you dwell?"
She checked herself in her distress,
And said, "My name is Alice Fell:
I'm fatherless and motherless.

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."
And then, as if the thought would choke
Her very heart, her grief grew strong;
And all was for her tattered cloak.

* *Pron.* bad.

The chaise drove on; our journey's end
Was nigh; and, sitting by my side,
As if she'd lost her only friend,
She wept, nor would be pacified.

Up to the tavern-door we post:—
Of Alice and her grief I told;
And I gave money to the host,
To buy a new cloak for the old.

"And let it be of duffil gray,
As warm a cloak as man can sell!"
Proud creature was she, the next day,
The little orphan, Alice Fell.

LESSON CIV.

To the Æolian Harp.—European Magazine.

Harp of the Zephyr, whose least breath, o'er
Thy tender string moving, is felt by thee;—
Harp of the whirlwind, whose fearfullest roar
Can arouse thee to nought but harmony:—

The leaf that curls upon youth's warm hand,
Hath not a more sensitive soul than thou;
Yet the spirit that's in thee, unharmed, can withstand
The blast that shivers the stout oak bough.

When thankless flowers in silence bend,
Thou hailest the freshness of heaven with song;
When forests the air with their howlings rend,
Thou soothest the storm as it raves along.

Yes: thine is the magic of Friendship's bower,—
That holiest temple of all below:—
Thou hast accents of bliss for the calmest hour,
But a heavenlier note for the season of wo.

Harp of the breeze, whether gentle or strong,
When shall I feel thy enchantment again?

Hark! hark!—even the swell of my own wild song
Hath awakened a mild, responsive strain.

It is not an echo: 'tis far too sweet
To be born of a lay so rude as mine:
But, oh! when terror and softness meet,
How pure are the hues of the wreath they twine!

Thus the breath of my rapture hath swept thy chords,
And filled them with music, alas! not its own,
Whose melody tells but how much my words,
Though admiring, have wronged that celestial tone.

I hear it,—I hear it,—now fitfully swelling,
Like a chorus of seraphim earthward hying;
And now,—as in search of a loftier dwelling,—
The voices away, one by one, are dying.

Heaven's own harp! save angel fingers,
None should dare open thy mystic treasures.
Farewell! for each note on mine ear still lingers,
And *mine* may not mingle with *thy* blest measures.

LESSON CV.

*Burial of Sir John Moore.**—ANONYMOUS.

Not a drum was heard, nor a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moon-beam's misty light,
And the lantern, dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet, nor in shroud, we bound him;
But he lay, like a warriour taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

* Who fell in the battle of Corunna, in Spain, 1808.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe would be rioting over his head,
And we far away on the billow.

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But nothing he'll reck, if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock tolled the hour for retiring;
And we heard, by the distant random gun,
That the foe was suddenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, we raised not a stone,
But left him alone with his glory.

LESSON CVI.

War contrary to the Courses of Nature, and the Spirit of the Gospel.—MELLEN.

Oh! how shall man his crime extenuate!
What sees he in this brave o'erarching sphere,
The rich domain of nature, that will hold
A moment's friendship with his cheerless way!
He looks upon the wide and glowing earth,
And hears the hum of bees, and sees its bloom
Rolling in all its luxury for him.
He sees the trees wave in the peaceful sky,
And dally with the breezes as they pass.
He sees the golden harvest stoop for him,
And feels a quietness on all the hills.
He looks upon the seasons, as they come
In beautiful succession, from the heavens,
With bud and blossoming, and fruits, and snows.

There is no war among them: they pass on,
Light beaming from their footsteps as they go,
And, with the cheerful voice of sympathy,
They give a melody to all the earth,
Each calling to the other through the year!
He looks upon the firmament, at night:
There are a thousand lustres hanging there,
Mocking the splendors of Golconda: there
He sees the glorious company of stars,
Journeying in peace and beauty through the deep,
Shining in praise forever! They look down,
Each like a bright and calm Intelligence,
Above a sphere they all compassionate.
There is no war among these sparkling hosts:
They go in silence through the great profound,
Each on its way of glory: they proclaim
The order and magnificence of Him,
Who bade them roll in peace around his throne!
Oh! when the planet shone o'er Bethlehem,
And light came round the shepherds on the hills,
And wise men rose in wonder from their dreams,
There came a voice sublime upon the winds,
Proclaiming Peace above a prostrate world!
The morning stars sang Peace: the sons of God
Struck all their heavenly lyres again; and Peace
Died in symphonious murmurs round the babe.
Thus broke Salvation's morning. But the day
Has heard new sounds; and, dissonant and dire,
The mingled tumult swelled the coming storm,
Darkening its path with black, portentous front,
Until it burst in havoc and in war!
Oh! may the fearful eventide of time,
Find man upon the dust in penitence,
In the strong brotherhood of Peace and prayer.

LESSON CVII.

Brief Account of the first Settlers of New England; their departure from Europe; and their landing at Plymouth, Mass. 22d Dec. 1620.—Abridged from ROBERTSON *and* NEAL.

ROBERT BROWN, a popular preacher in high estimation among the Puritans of England, in the reign of Queen

Elizabeth, maintained that a society of Christians, uniting together to worship God, constituted a church, possessed of complete jurisdiction in the conduct of its own affairs, independent of any other society, and accountable to no superior:—that the priesthood neither was a distinct order in the church, nor conferred an indelible character; but that every man, qualified to teach, might be set apart for that office by the election of the brethren, and by imposition of their hands; and that, in like manner, by their authority, he might be discharged from that function, and reduced to the rank of a private Christian.

Those who adopted this democratical form of government, which abolished all distinction of ranks in the church, and conferred an equal portion of power on each individual, were, from the founder of the sect, denominated Brownists: and, as their tĕ'nets were more hostile to the established religion than those of other separatists, the fiercest storm of persecution fell upon their heads. Many of them were fined or imprisoned, and some were put to death.

Still, the sect not only subsisted, but continued to spread. But, as all their motions were carefully watched, both by the ecclesiastical and civil courts, which, as often as they were detected, punished them with the utmost rigour, a body of them, weary of living in a state of continual danger and alarm, fled to Holland, and settled in Leyden, under the care of Mr. John Robinson their pastor.

There they resided for several years, unmolested and obscure. But, many of their aged members dying, and some of the younger marrying into Dutch families, while their church received no increase, either by recruits from England, or by proselytes gained in the country, they began to be afraid, that all their high attainments in spiritual knowledge would be lost, and that that perfect fabric of policy, which they had erected, would be dissolved, and consigned to oblivion, if they remained longer in a strange land.

At length, after several solemn addresses to Heaven, the younger part of the congregation resolved to remove into some part of America, under the protection of the king of England, where they might enjoy the liberty of their consciences, and be capable of encouraging their friends and countrymen to follow them.

Accordingly, they sent over agents into England, who, having obtained a patent from the crown, agreed with several merchants to become adventurers in the undertaking. Se-

veral of Mr. Robinson's congregation sold their estates, and made a common bank, with which they purchased a small ship of sixty tons,* and hired another of one hundred and eighty.†

The agents sailed into Holland with their own ship, to take in as many of the congregation as were willing to embark, while the other vessel was freighting with all necessaries for the new plantation. All things being ready, Mr. Robinson observed a day of fasting and prayer with his congregation, and took his leave of the adventurers with the following truly generous and Christian exhortation:

"Brethren,—We are now quickly to part from one another, and whether I may ever live to see your faces on earth any more, the God of heaven only knows; but, whether the Lord has appointed that or no, I charge you, before God and his blessed angels, that you follow me no farther than you have seen me follow the Lord Jesus Christ.

"If God reveal any thing to you, by any other instrument of his, be as ready to receive it as ever you were to receive any truth by my ministry; for I am verily persuaded, the Lord has more truth yet to break forth out of his holy word. For my part, I cannot sufficiently bewail the condition of the reformed churches, who are come to a period in religion, and will go at present no farther than the instruments of their reformation. The Lutherans cannot be drawn to go beyond what Luther saw: whatever part of his will our God has revealed to Calvin, they will rather die than embrace it; and the Calvinists, you see, stick fast where they were left by that great man of God, who yet saw not all things.

"This is a misery much to be lamented; for, though they were burning and shining lights in their times, yet they penetrated not into the whole counsel of God, but, were they now living, would be as willing to embrace further light as that which they first received. I beseech you remember, it is an article of your church covenant, that *you be ready to receive whatever truth shall be made known to you from the written word of God.* Remember that, and every other article of your sacred covenant. But I must herewithal exhort you to take heed what you receive as truth; examine it, consider it, and compare it with other scriptures of truth, before you receive it; for it is not possible the Christian

* The Speedwell. † The May-Flower.

world should come so lately out of such thick antichristian darkness, and that perfection of knowledge should break forth at once.

"I must also advise you to abandon, avoid, and shake off the name of Brownists; it is a mere nick-name, and a brand for the making of religion, and the professors of it, odious to the Christian world."

On the 1st of July, 1620, the adventurers went from Leyden to Delfthaven, whither Mr. Robinson and the ancients of his congregation accompanied them; they continued together all night; and next morning, after mutual embraces, Mr. Robinson kneeled down on the sea-shore, and, with a fervent prayer, committed them to the protection and blessing of Heaven. The adventurers were about one hundred and twenty, who, having joined their other ship, sailed for New England, August 5th; but, one of their vessels proving leaky, they left it, and embarked in one vessel, which arrived at Cape Cod, November 9th, 1620.

Sad was the condition of these poor men, who had the winter before them, and no accommodations at hand for their entertainment: most of them were in a weak and sickly condition with the voyage: but there was no remedy: they therefore manned their long boat, and, having coasted the shore, at length found a tolerable harbour, where they landed, with a part of their effects, on the 22d of December, and, on the 25th, began to build a storehouse, and some small cottages, to preserve them from the weather.

Their company was divided into nineteen families, each family having an allotment of land for lodging and gardens, in proportion to the number of persons of which it consisted; and, to prevent disputes, the situation of each family was decided by lot. They agreed likewise upon some laws for their civil and military government, and, having chosen a governor, they called the place of their settlement by the name of New Plymouth.

Inexpressible were the hardships these new planters underwent, the first winter. A sad mortality raged among them, occasioned by the fatigues of their late voyage, by the severity of the weather, and their want of necessaries. The country was full of woods and thickets; their poor cottages could not keep them warm; they had no physician, or wholesome food; so that, within two or three months, half their company was dead, and of them who remained alive—about fifty—not above six or seven at a time were capa-

ble of helping the rest. But, as the spring came on, they recovered, and, having received some fresh supplies from their friends in England, they maintained their station, and laid the foundation of one of the noblest settlements in America, which from that time has proved an asylum for the Protestant Non-conformists under all their oppressions.

LESSON CVIII.

Extract from an Oration, delivered at Plymouth, Mass. 22 Dec. 1824, in commemoration of the landing of the Pilgrims.— E. Everett.

It is not by pompous epithets or lively antitheses, that the exploits of the pilgrims are to be set forth by their children. We can only do this worthily, by repeating the plain tale of their sufferings, by dwelling on the circumstances under which their memorable enterprise was executed, and by cherishing and uttering that spirit, which led them across the ocean, and guided them to the spot where we stand.— We need no voice of artificial rhetoric to celebrate their names. The bleak and deathlike desolation of nature proclaims, with touching eloquence, the fortitude and patience of the meek adventurers. On the bare and wintry fields around us, their exploits are written in characters, which will last, and tell their tale to posterity, when brass and marble have crumbled into dust.

The occasion which has called us together is certainly one, to which no parallel exists in the history of the world. Other countries, and our own also, have their national festivals. They commemorate the birthdays of their illustrious children; they celebrate the foundation of important institutions: momentous events, victories, reformations, revolutions, awaken, on their anniversaries, the grateful and patriotic feelings of posterity. But we commemorate the birthday of all New England; the foundation, not of one institution, but of all the institutions, the settlements, the establishments, the communities, the societies, the improvements, comprehended within our broad and happy borders.

Were it only as an act of rare adventure; were it a trait in foreign or ancient history; we should fix upon the achievement of our fathers, as one of the noblest deeds in the annals of the world. Were we attracted to it by no

other principle than that sympathy we feel in all the fortunes of our race, it could lose nothing—it must gain—in the contrast, with whatever history or tradition has preserved to us of the wanderings and settlements of the tribes of man. A continent for the first time effectually explored; a vast ocean traversed by men, women, and children, voluntarily exiling themselves from the fairest regions of the old world; and a great nation grown up, in the space of two centuries, on the foundations so perilously laid by this pious band:—point me to the record, to the tradition, nay, to the fiction, of any thing, that can enter into competition with it. It is the language, not of exaggeration, but of truth and soberness, to say, that there is nothing in the accounts of Phenician, of Grecian, or of Roman colonization, that can stand in the comparison.

What new importance, then, does not the achievement acquire to our minds, when we consider that it was the deed of our fathers; that this grand undertaking was accomplished on the spot where we dwell; that the mighty region they explored is our native land; that the unrivalled enterprise they displayed is not merely a fact proposed to our admiration, but is the source of our being; that their cruel hardships are the spring of our prosperity; their amazing sufferings the seed, from which our happiness has sprung; that their weary banishment gave us a home; that to their separation from every thing which is dear and pleasant in life, we owe all the comforts, the blessings, the privileges, which make our lot the envy of mankind.

LESSON CIX.

Second Extract, from the same.

It was not enough that our fathers were of England: the masters of Ireland, and the lords of Hindostan, are of England too. But our fathers were Englishmen, aggrieved, persecuted, and banished. It is a principle, amply borne out by the history of the great and powerful nations of the earth, and by that of none more than the country of which we speak, that the best fruits and choicest action of the commendable qualities of the national character, are to be found on the side of the oppressed few, and not of the triumphant

many. As, in private character, adversity is often requisite to give a proper direction and temper to strong qualities; so the noblest traits of national character, even under the freest and most independent of hereditary governments, are commonly to be sought in the ranks of a protesting minority, or of a dissenting sect. Never was this truth more clearly illustrated than in the settlement of New England.

Could a common calculation of policy have dictated the terms of that settlement, no doubt our foundations would have been laid beneath the royal smile. Convoys and navies would have been solicited to waft our fathers to the coast; armies, to defend the infant communities; and the flattering patronage of princes and lords, to espouse their interests in the councils of the mother country. Happy, that our fathers enjoyed no such patronage; happy, that they fell into no such protecting hands; happy, that our foundations were silently and deeply cast, in quiet insignificance, beneath a charter of banishment, persecution, and contempt; so that, when the royal arm was at length outstretched against us, instead of a submissive child, tied down by former graces, it found a youthful giant in the land, born amidst hardships, and nourished on the rocks, indebted for no favours, and owing no duty. From the dark portals of the star chamber, and in the stern text of the acts of uniformity, the pilgrims received a commission more efficient than any that ever bore the royal seal. Their banishment to Holland was fortunate; the decline of their little company in the strange land was fortunate; the difficulties which they experienced in getting the royal consent to banish themselves to this wilderness were fortunate; all the tears and heart breakings of that ever-memorable parting at Delfthaven had the happiest influence on the rising destinies of New England. All this purified the ranks of the settlers. These rough touches of fortune brushed off the light, uncertain, selfish spirits. They made it a grave, solemn, self-denying expedition, and required of those who engaged in it, to be so too. They cast a broad shadow of thought and seriousness over the cause, and, if this sometimes deepened into melancholy and bitterness, can we find no apology for such a human weakness?

It is sad, indeed, to reflect on the disasters, which the little band of pilgrims encountered;—sad to see a portion of them, the prey of unrelenting cupidity, treacherously embarked in an unsound, unseaworthy ship, which they are

soon obliged to abandon, and crowd themselves into one vessel—one hundred persons, besides the ship's company, in a vessel of one hundred and eighty tons. One is touched at the story of the long, cold, and weary autumnal passage; of the landing on the inhospitable rocks at this dismal season, where they are deserted, before long, by the ship which had brought them, and which seemed their only hold upon the world of fellow men,—a prey to the elements and to want, and fearfully ignorant of the numbers, the power, and the temper of the savage tribes, that filled the unexplored continent, upon whose verge they had ventured. But all this wrought together for good. These trials of wandering and exile, of the ocean, the winter, the wilderness, and the savage foe, were the final assurance of success. It was these that put far away from our fathers' cause all patrician softness, all hereditary claims to pre-eminence. No effeminate nobility crowded into the dark and austere ranks of the pilgrims; no Carr nor Villiers would lead on the ill-provided band of despised Puritans; no well-endowed clergy were on the alert to quit their cathedrals, and set up a pompous hierarchy in the frozen wilderness; no craving governors were anxious to be sent over to our cheerless El Dōradōs of ice and of snow. No; they could not say they had encouraged, patronised, or helped the pilgrims: their own cares, their own labours, their own councils, their own blood, contrived all, achieved all, bore all, sealed all. They could not afterwards fairly pretend to reap where they had not strown: and, as our fathers reared this broad and solid fabric with pains and watchfulness, unaided, barely tolerated, it did not fall when the favour, which had always been withholden, was changed into wrath; when the arm, which had never supported, was raised to destroy.

Methinks I see it now, that one solitary, adventurous vessel, the May-Flower of a forlorn hope, freighted with the prospects of a future state, and bound across the unknown sea. I behold it pursuing, with a thousand misgivings, the uncertain, the tedious voyage. Suns rise and set, and weeks and months pass, and winter surprises them on the deep, but brings them not the sight of the wished-for shore. I see them now scantily supplied with provisions, crowded almost to suffocation in their ill-stored prison, delayed by calms, pursuing a circuitous route;—and now driven in fury before the raging tempest, on the high and giddy waves. The awful voice of the storm howls through the rigging;

the labouring masts seem straining from their base; the dismal sound of the pumps is heard; the ship leaps, as it were, madly, from billow to billow; the ocean breaks, and settles with ingulfing floods over the floating deck, and beats, with deadening, shivering weight, against the staggered vessel. I see them, escaped from these perils, pursuing their all but desperate undertaking, and landed, at last, after a five months' passage, on the ice-clad rocks of Plymouth,—weak and weary from the voyage, poorly armed, scantily provisioned, depending on the charity of their ship-master for a draught of beer on board, drinking nothing but water on shore,—without shelter,—without means,—surrounded by hostile tribes. Shut now the volume of history, and tell me, on any principle of human probability, what shall be the fate of this handful of adventurers.—Tell me, man of military science, in how many months were they all swept off by the thirty savage tribes, enumerated within the early limits of New England? Tell me, politician, how long did this shadow of a colony, on which your conventions and treaties had not smiled, languish on the distant coast? Student of history, compare for me the baffled projects, the deserted settlements, the abandoned adventures, of other times, and find the parallel of this. Was it the winter's storm, beating upon the houseless heads of women and children; was it hard labour and spare meals; was it disease; was it the tomahawk; was it the deep malady of a blighted hope, a ruined enterprise, and a broken heart, aching, in its last moments, at the recollection of the loved and left, beyond the sea;—was it some, or all of these united, that hurried this forsaken company to their melancholy fate?—And is it possible that neither of these causes, that not all combined, were able to blast this bud of hope!—Is it possible, that, from a beginning so feeble, so frail, so worthy, not so much of admiration as of pity, there has gone forth a progress so steady, a growth so wonderful, an expansion so ample, a reality so important, a promise, yet to be fulfilled, so glorious! * * * *

I do not fear that we shall be accused of extravagance in the enthusiasm we feel at a train of events of such astonishing magnitude, novelty, and consequence, connected, by associations so intimate, with the day we now hail, with the events we now celebrate, with the pilgrim fathers of New England. Victims of persecution! how wide an empire acknowledges the sway of your principles! Apostles

of liberty! what millions attest the authenticity of your mission! Meek champions of truth! no stain of private interest, or of innocent blood, is on the spotless garments of your renown! The great continents of America have become, at length, the theatre of your achievements; the Atlantic and the Pacific the highways of communication, on which your principles, your institutions, your example, are borne. From the oldest abodes of civilization, the venerable plains of Greece, to the scarcely explored range of the Cordilleras, the impulse you gave at length is felt. While other regions revere you as the leaders of this great march of humanity, we are met, on this joyful day, to offer to your memories our tribute of filial affection. The sons and daughters of the pilgrims, we have assembled on the spot where you, our suffering fathers, set foot on this happy shore. Happy, indeed, it has been for us. O that you could have enjoyed those blessings, which you prepared for your children!—that our comfortable homes could have shielded you from the wintry air; our abundant harvests have supplied you in time of famine; and the broad shield of our beloved country have sheltered you from the visitations of arbitrary power! We come, in our prosperity, to remember your trials; and here, on the spot where New England began to be, we come to learn, of our pilgrim fathers, a deep and lasting lesson of virtue, enterprise, patience, zeal, and faith!

LESSON CX.

Claim of the Pilgrims to the Reverence and Gratitude of their Descendants.—O. DEWEY.

LET it not be forgotten, at least by us, the immediate descendants of the Puritans—for the sake of our gratitude and our virtue, too, let it not be forgotten—that, when the weary pilgrim traversed this bleak coast, his step was lightened, and his heart was cheered, by the thoughts of a virtuous posterity; that, when our fathers touched this land, they would fain have consecrated it as a holy land; that, when they entered it, they lifted up their eyes towards heaven and said, "Let this be the land of refuge for the oppressed and persecuted,—the land of knowledge; and, O! let it be

the land of piety." Let the descendants of the pilgrims know, that if their fathers wept, it was not for themselves alone; if they toiled, they toiled, or—as one of them nobly said,—they "spent their time, and labours, and endeavours, for the benefit of them who should come after;" that if they prayed, they prayed not for themselves alone, but for their posterity. And, little, it may be, do we know of the fervour and fortitude of that prayer. When *we* pray, we kneel on pillows of down, beneath our own comfortable dwellings: but the pilgrims kneeled on the frozen and flinty shore. *Our* prayers ascend within the walls of the consecrated temple: but the mighty wave and the shapeless rock, and the dark forest, were *their* walls: and no sheltering dome had they, but the rolling clouds of winter, and the chill and bleak face of heaven. *We* pray in peace, and quietness, and safety: but *their* anxious and wrestling supplication went up amidst the stirring of the elements, and the struggle for life; and often was the feeble cry of the defenceless band broken by the howling of wild beasts, and the war-whoop of wilder savages.

Yes, our lot has fallen to us in different times; and now it is easy for us, no doubt, calmly to survey the actions of those who were engaged in the heat of the contest; and we have leisure to talk at large about ignorance, and bigotry, and superstition; and we can take the seat of grave wisdom, and philosophize upon the past, when to philosophize is all that we can do. Yes, it is easy, now that the forest is cleared away, and we bask in the sunshine which they have opened upon us, through the deep and dark foliage,—it is easy, no doubt, coolly and nicely to mark their mistakes and errors:—but go back to their struggle with fear, and want, and disease; go to the fields which they cultivated, and see them with the felling axe in one hand, and the weapon of defence in the other; go back to all the rude dwellings of their poverty and trouble:—but you cannot, even in imagination, you cannot. No: the days of trial and suffering *have* been; but it is not for us even to understand what they were! This little only is required of us—to do justice to the virtues which we have no longer any opportunity to imitate.

Nor, in urging such an obligation as this, has it often been found necessary to combat the prejudices of mankind. On the contrary, there has been a universal propensity to do more than justice, to do honour, to the achievements of past times. There never was a people, unless we are the exception, who

were not inclined to receive the most specious story that could be told of their ancestry, who were not glad to have their actions set forth in splendid fable. The epic histories of Homer and Virgil, all fabulous as they were, were received with uncontrollable bursts of enthusiasm by their respective nations. The Israelites sung the early history of their wandering tribes, in all their solemn assemblies. The memory of former days and of elder deeds, has always, and among all nations, been held sacred. The rudest people have not been wanting to their still ruder ancestry. Immortal poems have preserved their memory; or their ballads of olden time have kept alive, with their simple tale, the recollection of ancient heroism and suffering. In after days History takes up the theme, and,

> "Proud of the treasure, marches down with it
> To latest times; and Sculpture, in her turn,
> Gives bond, in stone and ever-during brass,
> To guard them, and to immortalize her trust."

This propensity has given a language to nature itself. There is no portion of the earth but has had its consecrated spots:—places, the bare mention of which is enough to awaken, in all ages, the reverence and enthusiasm of mankind. There is some hill or mountain, that stands as a monument of ancient deeds. There is some field of conflict, which needs no memorial but a name; or some rude heap of stones at Gilgal, that needs no inscription; or some rod that is ever budding afresh with remembrance.

And is our own land destitute of every scene that is worthy to be remembered? Among all these rich and peaceful scenes around us, there is not a plain, but it has been the trenched field of the warrior: there is not a hill, but it stands as a monument. And the structures of art, that shall rise upon them, shall only *point them out* to other times, as holy. But harder contests than those of blood and battle have been sustained in this land. And the Rock of Plymouth shall, in all ages, be celebrated as the Thermopylæ of this new world, where a handful of men held conflict with ghastly famine, and sweeping pestilence, and the wintry storm; held conflict, and were not conquered. And, so long as centuries shall roll over this happy and rising nation, shall wealth, and taste, and talent, resort to that hallowed spot, to pay homage to the elder fathers of New England.—Go, children of the pilgrims,—might we say to all

the inhabitants of the land,—it is well to gather around that shrine of our fathers' virtues, that monument of their toils and sufferings, which the chafing billows of the ocean shall never wear away. It is well to make a holy pilgrimage to that sacred spot. It is well that gifted orators and statesmen should proclaim our enthusiasm and our gratitude in the listening assembly. But with what striking emphasis might it be said, to those who make this pilgrimage at the present day, "Ye go, not as your fathers *came*, in weariness and sorrow—not as they came, amidst poverty, and peril, and sickness—not through the solitary glooms and howling storms of the wilderness; but ye go, through rich plantations and happy villages, with chariots, and horses, and equipage, and state, with social mirth and joyful minstrelsy and music; but, ah! remember that ye are gathering to the spot, which was once trodden by the steps of the houseless wanderer, which was marked with the pilgrim's staff, and watered with the pilgrim's tears. * * * *

The claims of ancestry, we know, are commonly held sacred, in proportion as its date is removed back into ages of antiquity; in proportion to the number of successive generations that have intervened; in proportion as fiction and romance find aid in the darkness of some remote and unknown period. But, though the character of our fathers needs no such aid, yet I can scarcely conceive any thing more *romantic* even, than their entrance into this vast domain of nature, never before disturbed by the footsteps of civilized man. They came to the land where fifty centuries had held their reign, with no pen to write their history. Silence, which no occupation of civilized life had broken, was in all its borders, and had been from the creation. The lofty oak had grown through its lingering age, and decayed, and perished, without name or record. The storm had risen and roared in the wilderness; and none had caught its sublime inspiration. The fountains had flowed on; the mighty river had poured its useless waters; the cataract had lifted up its thunderings to the march of time; and no eye had seen it, but that of the wild tenants of the desert. A band of fugitives came to this land of barbarism, with no patronage, but the prayers of the friends they had left behind them; with no wealth, but habits of industry; with no power, but what lay in firm sinews and courageous hearts; and with these they turned back the course of ages. Pilgrims from the old world, they became inheritors of the

new. They set up the standard of Christianity; they opened the broad pathways of knowledge; the forest melted away before them, like a dark vapour of the morning; the voice of comfort, the din of business, went back into its murmuring solitudes; the wilderness and solitary place were glad for them; the desert rejoiced and blossomed as the rose. We might almost take the description of it from the language of prophecy. The lamb lies down in the den of the wolf; and where the wild beast prowled, is now the grazing ox. "The cow and the bear feed, and their young ones lie down together. The suckling child plays on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child puts his hand on the adder's den." Where the deep wood spread its solitary glooms, and the fierce savage laid his dark and deadly ambush, are now the sunny hill-side, and the waving field, and the flowery plain; and the unconscious child holds his gambols on the ground that has been trodden with weariness, and watered with tears, and stained with the blood of strife and slaughter.

These are the days, these are the men, that we are called upon to remember and to honour. But it is not enough to remember their deeds: we are bound to imitate their virtues. This is the true, the peculiar honour, which we are bound to render to such an ancestry. The common measure of national intelligence and virtue is no rule for *us*. It is not enough for us to be as wise and improved, as virtuous and pious, as other nations. Providence, in giving to us an origin so remarkable and signally favoured, demands of us a proportionate improvement. We are in our infancy, it is true, but our existence *began* in an intellectual maturity. Our fathers' virtues were the virtues of the wilderness,—yet without its wildness; hardy, and vigorous, and severe, indeed,—but not rude, nor mean. Let us beware lest we become more prosperous than they,—more abundant in luxuries, and refinements,—only to be less temperate, upright, and religious. Let us beware lest the stern and lofty features of primeval rectitude should be regarded with less respect among us. Let us beware lest their piety should fall with the oaks of their forests; lest the loosened bow of early habits and opinions, which was once strung in the wilderness, should be too much relaxed.

LESSON CXI.

Song of the Pilgrims.—UPHAM.

Written, 1823.

THE breeze has swelled the whitening sail,
The blue waves curl beneath the gale,
And, bounding with the wave and wind,
We leave Old England's shores behind :—
Leave behind our native shore,
Homes, and all we loved before.

The deep may dash, the winds may blow,
The storm spread out its wings of wo,
Till sailors' eyes can see a shroud,
Hung in the folds of every cloud;
Still, as long as life shall last,
From that shore we'll speed us fast.

For we would rather never be,
Than dwell where mind cannot be free,
But bows beneath a despot's rod
Even where it seeks to worship God.
Blasts of heaven, onward sweep!
Bear us o'er the troubled deep!

O, see what wonders meet our eyes!
Another land, and other skies!
Columbian hills have met our view!
Adieu! Old England's shores, adieu!
Here, at length, our feet shall rest,
Hearts be free, and homes be blest.

As long as yonder firs* shall spread
Their green arms o'er the mountain's head,—
As long as yonder cliffs shall stand,
Where join the ocean and the land,—
Shall those cliffs and mountains be
Proud retreats for liberty.

Now to the King of kings we'll raise
The pæ'ăn loud of sacred praise,

* *Pron.* fĕrz.

More loud than sounds the swelling breeze,
More loud than speak the rolling seas!
Happier lands have met our view!
England's shores, adieu! adieu!

LESSON CXII.

The Landing of the Pilgrim Fathers.—MRS. HEM'ANS.

Written, 1825.

THE breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast;
And the woods, against a stormy sky,
Their giant branches tossed;

And the heavy night hung dark,
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moored their bark
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came;—
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;—

Not as the flying come,
In silence, and in fear:—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,
And the stars heard, and the sea;
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared
From his nest, by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roared:—
This was their welcome home.

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim band:

Why had they come to wither there,
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas? the spoils of war?—
They sought a faith's pure shrine.

Ay, call it holy ground,—
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstained what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

LESSON CXIII.

The Pilgrim Fathers.—ORIGINAL.

Written, 1824.

THE pilgrim fathers—where are they?
The waves that brought them o'er
Still roll in the bay, and throw their spray
As they break along the shore:
Still roll in the bay, as they rolled that day,
When the May-Flower moored below,
When the sea around was black with storms,
And white the shore with snow.

The mists, that wrapped the pilgrim's sleep,
Still brood upon the tide;
And his rocks yet keep their watch by the deep,
To stay its waves of pride.
But the snow-white sail, that he gave to the gale,
When the heavens looked dark, is gone;—
As an angel's wing, through an opening cloud,
Is seen, and then withdrawn.

The pilgrim exile—sainted name!—
The hill, whose icy brow

Rejoiced, when he came, in the morning's flame,
In the morning's flame burns now.
And the moon's cold light, as it lay that night
On the hill-side and the sea,
Still lies where he laid his houseless head;—
But the pilgrim—where is he?

The pilgrim fathers are at rest:
When Summer's throned on high,
And the world's warm breast is in verdure dressed,
Go, stand on the hill where they lie.
The earliest ray of the golden day
On that hallowed spot is cast;
And the evening sun, as he leaves the world,
Looks kindly on that spot last.

The pilgrim *spirit* has not fled:
It walks in noon's broad light;
And it watches the bed of the glorious dead,
With the holy stars, by night.
It watches the bed of the brave who have bled,
And shall guard this ice-bound shore,
Till the waves of the bay, where the May-Flower lay,
Shall foam and freeze no more.

LESSON CXIV.

Character of the Puritan Fathers of New England.—GREENWOOD.

ONE of the most prominent features, which distinguished our forefathers, was their determined resistance to oppression. They seemed born and brought up, for the high and special purpose of showing to the world, that the civil and religious rights of man, the rights of self-government, of conscience and independent thought, are not merely things to be talked of, and woven into theories, but to be adopted with the whole strength and ardour of the mind, and felt in the profoundest recesses of the heart, and carried out into the general life, and made the foundation of practical usefulness, and visible beauty, and true nobility.

Liberty, with them, was an object of too serious desire and stern resolve, to be personified, allegorized and enshrin-

ed. They made no goddess of it, as the ancients did; they had no time nor inclination for such trifling; they felt that liberty was the simple birthright of every human creature; they called it so; they claimed it as such; they reverenced and held it fast as the unalienable gift of the Creator, which was not to be surrendered to power, nor sold for wages.

It was theirs, as men; without it, they did not esteem themselves men; more than any other privilege or possession, it was essential to their happiness, for it was essential to their original nature; and therefore they preferred it above wealth, and ease, and country; and, that they might enjoy and exercise it fully, they forsook houses, and lands, and kindred, their homes, their native soil, and their fathers' graves.

They left all these; they left England, which, whatever it might have been called, was not to them a land of freedom; they launched forth on the pathless ocean, the wide, fathomless ocean, soiled not by the earth beneath, and bounded, all round and above, only by heaven; and it seemed to them like that better and sublimer freedom, which their country knew not, but of which they had the conception and image in their hearts; and, after a toilsome and painful voyage, they came to a hard and wintry coast, unfruitful and desolate, but unguarded and boundless; its calm silence interrupted not the ascent of their prayers; it had no eyes to watch, no ears to hearken, no tongues to report of them; here again there was an answer to their souls' desire, and they were satisfied, and gave thanks; they saw that they were free, and the desert smiled.

I am telling an old tale; but it is one which must be told, when we speak of those men. It is to be added, that they transmitted their principles to their children, and that, peopled by such a race, our country was always free. So long as its inhabitants were unmolested by the mother country in the exercise of their important rights, they submitted to the form of English government; but when those rights were invaded, they spurned even the form away.

This act was the revolution, which came of course, and spontaneously, and had nothing in it of the wonderful or unforeseen. The wonder would have been, if it had not occurred. It was indeed a happy and glorious event, but by no means unnatural; and I intend no slight to the revered actors in the revolution, when I assert, that their fathers before them were as free as they,—every whit as free.

The principles of the revolution were not the suddenly

acquired property of a few bosoms; they were abroad in the land in the ages before; they had always been taught, like the truths of the Bible; they had descended from father to son, down from those primitive days, when the pilgrim, established in his simple dwelling, and seated at his blazing fire, piled high from the forest which shaded his door, repeated to his listening children the story of his wrongs and his resistance, and bade them rejoice, though the wild winds and the wild beasts were howling without, that they had nothing to fear from great men's oppression and the bishops' rage.

Here were the beginnings of the revolution. Every settler's hearth was a school of independence; the scholars were apt, and the lessons sunk deeply; and thus it came that our country was always free; it could not be other than free.

As deeply seated as was the principle of liberty and resistance to arbitrary power, in the breasts of the Puritans, it was not more so than their piety and sense of religious obligation. They were emphatically a people, whose God was the Lord. Their form of government was as strictly theocratical, if direct communication be excepted, as was that of the Jews; insomuch that it would be difficult to say where there was any civil authority among them entirely distinct from ecclesiastical jurisdiction.

Whenever a few of them settled a town, they immediately gathered themselves into a church; and their elders were magistrates, and their code of laws was the Pentateuch. These were forms, it is true, but forms which faithfully indicated principles and feelings; for no people could have adopted such forms, who were not thoroughly imbued with the spirit, and bent on the practice, of religion.

God was their King; and they regarded him as truly and literally so, as if he had dwelt in a visible palace in the midst of their state. They were his devoted, resolute, humble subjects; they undertook nothing which they did not beg of him to prosper; they accomplished nothing without rendering to him the praise; they suffered nothing without carrying up their sorrows to his throne; they ate* nothing which they did not implore him to bless.

Their piety was not merely external; it was sincere; it had the proof of a good tree, in bearing good fruit; it produced and sustained a strict morality. Their tenacious purity of manners and speech obtained for them, in the mother

* *Pron.* et.

country, their name of Puritans; which, though given in derision, was as honourable a one as was ever bestowed by man on man.

That there were hypocrites among them, is not to be doubted; but they were rare; the men who voluntarily exiled themselves to an unknown coast, and endured there every toil and hardship, for conscience' sake, and that they might serve God in their own manner, were not likely to set conscience at defiance, and make the service of God a mockery; they were not likely to be, neither were they, hypocrites. I do not know that it would be arrogating too much for them to say, that, on the extended surface of the globe, there was not a single community of men to be compared with them, in the respects of deep religious impressions, and an exact performance of moral duty.

LESSON CXV.

The same, concluded.

What I would especially inculcate is, that, estimating as impartially as we are able the virtues and defects of our forefathers' character, we should endeavour to imitate the first, and avoid the last.

Were they tenderly jealous of their inborn rights, and resolved to maintain them, in spite of the oppressor? And shall we ever be insensible to their value, and part with the vigilance which should watch, and the courage which should defend them? Rather let the ashes of our fathers, which have been cold so long, warm and quicken in their graves, and return imbodied to the surface, and drive away their degenerate sons from the soil which their toils and sufferings purchased!

Rather let the beasts of the wilderness come back to a wilderness, and couch for prey in our desolate gardens, and bring forth their young in our marts, and howl nightly to the moon, amidst the grass-grown ruins of our prostrate cities! Rather let the red sons of the forest reclaim their pleasant hunting grounds, and rekindle the council fires which once threw their glare upon the eastern water, and roam over our hills and plains, without crossing a single track of the white man!

I am no advocate for war. I abominate its spirit and its cruelties. But to me there appears a wide and essential difference between resistance and aggression. It is aggression, it is the love of arbitrary domination, it is the insane thirst for what the world has too long and too indiscriminately called glory, which light up the flames of war and devastation.

Without aggression on the one side, no resistance would be roused on the other, and there would be no war. And if all aggression was met by determined resistance, then, too, there would be no war; for the spirit of aggression would be humbled and repressed. I would that it might be the universal principle of our countrymen, and the determination of our rulers, never to offer the slightest injury, never to commit the least outrage, though it were to obtain territory, or fame, or any selfish advantage.

In this respect I would that the example which was sometimes set by our forefathers, might be altogether forsaken. But let us never forsake their better example of stern resistance; let us cherish and perpetuate their lofty sentiments of freedom; let us tread the soil which they planted for us as free as they did, or lie down at once beside them.

"The land we from our fathers had in trust
We to our children will transmit, or die.
This is our maxim, this our piety,
And God and nature say that it is just.
That which we *would* perform in arms, we must!
We read the dictate in the infant's eye,
In the wife's smile, and in the placid sky,
And at our feet, amid the silent dust
Of them that were before us."

Our fathers were pious—eminently so. Let us forever venerate and imitate this part of their character. When the children of the pilgrims forget that Being, who was the pilgrim's Guide and Deliverer; when the descendants of the Puritans cease to acknowledge, and obey, and love that Being, for whose service the Puritans forsook all that men chiefly love, enduring scorn and reproach, exile and poverty, and finding at last a superabundant reward; when the sons of a religious and holy ancestry fall away from its high communion, and join themselves to the assemblies of the profane;—they have stained the lustre of their parentage; they have forfeited the dear blessings of their inheritance; and they deserve to be cast out from this fair land, without

even a wilderness for their refuge. No! Let us still keep the ark of God in the midst of us; let us adopt the prayer of the wise monarch of Israel,—"The Lord our God be with us, as he was with our fathers; let him not leave us, nor forsake us; that he may incline our hearts unto him, to walk in all his ways, and to keep his commandments, and his statutes, and his judgements, which he commanded our fathers."

But our fathers were too rigidly austere. It may be thought, that, even granting this to be their fault, we are so rapidly advancing toward an opposite extreme, that any thing like a caution against it is out of season, and superfluous. And yet I see not why the notice of every fault should not be accompanied with a corresponding caution.

That we are in danger of falling into one excess, is a reason why we should be most anxiously on our guard at the place of exposure; but it is no reason why another excess should not be reprobated, and pointed out with the finger of warning. The difficulty is, and the desire and effort should be, between these, as well as all other extremes, to steer an equal course, and preserve a safe medium.

I acknowledge that luxury, and the blandishments of prosperity and wealth, are greatly to be feared; and if our softnesses, and indulgences, and foreign fashions, must, inevitably, accomplish our seduction, and lead us away from the simplicity, honesty, sobriety, purity, and manly independence of our forefathers, most readily and fervently would I exclaim, Welcome back to the pure old times of the Puritans! welcome back to the strict observances of their strictest days! welcome, thrice welcome, to all their severity, all their gloom! for infinitely better would be hard doctrines and dark brows, Jewish Sabbaths, strait garments, formal manners, and a harsh guardianship, than dissoluteness and effeminacy; than empty pleasures and shameless debauchery; than lolling ease, and pampered pride, and fluttering vanity; than unprincipled, faithless, corrupted rulers, and a people unworthy of a more exalted government.

But is it necessary that we must be either gloomy or corrupt, either formal or profane, either extravagant in strictness, or extravagant in dissipation and levity? Can we not so order our habits, and so fix our principles, as not to suffer the luxuries of our days to choke, and strangle, with their rankness, the simple morality of our fathers' days, nor permit a reverence for their stiff and inappropriate formali-

ties and austerities to overshadow and repress our innocent comforts and delights?

Let us attempt, at least, to maintain ourselves in so desirable a medium. Let us endeavour to preserve whatever was excellent in the manners and lives of the Puritans, while we forsake what was inconsistent or unreasonable; and then we shall hardly fail to be wiser and happier, and even better, than they were.

LESSON CXVI.

Extract from the Speech of W. Pitt, *Earl of Chatham, in the British Parliament, January,* 1775.

My lords—I rise with astonishment to see these papers brought to your table at so late a period of this business;—papers, to tell us what? Why, what all the world knew before; that the Americans, irritated by repeated injuries, and stripped of their inborn rights and dearest privileges, have resisted, and entered into associations for the preservation of their common liberties.

Had the early situation of the people of Boston been attended to, things would not have come to this. But the infant complaints of Boston were *literally* treated like the capricious *squalls of a child*, who, it was said, did not know whether it was aggrieved or not. But, full well I knew, at that time, that this *child*, if not redressed, would soon assume the courage and voice of a *man*. Full well I knew, that the sons of ancestors, born under the same free constitution, and once breathing the same liberal air, as Englishmen, would resist upon the same principles, and on the same occasions.

What has government done? They have sent an armed force, consisting of seventeen thousand men, to dragoon the Bostonians into what is called their duty; and, so far from once turning their eyes to the impolicy and destructive consequence of this scheme, are constantly sending out more troops. And we are told, in the language of menace, that, if seventeen thousand men won't do, fifty thousand shall.

It is true, my lords, with this force, they may ravage the country, waste and destroy as they march; but, in the progress of fifteen hundred miles, can they occupy the places

they have passed? Will not a country, which can produce three millions of people, wronged and insulted as they are, start up, like hydras, in every corner, and gather fresh strength from fresh opposition? Nay, what dependence can you have upon the soldiery, the unhappy engines of your wrath? They are Englishmen, who must feel for the privileges of Englishmen. Do you think that these men can turn their arms against their brethren? Surely not. A victory must be to them a defeat; and carnage, a sacrifice.

But it is not merely three millions of people, the produce of America, we have to contend with, in this unnatural struggle; many more are on their side, dispersed over the face of this wide empire. Every whig in this country and in Ireland is with them. Who, then, let me demand, has given, and continues to give, this strange and unconstitutional advice? I do not mean to level at any one man, or any particular set of men; but, thus much I will venture to declare, that, if his majesty continues to hear such counsellors, he will not only be badly advised, but *undone*. He may continue, indeed, to wear his crown; but it will not be worth his wearing. Robbed of so principal a jewel as America, it will lose its lustre, and no longer beam that effulgence, which should irradiate the brow of majesty.

In this alarming crisis, I come, with this paper in my hand, to offer you the best of my experience and advice; which is, that an humble petition be presented to his majesty, beseeching him, that, in order to open the way towards a happy settlement of the dangerous troubles in America, it may graciously please him, that immediate orders be given to General Gage for removing his majesty's forces from the town of Boston.

And this, my lords, upon the most mature and deliberate grounds, is the best advice I can give you, at this juncture. Such conduct will convince America that you mean to try her cause in the spirit of *freedom* and *inquiry*, and not in *letters of blood*. There is no time to be lost. Every hour is big with danger. Perhaps, while I am now speaking, the decisive blow is struck, which may involve millions in the consequence. And, believe me, the very first drop of blood which is shed, will cause a wound which may never be healed.

LESSON CXVII.

Extract from the Speech of PATRICK HENRY, *in the Convention of Delegates of Virginia, in Support of his Resolution for putting the Colony into a State of Defence, and for arming and disciplining a number of Men sufficient for that Purpose: —23d March*, 1775.

MR. PRESIDENT—It is natural for man to indulge in the illusions of hope. We are apt to shut our eyes against a painful truth; and listen to the song of that syren till she transforms us into beasts. Is this the part of wise men, engaged in a great and arduous struggle for liberty? Are we disposed to be of the number of those, who, having eyes, see not, and having ears, hear not, the things which so nearly concern their temporal salvation? For my part, whatever anguish of spirit it may cost, I am willing to know the whole truth; to know the worst, and to provide for it.

I have but one lamp, by which my feet are guided; and that is the lamp of experience. I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And, judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry, for the last ten years, to justify those hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and the house? Is it that insidious smile, with which our petition has been lately received? Trust it not, sir; it will prove a snare to your feet. Suffer not yourselves to be betrayed with a kiss. Ask yourselves how this gracious reception of our petition comports with those warlike preparations, which cover our waters and darken our land. Are fleets and armies necessary to a work of love and reconciliation? Have we shown ourselves so unwilling to be reconciled, that force must be called in to win back our love? Let us not deceive ourselves, sir. These are the implements of war and subjugation—the last arguments to which kings resort. I ask gentlemen, sir, what means this martial array, if its purpose be not to force us to submission? Can gentlemen assign any other possible motive for it? Has Great Britain any enemy, in this quarter of the world, to call for all this accumulation of navies and armies? No, sir, she has none. They are meant for us: they can be meant for no other. They are sent over to bind and rivet upon us those chains,

which the British ministry have been so long forging. And what have we to oppose to them? Shall we try argument? Sir, we have been trying that for the last ten years. Have we any thing new to offer upon the subject? Nothing. We have held the subject up in every light of which it is capable; but it has been all in vain. Shall we resort to entreaty and humble supplication? What terms shall we find, which have not been already exhausted? Let us not, I beseech you, sir, deceive ourselves longer. Sir, we have done every thing that could be done, to avert the storm which is now coming on. We have petitioned; we have remonstrated; we have supplicated; we have prostrated ourselves before the throne, and have implored its interposition to arrest the tyrannical hands of the ministry and parliament. Our petitions have been slighted; our remonstrances have produced additional violence and insult; our supplications have been disregarded; and we have been spurned, with contempt, from the foot of the throne. In vain, after these things, may we indulge the fond hope of peace and reconciliation. There is no longer any room for hope. If we wish to be free; if we mean to preserve inviolate those inestimable privileges, for which we have been so long contending; if we mean not basely to abandon the noble struggle, in which we have been so long engaged, and which we have pledged ourselves never to abandon, until the glorious object of our contest shall be obtained—we must fight!—I repeat it, sir, we must fight! An appeal to arms, and to the God of hosts, is all that is left us. They tell us, sir, that we are weak—unable to cope with so formidable an adversary. But when shall we be stronger? Will it be the next week, or the next year? Will it be when we are totally disarmed, and when a British guard shall be stationed in every house? Shall we gather strength by irresolution and inaction? Shall we acquire the means of effectual resistance by lying supinely on our backs, and hugging the delusive phantom of hope, until our enemies shall have bound us hand and foot? Sir, we are not weak, if we make a proper use of those means which the God of nature hath placed in our power. Three millions of people, armed in the holy cause of liberty, and in such a country as that which we possess, are invincible by any force which our enemy can send against us. Besides, sir, we shall not fight our battles alone. There is a just God, who presides over the destinies of nations, and who will raise up friends to

fight our battles for us. The battle, sir, is not to the strong alone; it is to the vigilant, the active, the brave. Besides, sir, we have no election. If we were base enough to desire it, it is now too late to retire from the contest. There is no retreat, but in submission and slavery! Our chains are forged. Their clanking may be heard on the plains of Boston! The war is inevitable—and let it come!—I repeat it, sir, let it come!

It is vain, sir, to extenuate the matter. Gentlemen may cry, Peace, peace—but there is no peace. The war is actually begun!

The next gale, that sweeps from the north, will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms! Our brethren are already in the field! Why stand we here idle! What is it that gentlemen wish? what would they have? Is life so dear, or peace so sweet, as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery? Forbid it, Almighty God.—I know not what course others may take, but, as for me, give me liberty or give me death!

LESSON CXVIII.

Account of the first hostile Attack upon the American Colonists, by the British Troops, in the War of the Revolution, at Lexington and Concord, Mass. 19th April, 1775.—Botta.

War being every moment expected, the particular fate of the inhabitants of Boston had become the object of general solicitude. The garrison was formidable; the fortifications were carried to perfection; and little hope remained, that this city could be wrested from British domination. Nor could the citizens flatter themselves more with the hope of escaping by sea; as the port was blockaded by a squadron.

Thus confined, amidst an irritated soldiery, the Bostonians found themselves exposed to endure all the outrages to be apprehended from military license. Their city had become a close prison, and themselves no better than hŏstages in the hands of the British commanders. This consideration alone sufficed greatly to impede all civil and military operations projected by the Americans.

Various expedients were suggested, in order to extricate the Bostonians from this embarrassing situation; which, if

they evinced no great prudence, certainly demonstrated no ordinary obstinacy. Some advised, that all the inhabitants of Boston should abandon the city, and take refuge in other places, where they should be succoured at the public expense: but this design was totally impracticable, since it depended on General Gage to prevent its execution.

Others recommended, that a valuation should be made of the houses and furniture belonging to the inhabitants; that the city should then be fired; and that all the losses should be reimbursed from the public treasure. After mature deliberation, this project was also pronounced not only very difficult, but absolutely impossible to be executed.

Many inhabitants, however, left the city privately, and withdrew into the interior of the country; some, from disgust at this species of captivity; others, from fear of the approaching hostilities; and others, finally, from apprehensions of being questioned for acts against the government: but a great number, also, with a firm resolution, preferred to remain, and brave all consequences whatever.

The soldiers of the garrison, weary of their long confinement, desired to sally forth, and drive away these rebels, who intercepted their provisions, and for whom they cherished so profound a contempt. The inhabitants of Massachusetts, on the other hand, were proudly indignant at this opinion of their cowardice, entertained by the soldiers; and panted for an occasion to prove, by a signal vengeance, the falsehood of the reproach.

In the mean time, the news arrived of the king's speech at the opening of parliament; of the resolutions adopted by this body; and, finally, of the act by which the inhabitants of Massachusetts were declared rebels. All the province flew to arms: indignation became fury,—obstinacy, desperation. All idea of reconciliation had become chimerical: necessity stimulated the most timid; a thirst of vengeance fired every breast. The match is lighted,—the materials disposed,—the conflagration impends. The children are prepared to combat against their fathers; citizens against citizens; and, as the Americans declared, the friends of liberty against its oppressors,—against the founders of tyranny.

"In these arms," said they, "in our right hands, are placed the hope of safety, the existence of country, the defence of property, the honour of our wives and daughters. With these alone can we repulse a licentious soldiery, pro-

tect what man holds dearest upon earth, and, unimpaired, transmit our rights to our descendants. The world will admire our courage; all good men will second us with their wishes and prayers, and celebrate our names with immortal praises. Our memory will become dear to posterity. It will be the example, as the hope, of freemen, and the dread of tyrants, to the latest ages. It is time that old and contaminated England should be made acquainted with the energies of America, in the prime and innocence of her youth: it is time she should know how much superior are our soldiers, in courage and constancy, to vile mercenaries. We must look back no more! We must conquer, or die! We are placed between altars smoking with the most grateful incense of glory and gratitude, on the one part, and blocks and dungeons on the other. Let each, then, rise, and gird* himself for the combat.† The dearest interests of this world command it: our most holy religion enjoins it: that God, who eternally rewards the virtuous, and punishes the wicked, ordains it. Let us accept these happy auguries; for already the mercenary sat'ellites, sent by wicked ministers to reduce this innocent people to extremity, are imprisoned within the walls of a single city, where hunger emaciates them, rage devours them, death consumes them. Let us banish every fear, every alarm: fortune smiles upon the efforts of the brave!"

By similar discourses, they excited one another, and prepared themselves for defence. The fatal moment is arrived: the signal of civil war is given.

General Gage was informed, that the provincials had amassed large quantities of arms and ammunition, in the towns of Worcester and Concord; which last is eighteen miles distant from the city of Boston. Excited by the loyalists, who had persuaded him that he would find no resistance, considering the cowardice of the patriots, and, perhaps, not imagining that the sword would be drawn so soon, he resolved to send a few companies to Concord, in order to seize the military stores deposited there, and transport them to Boston, or destroy them.

It was said, also, that he had it in view, by this sudden expedition, to get possession of the persons of John Hancock and Samuel Adams, two of the most ardent patriot chiefs, and the principal directors of the provincial congress, then

* *Pron.* gerd. † cum'-bat.

assembled in the town of Concord. But, to avoid exciting irritation, and the popular tumults, which might have obstructed his design,* he resolved to act with caution, and in the shade of mystery.

Accordingly, he ordered the grenadiers, and several companies of light infantry, to hold themselves in readiness to march out of the city, at the first signal; adding, that it was in order to pass review, and execute different manœuvres and military evolutions. The Bostonians entertained suspicions, and sent to warn Adams and Hancock to be upon their guard. The committee of public safety gave directions, that the arms and ammunition should be distributed about in different places.

Meanwhile, General Gage, to proceed with more secrecy, commanded a certain number of officers, who had been made acquainted with his designs, to go, as if on a party of pleasure, and dine at Cambridge, which is situated very near Boston, and upon the road to Concord. It was on the 18th of April, in the evening, that these officers dispersed themselves here and there upon the road and passages, to intercept the couriers† that might have been despatched to give notice of the movement of the troops.

The governor gave orders that no person should be allowed to leave the city: nevertheless, Dr. Warren, one of the most active patriots, had timely intimation of the scheme, and immediately despatched confidential messengers; some of whom found the roads interdicted by the officers that guarded them; but others made their way, unperceived, to Lexington, a town upon the road leading to Concord.

The intelligence was soon divulged; the people flocked together; the bells, in all parts, were rung, to give the alarm; the continual firing of cannon spread the agitation through all the neighbouring country. In the midst of this tumultuous scene, at eleven in the evening, a strong detachment of grenadiers, and of light infantry, was embarked at Boston, and landed at a place called Phipps's Farm,—now, Lechmere's Point—whence they marched towards Concord. In this state of things, the irritation had become so intense, that a spark only was wanting, to produce an explosion; as the event soon proved.

* *Pron.* desine, not dezine. † coo′-rĭ-ĕrs.

LESSON CXIX.

The same, concluded.

The troops were under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Smith, and Major Pitcairn, who led the vanguard. The militia of Lexington, as the intelligence of the movement of this detachment was uncertain, had separated in the course of the night. Finally, at five in the morning of the 19th, advice was received of the near approach of the royal troops.

The provincials that happened to be near, assembled, to the number of about seventy, certainly too few to have had the intention to engage in combat. The English appeared, and Major Pitcairn cried in a loud voice, "Disperse, rebels! lay down your arms, and disperse!" The provincials did not obey; upon which he sprung from the ranks, discharged a pistol, and, brandishing his sword, ordered his soldiers to fire. The provincials retreated; the English continuing their fire, the former faced about to return it.

Meanwhile, Hancock and Adams retired from danger; and it is related, that, while on the march, the latter, enraptured with joy, exclaimed, "Oh! what an ever-glorious morning is this!" considering this first effusion of blood as the prĕl'ude of events, which must secure the happiness of his country.

The soldiers advanced towards Concord. The inhabitants assembled, and appeared disposed to act upon the defensive; but, seeing the numbers of the enemy, they fell back, and posted themselves on the bridge, north of the town, intending to wait for rē-ĕnforcements from the neighbouring places; but the light infantry assailed them with fury, routed them, and occupied the bridge, whilst the others entered Concord, and proceeded to the execution of their orders.

They spiked two pieces of twenty-four pound cannon, destroyed their carriages, and a number of wheels for the use of the artillery; threw into the river and into wells five hundred pounds of bullets; and wasted a quantity of flour, deposited there by the provincials. These were the arms and provisions which gave the first occasion to a long and cruel war!

But the expedition was not yet terminated: the minute-men arrived, and the forces of the provincials were increased

by continual accessions from every quarter. The light infantry, who scoured the country above Concord, were obliged to retreat, and, on entering the town, a hot skirmish ensued. A great number were killed on both sides.

The light infantry having joined the main body of the detachment, the English retreated precipitately towards Lexington. Already the whole country had risen in arms, and the militia from all parts flew to the succour of their friends. Before the British detachment had arrived at Lexington, its rear guard and flanks suffered great annoyance from the provincials, who, posted behind the trees, walls, and frequent hedges, kept up a brisk fire, which the enemy could not return. The soldiers of the king found themselves in a most perilous situation.

General Gage, apprehensive of the event, had despatched, in haste, under the command of Lord Percy, a re-enforcement of sixteen companies, with some marines,* and two field pieces. This corps† arrived very opportunely at Lexington, at the moment when the royal troops entered the town from the other side, pursued with fury by the provincial militia.

It appears highly probable, that, without this re-enforcement, they would have been all cut to pieces, or made prisoners: their strength was exhausted, as well as their ammunition. After making a considerable halt at Lexington, they renewed their march towards Boston, the number of the provincials increasing every moment, although the rear guard of the English was less molested, on account of the two field pieces, which repressed the impetuosity of the Americans. But the flanks of the column remained exposed to a very destructive fire, which assailed them from all the points that were adapted to serve as coverts.

The royalists were also annoyed by the heat, which was excessive, and by a violent wind, which blew a thick dust in their eyes. The enemy's scouts, adding to their natural celerity a perfect knowledge of the country, came up unexpectedly through cross roads, and galled the English severely, taking aim especially at the officers, who, perceiving it, kept much on their guard.

Finally, after a march of incredible fatigue, and a considerable loss of men, the English, overwhelmed with lassitude, arrived at sun-set in Charlestown. Independently of the combat they had sustained, the ground they had measured

* *Pron.* mareens. † cōre.

that day was above five and thirty miles. The day following they crossed over to Boston.

Such was the affair of Lexington, the first action which opened the civil war. The English soldiers, and especially their officers, were filled with indignation at the fortune of the day: they could not endure, that an undisciplined multitude,—that a flock of Yankees, as they contemptuously named the Americans,—should not only have maintained their ground against them, but even forced them to show their backs, and take refuge behind the walls of a city.

The provincials, on the contrary, felt their courage immeasurably increased, since they had obtained a proof, that these famous troops were not invincible; and had made so fortunate an essay of the goodness of their arms.

LESSON CXX.

Extract of an Oration delivered at Concord, Mass. 19th April, 1825, in Commemoration of the Battles of Lexington and Concord, 19th April, 1775.—E. EVERETT.

THIS is a proud anniversary for our neighbourhood. We have cause for honest complacency, that, when the distant citizen of our own republic, when the stranger from foreign lands, inquires for the spots where the noble blood of the revolution began to flow, where the first battle of that great and glorious contest was fought, he is guided through the villages of Middlesex, to the plains of Lexington and Concord. It is a commemoration of our soil, to which ages, as they pass, will add dignity and interest; till the names of Lexington and Concord, in the annals of freedom, will stand by the side of the most honourable names in Roman or Grecian story.

It was one of those great days, one of those elemental occasions in the world's affairs, when the people rise, and act for themselves. Some organization and preparation had been made; but, from the nature of the case, with scarce any effect on the events of that day. It may be doubted, whether there was an efficient order given, the whole day, to any body of men as large as a regiment. It was the people, in their first capacity, as citizens and as freemen, starting from their beds at midnight, from their firesides, and

from their fields, to take their own cause into their own hands. Such a spectacle is the height of the moral sublime; when the want of every thing is fully made up by the spirit of the cause; and the soul within stands in place of discipline, organization, resources. In the prodigious efforts of a veteran army, beneath the dazzling splendor of their array, there is something revolting to the reflective mind. The ranks are filled with the desperate, the mercenary, the depraved; an iron slavery, by the name of subordination, merges the free will of one hundred thousand men in the unqualified despotism of one; the humanity, mercy, and remorse, which scarce ever desert the individual bosom, are sounds without a meaning to that fearful, ravenous, irrational monster of prey, a mercenary army. It is hard to say who are most to be commiserated, the wretched people, on whom it is let loose, or the still more wretched people, whose substance has been sucked out, to nourish it into strength and fury. But, in the efforts of the people, of the people struggling for their rights, moving not in organized, disciplined masses, but in their spontaneous action, man for man, and heart for heart,—though I like not war, nor any of its works,—there is something glorious. They can then move forward without orders, act together without combination, and brave the flaming lines of battle, without entrenchments to cover, or walls to shield them. No dissolute camp has worn off, from the feelings of the youthful soldier, the freshness of that home, where his mother and his sisters sit waiting, with tearful eyes and aching hearts, to hear good news from the wars; no long service in the ranks of a conqueror has turned the veteran's heart into marble; their valour springs not from recklessness, from habit, from indifference to the preservation of a life, knit by no pledges to the life of others. But in the strength and spirit of the cause alone they act, they contend, they bleed. In this, they conquer. The people always conquer. They always must conquer. Armies may be defeated; kings may be overthrown, and new dy'nasties imposed, by foreign arms, on an ignorant and slavish race, that care not in what language the covenant of their subjection runs, nor in whose name the deed of their barter and sale is made out. But the people never invade; and when they rise against the invader, are never subdued. If they are driven from the plains, they fly to the mountains. Steep rocks, and everlasting hills, are their castles; the tangled, pathless thicket their palisado; and

nature,—God, is their ally. Now he overwhelms the hosts of their enemies beneath his drifting mountains of sand; now he buries them beneath a falling atmosphere of polar snows; he lets loose his tempests on their fleets; he puts a folly into their counsels, a madness into the hearts of their leaders; and he never gave, and he never will give, a full and final triumph over a virtuous, gallant people, resolved to be free.

LESSON CXXI.

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard.—Gray.

The curfew tolls—the knell of parting day;—
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds;
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient, solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow, twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield ;
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke :
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke !

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure ;
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await, alike, the inevitable hour;—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye proud, impute to these the fault,
If memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where, through the long-drawn aisle, and fretted vault,
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of death ?

Perhaps, in this neglected spot, is laid
Some heart, once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unrol ;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark, unfathomed caves of ocean bear ;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little tyrant of his fields withstood ;
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest ;
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;—
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

The struggling pangs of conscious Truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous Shame;
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray:
Along the cool, sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial, still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelled by the unlettered muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing, anxious being e'er resigned,—
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,—
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies:
Some pious drops the closing eye requires:
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate,
If, chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply, some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him, at the peep of dawn,
Brushing, with hasty steps, the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

"There, at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old, fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling, as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies, he would rove;
Now drooping, woful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

"One morn I missed him on the accustomed hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree:
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood, was he:

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne.
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay,
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

The Epitaph.

Here rests his head upon the lap of earth
A youth, to fortune and to fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere:
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:—
He gave to misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,—
(There they, alike, in trembling hope, repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

LESSON CXXII.

The Grave of Körner.—Mrs. Hem'ans.

Charles Theodore Körner, the young German poet and soldier, was killed in a skirmish with a detachment of French troops, on the 26th of August, 1813, a few hours after the composition of his most popular piece, "The Sword Song." He was buried under a beautiful oak, in a recess of which he had frequently deposited verses composed by him while campaigning in its vicinity. The monument erected to his memory, beneath this tree, is of cast iron, and the upper part is wrought into a *lyre* and *sword*, a favourite emblem of Körner's, from which one of his works had been entitled.

Near the grave of the poet is that of his only sister, who died of grief for his loss, having survived him only long enough to complete his portrait, and a drawing of his burial place. Over the gate of the cemetery is engraved one of his own lines, "*Forget not the faithful dead.*"

Green wave the oak forever o'er thy rest!
Thou that beneath its crowning foliage sleepest,
And, in the stillness of thy country's breast,
Thy place of memory, as an altar, keepest:
Brightly thy spirit o'er her hills was poured,
Thou of the lyre and sword!

Rest, bard! rest, soldier! By the father's hand
Here shall the child of after-years be led,
With his wreath-offering silently to stand
In the hushed presence of the glorious dead,—
Soldier and bard!—For thou thy path hast trod
With Freedom and with God.*

The oak waved proudly o'er thy burial rite;
On thy crowned bier to slumber warriors bore thee;
And, with true hearts, thy brethren of the fight
Wept as they vailed their drooping banners o'er thee;
And the deep guns, with rolling peal, gave token
That lyre and sword were broken.

Thou hast a hero's tomb!—A lowlier bed
Is hers, the gentle girl beside thee lying,
The gentle girl, that bowed her fair young head,
When thou wert gone, in silent sorrow dying.
Brother!—true friend!—the tender and the brave!
She pined to share thy grave.

* The poems of Körner, which were chiefly devoted to the cause of his country, are strikingly distinguished by religious feeling, and a confidence in the Supreme Justice for the final deliverance of Germany.

Fame was thy gift from others;—but for her,—
To whom the wide earth held that only spot,—
She loved thee!—lovely in your lives ye were,
And in your early deaths divided not.
Thou hast thine oak—thy trophy—what hath she?
Her own blessed place by thee.

It was thy spirit, brother! which had made
The bright world glorious to her thoughtful eye,
Since first in childhood 'midst the vines ye played,
And sent glad singing through the free blue sky.
Ye were but two!—and, when that spirit passed,
Wo for the one, the last!

Wo:—yet not long:—she lingered but to trace
Thine image from the image in her breast;—
Once, once again, to see that buried face
But smile upon her, ere she went to rest.
Too sad a smile!—its living light was o'er;
It answered hers no more!

The earth grew silent when thy voice departed,
The home too lonely whence thy step had fled:
What, then, was left for her, the faithful-hearted?
Death, death, to still the yearning for the dead!
Softly she perished. Be the flower deplored
Here, with the lyre and sword.

Have ye not met ere now? So let those trust,
That meet for moments but to part for years,
That weep, watch, pray, to hold back dust from dust,
That love, where love is but a fount of tears!
Brother! sweet sister! peace around ye dwell.
Lyre, sword, and flower,—farewell!

LESSON CXXIII.

God's first Temples—A Hymn.—BRYANT.

THE groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed

The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath, that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn; thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow,
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches; till, at last, they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshipper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride; no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here; thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music; thou art in the cooler breath

In the tranquillity that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immoveable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves, with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.
My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How on the faltering footsteps of decay
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth—
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death: yea, seats himself

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them; and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here, its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps, shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
O, from these sterner aspects of thy face
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

LESSON CXXIV.

Hymn of Nature.—Peabody.

God of the earth's extended plains!
The dark green fields contented lie:
The mountains rise like holy towers,
Where man might com'mune with the sky:
The tall cliff challenges the storm
That lowers upon the vale below,
Where shaded fountains send their streams,
With joyous music in their flow.

God of the dark and heavy deep!
The waves lie sleeping on the sands,
Till the fierce trumpet of the storm
Hath summoned up their thundering bands;
Then the white sails are dashed like foam,
Or hurry, trembling, o'er the seas,
Till, calmed by thee, the sinking gale
Serenely breathes, Depart in peace.

God of the forest's solemn shade!
The grandeur of the lonely tree,
That wrestles singly with the gale,
Lifts up admiring eyes to thee;
But more majestic far they stand,
When, side by side, their ranks they form,
To wave on high their plumes of green,
And fight their battles with the storm.

God of the light and viewless air!
Where summer breezes sweetly flow,
Or, gathering in their angry might,
The fierce and wintry tempests blow;
All—from the evening's plaintive sigh,
That hardly lifts the drooping flower,
To the wild whirlwind's midnight cry—
Breathe forth the language of thy power.

God of the fair and open sky!
How gloriously above us springs
The tented dome, of heavenly blue,
Suspended on the rainbow's rings;
Each brilliant star, that sparkles through,
Each gilded cloud, that wanders free
In evening's purple radiance, gives
The beauty of its praise to thee.

God of the rolling orbs above!
Thy name is written clearly bright
In the warm day's unvarying blaze,
Or evening's golden shower of light.
For every fire that fronts the sun,
And every spark that walks alone
Around the utmost verge of heaven,
Were kindled at thy burning throne.

God of the world! the hour must come,
And nature's self to dust return!
Her crumbling altars must decay!
Her incense fires shall cease to burn!
But still her grand and lovely scenes
Have made man's warmest praises flow;
For hearts grow holier as they trace
The beauty of the world below.

LESSON CXXV.

Lines on revisiting the Country.—BRYANT.

I STAND upon my native hills again,
Broad, round, and green, that, in the southern sky,
With garniture of waving grass and grain,
Orchards and beechen forests, basking lie;
While deep the sunless glens are scooped between,
Where brawl o'er shallow beds the streams unseen.

A lisping voice and glancing eyes are near,
And ever-restless steps of one, who now
Gathers the blossoms of her fourth bright year:
There plays a gladness o'er her fair young brow,
As breaks the varied scene upon her sight,
Upheaved, and spread in verdure and in light:

For I have taught her, with delighted eye,
To gaze upon the mountains; to behold,
With deep affection, the pure, ample sky,
And clouds along the blue abysses rolled;
To love the song of waters, and to hear
The melody of winds with charmed ear.

Here I have 'scaped the city's stifling heat,
Its horrid sounds and its polluted air;
And, where the season's milder fervours beat,
And gales, that sweep the forest borders, bear
The song of bird and sound of running stream,
Have come awhile to wander and to dream.

Ay, flame thy fiercest, sun! thou canst not wake,
In this pure air, the plague that walks unseen;
The maize leaf and the maple bough but take
From thy fierce heats a deeper, glossier green;
The mountain wind, that faints not in thy ray,
Sweeps the blue steams of pestilence away.

The mountain wind—most spiritual thing of all
The wide earth knows—when, in the sultry time,
He stoops him from his vast cerulean hall,
He seems the breath of a celestial clime,—
As if from heaven's wide-open gates did flow
Health and refreshment on the world below.

LESSON CXXVI.

Lines on a Bee-Hive.—Monthly Repository.

Ye musical hounds of the fairy king,
Who hunt for the golden dew,
Who track for your game the green coverts of spring,
Till the echoes, that lurk in the flower-bells, ring
With the peal of your elfin crew!

How joyous your life, if its pleasures ye knew,
Singing ever from bloom to bloom!
Ye wander the summer year's paradise through,
The souls of the flowers are the viands for you,
And the air that you breathe perfume.

But unenvied your joys, while the richest you miss,
And before you no brighter life lies:
Who would part with his cares for enjoyment like this,
When the tears, that imbitter the pure spirit's bliss,
May be pearls in the crown of the skies!

LESSON CXXVII.

Account of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, 17th June, 1775.—Botta.

The succours that the British expected from England had arrived at Boston, and, with the garrison, formed an

army of from ten to twelve thousand men,—all excellent troops. Three distinguished generals, Howe, Clinton, and Burgoyne, were at the head of these re-enforcements. Great events were looked for on both sides.

The English were inflamed with desire to wash out the stain of Lexington: they could not endure the idea, that the Americans had seen them fly: it galled them to think, that the soldiers of the British king, renowned for their brilliant exploits, were now closely imprisoned within the walls of a city. They were desirous, at any price, of proving that their vaunted superiority over the herds of American militia, was not a vain chimera.

Above all, they ardently desired to terminate, by some decisive stroke, this ignominious war; and thus satisfy, at once, their own glory, the expectations of their country, the orders, the desires, and the promises, of the ministers. But victory was exacted of them still more imperiously by the scarcity of food, which every day became more alarming; for, if they must sacrifice their lives, they chose rather to perish by the sword than by famine. The Americans, on their part, were not less eager for the hour of combat to arrive: their preceding successes had stimulated their courage, and promised them new triumphs.

In this state of things, the English generals deliberated maturely upon the most expedient mode of extricating themselves from this difficult position, and placing themselves more at large in the country. * * * *

Accordingly, they directed their views towards the peninsula and neck of Charlestown. The American generals had immediate notice of it, and resolved to exert their most strenuous endeavours to defeat this new project of the enemy. Nothing was better suited to such a purpose, than to fortify diligently the heights of Bunker's Hill, which commanded the whole extent of the peninsula of Charlestown. Orders were, therefore, given to Colonel William Prescott, to occupy them with a detachment of a thousand men, and to intrench himself there by the rules of art.

But here an error was committed, which placed the garrison of Boston in very imminent danger, and reduced the two parties to the necessity of coming to action immediately. Whether he was deceived by the resemblance of name, or from some other motive unknown, Colonel Prescott, instead of repairing to Bunker's Hill, to fortify himself there, advanced farther on in the peninsula, and immediately com-

menced his intrenchments upon the summit of Breed's Hill, another eminence, which overlooks Charlestown, from the north-east, and is situated towards the extremity of the peninsula, nearer to Boston.

The works were pushed with so much ardour, that, the following morning, the 17th of June, by day-break, the Americans had already constructed a square redoubt, capable of affording them some shelter from the enemy's fire. The labour had been conducted with such silence, that the English had no suspicion of what was passing. It was about four in the morning, when the captain of a ship of war first perceived it, and began to play his artillery. The report of the cannon attracted a multitude of spectators to the shore.

The English generals doubted the testimony of their senses. Meanwhile, it appeared important to dislodge the provincials, or at least to prevent them from completing the fortifications commenced: for, as the height of Breed's Hill absolutely commands Boston, the city was no longer tenable, if the Americans erected a battery upon this eminence.

The English, therefore, opened a general fire of artillery from the city, the fleet, and the floating batteries stationed around the peninsula of Boston. It hailed a tempest of bombs and balls upon the works of the Americans: they were especially incommoded by the fire of a battery planted upon an eminence named Copp's Hill, which, situated within the city, overlooks Charlestown from the south, and is but three fourths of a mile distant from Breed's Hill.

But all this was without effect. The Americans continued to work with unshaken constancy; and, by noon, they had much advanced a trench, which descended from the redoubt to the foot of the hill, and almost to the bank of Mystic River. The fury of the enemy's artillery, it is true, had prevented them from carrying it to perfection.

In this conjuncture, there remained no alternative for the English generals, but to drive the Americans, by dint of force, from this formidable position. This resolution was taken without hesitation; and it was followed by the action of Breed's Hill, known also by the name of Bunker's Hill; much renowned for the intrepidity, not to say the temerity, of the two parties; for the number of the dead and wounded; and for the effect it produced upon the opinions of men, in regard to the valour of the Americans, and the probable issue of the whole war.

The right wing of the Americans was flanked by the houses of Charlestown, which they occupied; and the part of this wing, which was connected with the main body, was defended by the redoubt erected upon Breed's Hill. The centre, and the left wing, formed themselves behind the trench, which, following the declivity of the hill, extended towards, but without reaching, Mystic River.

The American officers, observing that the weakest part of their line was precisely this extremity of the left wing,—for the trench not extending to the river, and the land in this place being smooth and nearly level, there was danger of that wing's being turned, and attacked in the rear,—caused the passage, between the extreme left and the river, to be obstructed, by setting down two parallel palisades, or ranges of fence, and filling up the space between them with new-mown grass.

The troops of Massachusetts occupied Charlestown, the redoubt, and a part of the trench; those of Connecticut, commanded by Captain Nolten, and those of New Hampshire, under Colonel Starke, the rest of the trench. A few moments before the action commenced, Doctor Warren,—a man of great authority, and a zealous patriot,—who had been appointed general, arrived with some re-enforcements. General Pomeroy made his appearance at the same time. The first joined the troops of his own province, Massachusetts; the second took command of those from Connecticut. General Putnam directed in chief, and held himself ready to repair to any point where his presence should be most wanted.

The Americans had no cavalry. Their artillery, without being very numerous, was, nevertheless, competent. They wanted not for muskets; but the greater part of these were without bayonets. Their sharp-shooters, for want of rifles, were obliged to use common firelocks; but as marksmen they had no equals. Such were the means of the Americans; but their hope was great, and they were all impatient for the signal of combat.

Between mid-day and one o'clock, the heat being intense, all was in motion in the British camp. A multitude of sloops and boats, filled with soldiers, left the shore of Boston, and stood for Charlestown: they landed at Moreton's Point, about half a mile south-east of the summit of Breed's Hill, without meeting resistance; as the ships of war and armed vessels effectually protected the debarkation by the

fire of their artillery, which forced the enemy to keep within his intrenchments.

This corps consisted of ten companies of grenadiers, as many of light infantry, and a proportionate artillery; the whole under the command of Major-general Howe and Brigadier-general Pig'ot. The troops, on landing, began to display, the light infantry upon the right, the grenadiers upon the left:—but, having observed the strength of the position, and the good countenance of the Americans, General Howe made a halt, and sent for a re-enforcement.

LESSON CXXVIII.

The same, concluded.

On being re-enforced, the English formed themselves in two columns. Their plan was, that the left wing, under General Pigot, should attack the rebels in Charlestown, while the centre should assault the redoubt, and the right wing, consisting of light infantry, force the passage near the River Mystic, and thus assail the Americans in flank and rear; which would have given the English a complete victory. It appears, also, that General Gage had formed the design of setting fire to Charlestown, when evacuated by the enemy, in order that the corps destined to assail the redoubt, thus protected by the flame and smoke, might be less exposed to the fire of the provincials.

The dispositions having all been completed, the English put themselves in motion. The provincials that were stationed to defend Charlestown, fearing lest the assailants should penetrate between this town and the redoubt, and cut them off from the rest of the army, retreated. The left wing of the English army immediately entered the town, and fired the buildings: as they were of wood, in a moment the combustion became general.

The centre of the British force continued a slow march against the redoubt and trench; halting, from time to time, for the artillery to come up, and act with some effect, previous to the assault. The flames and smoke of Charlestown were of no use to them, as the wind turned them in a contrary direction. Their gradual advance, and the extreme clearness of the air, permitted the Americans to level their

muskets. They, however, suffered the enemy to approach, before they commenced their fire; and waited for the assault in profound tranquillity.

It would be difficult to paint the scene of terror presented by the actual circumstances;—a large town, all enveloped in flames, which, excited by a violent wind, rose to an immense height, and spread every moment more and more;—an innumerable multitude, rushing from all parts, to witness so unusual a spectacle, and see the issue of the sanguinary conflict that was about to commence;—the Bostonians, and soldiers of the garrison, not in actual service, mounted upon the spires, upon the roofs, and upon the heights;—and the hills, and circumjacent fields, from which the dread arēna could be viewed in safety, covered with swarms of spectators of every rank, and age, and sex; each agitated by fear or hope, according to the party he espoused.

The English having advanced within reach of musketry, the Americans showered upon them a volley of bullets. This terrible fire was so well supported, and so well directed, that the ranks of the assailants were soon thinned and broken: they retired in disorder to the place of their landing: some threw themselves precipitately into the boats.

The field of battle was covered with the slain. The officers were seen running hither and thither, with promises, with exhortations, and with menaces, attempting to rally the soldiers, and inspirit them for a second attack. Finally, after the most painful efforts, they resumed their ranks, and marched up to the enemy. The Americans reserved their fire, as before, until their approach, and received them with the same deluge of balls. The English, overwhelmed and routed, again fled to the shore.

In this perilous moment, General Howe remained for some time alone upon the field of battle: all the officers who surrounded him were killed or wounded. It is related, that, at this critical conjuncture, upon which depended the issue of the day, General Clinton, who, from Copp's Hill, examined all the movements, on seeing the destruction of his troops, immediately resolved to fly to their succour.

This experienced commander, by an able movement, re-established order; and, seconded by the officers, who felt all the importance of success, to English honour and the course of events, he led the troops to a third attack. It was directed against the redoubt, at three several points.

The artillery of the ships not only prevented all re-enforce-

ments from coming to the Americans by the isthmus of Charlestown, but even uncovered and swept the interior of the trench, which was battered in front at the same time. The ammunition of the Americans was nearly exhausted, and they could have no hopes of a recruit. Their fire must, of necessity, languish.

Meanwhile, the English had advanced to the foot of the redoubt. The provincials, destitute of bayonets, defended themselves valiantly with the butt-ends of their muskets. But, the redoubt being already full of enemies, the American general gave the signal of retreat, and drew off his men.

While the left wing and centre of the English army were thus engaged, the light infantry had impetuously attacked the palisades, which the provincials had erected, in haste, upon the bank of the River Mystic. On each side the combat was obstinate; and, if the assault was furious, the resistance was not feeble.

In spite of all the efforts of the royal troops, the provincials still maintained the battle in this part; and had no thoughts of retiring, until they saw the redoubt and upper part of the trench in the power of the enemy. Their retreat was executed with an order not to have been expected from new-levied soldiers.

This strenuous resistance of the left wing of the American army, was, in effect, the salvation of the rest; for, if it had given ground but a few instants sooner, the enemy's light infantry would have taken the main body and right wing in the rear, and their situation would have been hopeless. But the Americans had not yet reached the term of their toils and dangers. The only way that remained of retreat, was by the isthmus of Charlestown, and the English had placed there a ship of war and two floating batteries, the balls of which raked every part of it. The Americans, however, issued from the peninsula without any considerable loss. * * * *

The possession of the peninsula of Charlestown was much less useful than prejudicial to the royalists. Their army was not sufficiently numerous to guard, conveniently, all the posts of the city and of the peninsula. The fatigues of the soldiers multiplied in an excessive manner; and, added to the heat of the season, which was extreme, they generated numerous and severe maladies, which paralyzed the movements of the army, and enfeebled it from day to day. The greater part of the wounds became mortal, from the influence of the climate, and the want of proper food.

Thus, besides the honour of having conquered the field of battle, the victors gathered no real fruit from this action; and, if its effects be considered, upon the opinion of other nations, and even of their own, as also upon the force of the army, it was even of serious detriment.

In the American camp, on the contrary, provisions of every sort were in abundance, and, the troops being accustomed to the climate, the greater part of the wounded were eventually cured: their minds were animated with the new ardour of vengeance, and the blood they had lost exacted a plĕn'ary expiation. These dispositions were fortified not a little by the firing of Charlestown, which, from a flourishing town, of signal commercial importance, was thus reduced to a heap of ashes and of ruins. The Americans could never turn their eyes in this direction, without a thrill of indignation, and without execrating the European soldiers.

But the loss they felt the most sensibly was that of General Warren. He was one of those men, who are more attached to liberty than to existence; but not more ardently the friend of freedom, than a foe to avarice and ambition. He was endowed with a solid judgement, a happy genius, and a brilliant eloquence. In all private affairs, his opinion was reputed authority, and in all public counsels, a decision.

Friends and enemies, equally knowing his fidelity and rectitude in all things, reposed in him a confidence without limits. Opposed to the wicked, without hatred; propitious to the good, without adulation; affable, courteous, and humane, towards each;—he was beloved, with reverence, by all, and respected by envy itself.

Though in his person somewhat spare, his figure was peculiarly agreeable. He mourned, at this epoch, the recent loss of a wife, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and whom he cherished with reciprocal affection. In dying so gloriously for his country, on this memorable day, he left several orphans still in childhood; but a grateful country assumed the care of their education.

Thus was lost to the state, and to his family, in so important a crisis, and in the vigour of his days, a man equally qualified to excel in council or in the field. As for ourselves, faithful to the purpose of history, which dispenses praise to the good and blame to the perverse, we have not been willing that this virtuous and valiant American should be deprived, among posterity, of that honourable remembrance so rightfully due to his eminent qualities.

LESSON CXXIX.

Warren's Address to the American Soldiers, before the Battle of Bunker's Hill.—ORIGINAL.

STAND! the ground's your own, my braves!
Will ye give it up to slaves?
Will ye look for greener graves?
Hope ye mercy still?
What's the mercy despots feel!
Hear it in that battle peal!
Read it on yon bristling steel!
Ask it—ye who will.

Fear ye foes who kill for hire?
Will ye to your *homes* retire?
Look behind you! they're afire!
And, before you, see
Who have done it!—From the vale
On they come!—and will ye quail?—
Leaden rain and iron hail
Let their welcome be!

In the God of battles trust!
Die we may—and die we must:—
But, O, where can dust to dust
Be consigned so well,
As where heaven its dews shall shed
On the martyred patriot's bed,
And the rocks shall raise their head,*
Of his deeds to tell!

LESSON CXXX.

Extract from an Address at the Laying of the Corner Stone of the Bunker Hill Monument, 17th June 1825.—D. WEBSTER.

THE great event in the history of the continent, which we are now met here to commemorate; that prodigy of

* On the 17th of June, 1825, half a century from the day of the battle, the corner stone of a granite monument was laid on the ground where Warren fell.

modern times, at once the wonder and the blessing of the world, is the American revolution. In a day of extraordinary prosperity and happiness, of high national honour, distinction, and power, we are brought together, in this place, by our love of country, by our admiration of exalted character, by our gratitude for signal services and patriotic devotion.

The society, whose organ I am, was formed for the purpose of rearing some honourable and durable monument to the memory of the early friends of American independence. They have thought, that, for this object, no time could be more propitious than the present prosperous and peaceful period; that no place could claim preference over this memorable spot; and that no day could be more auspicious to the undertaking, than the anniversary of the battle which was here fought. The foundation of that monument we have now laid. With solemnities suited to the occasion, with prayers to almighty God for his blessing, and in the midst of this cloud of witnesses, we have begun the work. We trust it will be prosecuted; and that, springing from a broad foundation, rising high in massive solidity and unadorned grandeur, it may remain, as long as Heaven permits the works of man to last, a fit emblem, both of the events in memory of which it is raised, and of the gratitude of those who have raised it.

We know, indeed, that the record of illustrious actions is most safely deposited in the universal remembrance of mankind. We know, that, if we could cause this structure to ascend, not only till it reached the skies, but till it pierced them, its broad surfaces could still contain but part of that, which, in an age of knowledge, hath already been spread over the earth, and which history charges itself with making known to all future times. We know, that no inscription, on entablatures less broad than the earth itself, can carry information of the events we commemorate where it has not already gone; and that no structure, which shall not outlive the duration of letters and knowledge among men, can prolong the memorial. But our object is, by this edifice, to show our own deep sense of the value and importance of the achievements of our ancestors; and, by presenting this work of gratitude to the eye, to keep alive similar sentiments, and to foster a constant regard for the principles of the revolution. Human beings are composed not of reason only, but of imagination, also, and sentiment; and that is neither wasted nor misapplied, which is appro-

priated to the purpose of giving right direction to sentiments, and opening proper springs of feeling in the heart. Let it not be supposed, that our object is to perpetuate national hostility, or even to cherish a mere military spirit. It is higher, purer, nobler. We consecrate our work to the spirit of national independence, and we wish that the light of peace may rest upon it forever. We rear a memorial of our conviction of that unmeasured benefit, which has been conferred on our own land, and of the happy influences, which have been produced, by the same events, on the general interests of mankind. We come, as Americans, to mark a spot, which must forever be dear to us and our posterity. We wish, that whosoever, in all coming time, shall turn his eye hither, may behold that the place is not undistinguished, where the first great battle of the revolution was fought. We wish, that this structure may proclaim the magnitude and importance of that event, to every class and every age. We wish, that infancy may learn the purpose of its erection from maternal lips, and that weary and withered age may behold it, and be solaced by the recollections which it suggests. We wish, that labour may look up here, and be proud in the midst of its toil. We wish, that, in those days of disaster, which, as they come on all nations, must be expected to come on us also, desponding patriotism may turn its eyes hitherward, and be assured that the foundations of our national power still stand strong. We wish, that this column, rising towards heaven among the pointed spires of so many temples dedicated to God, may contribute also to produce, in all minds, a pious feeling of dependence and gratitude. We wish, finally, that the last object on the sight of him who leaves his native shore, and the first to gladden his who revisits it, may be something which shall remind him of the liberty and the glory of his country. Let it rise, till it meet the sun in his coming; let the earliest light of the morning gild it, and parting day linger and play on its summit.

LESSON CXXXI.

Address to the Survivors of the Bunker Hill Battle, and of the Revolutionary Army.—From the same.

Notwithstanding that I have given but a faint abstract of the things which have happened since the day of the battle

of Bunker Hill, we are but fifty years removed from it; and we now stand here, to enjoy all the blessings of our own condition, and to look abroad on the brightened prospects of the world, while we hold still among us some of those, who were active agents in the scenes of 1775, and who are now here, from every quarter of New England, to visit, once more, and under circumstances so affecting,—I had almost said so overwhelming,—this renowned theatre of their courage and patriotism.

Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives, that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood fifty years ago, this very hour, with your brothers and your neighbours, shoulder to shoulder, in the strife for your country. Behold, how altered! The same heavens are indeed over your heads; the same ocean rolls at your feet;—but all else how changed! You hear now no roar of hostile cannon, you see no mixed volumes of smoke and flame rising from burning Charlestown. The ground strowed with the dead and the dying; the impetuous charge; the steady and successful repulse; the loud call to repeated assault; the summoning of all that is manly to repeated resistance; a thousand bosoms freely and fearlessly bared in an instant to whatever of terror there may be in war and death;—all these you have witnessed, but you witness them no more. All is peace. The heights of yonder metropolis, its towers and roofs, which you then saw filled with wives, and children, and countrymen, in distress and terror, and looking with unutterable emotions for the issue of the combat, have presented you to-day with the sight of its whole happy population, come out to welcome and greet you with a universal jubilee. Yonder proud ships, by a felicity of position appropriately lying at the foot of this mount, and seeming fondly to cling around it, are not means of annoyance to you, but your country's own means of distinction and defence. All is peace; and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness, ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to behold and to partake the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here, and, in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty, to thank you. * * * * *

But the scene amidst which we stand does not permit us to confine our thoughts or our sympathies to those fearless

spirits who hazarded or lost their lives on this consecrated spot. We have the happiness to rejoice here in the presence of a most worthy representation of the survivors of the whole revolutionary army.

Veterans! you are the remnant of many a well-fought field. You bring with you marks of honour from Trenton and Monmouth, from Yorktown, Camden, Bennington, and Saratoga. VETERANS OF HALF A CENTURY! when, in your youthful days, you put every thing at hazard in your country's cause, good as that cause was, and sanguine as youth is, still your fondest hopes did not stretch onward to an hour like this! At a period to which you could not reasonably have expected to arrive; at a moment of national prosperity, such as you could never have foreseen; you are now met, here, to enjoy the fellowship of old soldiers, and to receive the overflowings of a universal gratitude.

But your agitated countenances and your heaving breasts inform me, that even this is not an unmixed joy. I perceive that a tumult of contending feelings rushes upon you. The images of the dead, as well as the persons of the living, throng to your embraces. The scene overwhelms you, and I turn from it. May the Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years, and bless them! And, when you shall here have exchanged your embraces; when you shall once more have pressed the hands which have been so often extended to give succour in adversity, or grasped in the exultation of victory; then look abroad into this lovely land, which your young valour defended, and mark the happiness with which it is filled; yea, look abroad into the whole earth, and see what a name you have contributed to give to your country, and what a praise you have added to freedom, and then rejoice in the sympathy and gratitude, which beam upon your last days from the improved condition of mankind.

LESSON CXXXII.

Hymn for the same Occasion.—ORIGINAL.

O, is not this a holy spot!
'Tis the high place of Freedom's birth!
God of our fathers! is it not
The holiest spot of all the earth?

Quenched is thy flame on Horeb's side ;
The robber roams o'er Sinai now ;
And those old men, thy seers, abide
No more on Zion's mournful brow.

But on *this* hill thou, Lord, hast dwelt,
Since round its head the war-cloud curled,
And wrapped our fathers, where they knelt
In prayer and battle for a world.

Here sleeps their dust : 'tis holy ground :
And we, the children of the brave,
From the four winds are gathered round,
To lay our offering on their grave.

Free as the winds around us blow,
Free as the waves below us spread,
We rear a pile, that long shall throw
Its shadow on their sacred bed.

But on their deeds no shade shall fall,
While o'er their couch thy sun shall flame :
Thine ear was bowed to hear their call,
And thy right hand shall guard their fame.

LESSON CXXXIII.

What's Hallowed Ground ?—CAMPBELL.*

WHAT's hallowed ground ? Has earth a clod
Its Maker meant not should be trod
By man, the image of his God,
Erect and free,
Unscourged by Superstition's rod
To bow the knee ?

That's hallowed ground, where, mourned and missed,
The lips repose our love has kissed :—
But where's their memory's mansion ? Is't
Yon churchyard's bowers ?
No ! in ourselves their souls exist,
A part of ours.

* From the New Monthly Magazine for Oct. 1825.

* * * * * *

What hallows ground where heroes sleep ?
'Tis not the sculptured piles you heap !—
In dews that heavens far distant weep
Their turf may bloom ;
Or genii twine, beneath the deep,
Their coral tomb.

But, strow his ashes to the wind,
Whose sword or voice has served mankind,
And is he dead, whose glorious mind
Lifts thine on high ?—
To live in hearts we leave behind,
Is not to die.

Is't death to fall for Freedom's right?
He's dead alone that lacks her light!
And murder sullies in Heaven's sight
The sword he draws :—
What can alone ennoble fight ?
A noble cause !

Give that, and welcome War to brace
Her drums, and rend heaven's reeking space !—
The colours, planted face to face,
The charging cheer,
Though Death's pale horse lead on the chase,
Shall still be dear :—

And place our trŏphies where men kneel
To Heaven !—but Heaven rebukes my zeal !
The cause of truth and human weal,
O God above !
Transfer it from the sword's appeal
To Peace and Love.

Peace, Love ! the cherubim, that join
Their spread wings o'er Devotion's shrine—
Prayers sound in vain, and temples shine,
Where they are not.
The heart alone can make divine
Religion's spot.

* * * * * *

What's hallowed ground? 'Tis what gives birth
To sacred thoughts in souls of worth!—
Peace! Independence! Truth! go forth
Earth's compass round;
And your high priesthood shall make earth
All hallowed ground.

LESSON CXXXIV.

Extract from a Speech of Counsellor PHILLIPS, *at a public Dinner in Ireland, on his Health being given, together with that of Mr. Payne, a young American*, 1817.

THE mention of America, sir, has never failed to fill me with the most lively emotions. In my earliest infancy,—that tender season when impressions, at once the most permanent and the most powerful, are likely to be excited,—the story of her then recent struggle raised a throb in every heart that loved liberty, and wrung a reluctant tribute even from discomfited oppression. I saw her spurning alike the luxuries that would enervate, and the legions that would intimidate; dashing from her lips the poisoned cup of European servitude; and, through all the vicissitudes of her protracted conflict, displaying a magnanimity that defied misfortune, and a moderation that gave new grace to victory. It was the first vision of my childhood; it will descend with me to the grave. But if, as a man, I venerate the mention of America, what must be my feelings towards her as an Irishman! Never, O! never, while memory remains, can Ireland forget the home of her emigrant, and the asylum of her exile. No matter whether their sorrows sprung from the errors of enthusiasm, or the realities of suffering; from fancy or infliction: that must be reserved for the scrutiny of those whom the lapse of time shall acquit of partiality. It is for the men of other ages to investigate and record it; but, surely, it is for the men of every age to hail the hospitality that received the shelterless, and love the feeling that befriended the unfortunate. Search creation round, where can you find a country that presents so sublime a view, so interesting an anticipation? What noble institutions! What a comprehensive policy! What a wise equalization of every political advantage! The oppressed of all countries, the

martyr of every creed, the innocent victim of despotic arrogance or superstitious frenzy, may there find refuge; his industry encouraged, his piety respected, his ambition animated; with no restraint but those laws which are the same to all, and no distinction but that which his merit may originate. Who can deny, that the existence of such a country presents a subject for human congratulation! Who can deny, that its gigantic advancement offers a field for the most rational conjecture! At the end of the very next century, if she proceeds as she seems to promise, what a wondrous spectacle may she not exhibit! Who shall say for what purpose a mysterious Providence may not have designed her! Who shall say, that, when, in its follies or its crimes, the old world may have interred all the pride of its power, and all the pomp of its civilization, human nature may not find its destined renovation in the new! For myself, I have no doubt of it. I have not the least doubt, that, when our temples and our trŏphies shall have mouldered into dust; when the glories of our name shall be but the lēgend of tradition, and the light of our achievements live only in song; philosophy will rise again in the sky of her Franklin, and glory rekindle at the urn of her Washington. Is this the vision of a romantic fancy? Is it even improbable? Is it half so improbable as the events which, for the last twenty years, have rolled like successive tides over the surface of the European world, each erasing the impression that preceded it? Thousands upon thousands, sir, I know there are, who will consider this supposition as wild and whimsical: but they have dwelt, with little reflection, upon the records of the past. They have but ill observed the never-ceasing progress of national rise* and national ruin. They form their judgement on the deceitful stability of the present hour, never considering the innumerable monarchies and republics, in former days, apparently as permanent, whose very existence has now become the subject of speculation, I had almost said of skepticism. I appeal to History! Tell me, thou reverend chronicler of the grave, can all the illusions of ambition realized, can all the wealth of a universal commerce, can all the achievements of successful hĕroism, or all the establishments of this world's wisdom, secure to empire the permanency of its possessions? Alas! Troy thought so once; yet the land of Priam lives only in song! Thebes thought so once; yet her hundred gates have crumbled, and her very tombs are but as the dust they were vainly intend-

* *Not* rize.

ed to commemorate! So thought Palmyra—where is she? So thought the countries of Demosthenes and the Spartan; yet Leonidas is trampled by the timid slave, and Athens insulted by the servile, mindless, and ener'vate Ottoman! In his hurried march, Time has but looked at their imagined immortality; and all its vanities, from the palace to the tomb, have, with their ruins, erased the very impression of his footsteps! The days of their glory are as if they had never been; and the island, that was then a speck, rude and neglected in the barren ocean, now rivals the ubiquity* of their commerce, the glory of their arms, the fame of their philosophy, the eloquence of their senate, and the inspiration of their bards! Who shall say, then, contemplating the past, that England, proud and potent as she appears, may not, one day, be what Athens is, and the young America yet soar to be what Athens was! Who shall say, that, when the European column shall have mouldered, and the night of barbarism obscured its very ruins, that mighty continent may not emerge from the horizon, to rule, for its time, sovereign of the ascendant! * * * *

Sir, it matters very little what immediate spot may have been the birth-place† of such a man as WASHINGTON. No people can claim, no country can appropriate him. The boon of Providence to the human race, his fame is eternity, and his residence creation. Though it was the defeat of our arms, and the disgrace of our policy, I almost bless the convulsion in which he had his origin. If the heavens thundered, and the earth rocked, yet, when the storm had passed, how pure was the climate that it cleared! how bright, in the brow of the firmament, was the planet which it revealed to us! In the production of Washington, it does really appear as if Nature was endeavouring to improve upon herself, and that all the virtues of the ancient world were but so many studies preparatory to the patriot of the new. Individual instances, no doubt, there were, splendid exemplifications, of some single qualification: Cæsar was merciful, Scipio was continent, Hannibal was patient; but it was reserved for Washington to blend them all in one, and, like the lovely masterpiece of the Grecian artist, to exhibit, in one glow of associated beauty, the pride of every model,‡ and the perfection of every master. As a general, he marshalled the peasant into a veteran, and supplied by discipline the absence of experience; as a statesman, he

* *Pron.* ū-bĭc'-wĕ-tў. † bĕrth-place. ‡ *Not* moddle.

enlarged the policy of the cabinet into the most comprehensive system of general advantage; and such was the wisdom of his views, and the philosophy of his counsels, that, to the soldier and the statesman, he almost added the character of the sage! A conqueror, he was untainted with the crime of blood; a revolutionist, he was free from any stain of treason; for aggression commenced the contest, and his country called him to the command. Liberty unsheathed his sword, necessity stained, victory returned it. If he had paused here, history might have doubted what station to assign him; whether at the head of her citizens, or her soldiers, her heroes, or her patriots. But the last glorious act crowns his career, and banishes all hesitation. Who, like Washington, after having emancipated a hemisphere, resigned its crown, and preferred the retirement of domestic life to the adoration of a land he might be almost said to have created!

Happy, proud America! The lightnings of heaven yielded to your philosophy! The temptations of earth could not seduce your patriotism!

LESSON CXXXV.

The Nature of True Eloquence.—D. Webster.

When public bodies are to be addressed on momentous occasions, when great interests are at stake, and strong passions excited, nothing is valuable, in speech, farther than it is connected with high intellectual and moral endowments. Clearness, force, and earnestness, are the qualities which produce conviction. True eloquence, indeed, does not consist in speech. It cannot be brought from far. Labour and learning may toil for it, but they will toil in vain. Words and phrases may be marshalled in every way, but they cannot compass it. It must exist in the man, in the subject, and in the occasion. Affected passion, intense expression, the pomp of declamation, all may aspire after it; they cannot reach it. It comes, if it come at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth, or the bursting forth of volcanic fires, with spontaneous, original, native force. The graces taught in the schools, the costly ornaments and studied contrivances of speech, shock and disgust men, when their own lives, and the fate of their wives,

their children, and their country, hang on the decision of the hour. Then, words have lost their power, rhetoric is vain, and all elaborate oratory contemptible. Even genius itself then feels rebuked, and subdued, as in the presence of higher qualities. Then, patriotism is eloquent; then, self-devotion is eloquent. The clear conception, out-running the deductions of logic, the high purpose, the firm resolve, the dauntless spirit, speaking on the tongue, beaming from the eye, informing every feature, and urging the whole man onward, right onward, to his object—this, this is eloquence; or, rather, it is something greater and higher than all eloquence,—it is action, noble, sublime, godlike action.

LESSON CXXXVI.

Extract from a Discourse, in Commemoration of the Lives and Services of John Adams and Thomas Jefferson, delivered in Faneuil Hall, Boston, 2d August, 1826.—*By* DANIEL WEBSTER.

IN July, 1776, the controversy had passed the stage of argument. An appeal had been made to force, and opposing armies were in the field. Congress, then, was to decide, whether the tie, which had so long bound us to the parent state, was to be severed at once, and severed forever. All the colonies had signified their resolution to abide by this decision, and the people looked for it with the most intense anxiety. And surely, fellow-citizens, never, never were men called to a more importaut political deliberation. If we contemplate it from the point where they then stood, no question could be more full of interest; if we look at it now, and judge of its importance by its effects, it appears in still greater magnitude.

Let us, then, bring before us the assembly, which was about to decide a question thus big with the fate of empire. Let us open their doors, and look in upon their deliberations. Let us survey the anxious and care-worn countenances, let us hear the firm-toned voices, of this band of patriots.

HANCOCK presides over the solemn sitting; and one of those not yet prepared to pronounce for absolute indepen-

dence, is on the floor, and is urging his reasons for dissenting from the declaration.

'Let us pause! This step, once taken, cannot be retraced. This resolution, once passed, will cut off all hope of reconciliation. If success attend the arms of England, we shall then be no longer colonies, with charters, and with privileges; these will all be forfeited by this act; and we shall be in the condition of other conquered people—at the mercy of the conquerors. For ourselves, we may be ready to run the hazard; but are we ready to carry the country to that length? Is success so probable as to justify it? Where is the military, where the naval power, by which we are to resist the whole strength of the arm of England?—for she will exert that strength to the utmost: Can we rely on the constancy and perseverance of the people? or will they not act, as the people of other countries have acted, and, wearied with a long war, submit, in the end, to a worse oppression? While we stand on our old ground, and insist on redress of grievances, we know we are right, and are not answerable for consequences. Nothing, then, can be imputable to us. But, if we now change our object, carry our pretensions farther, and set up for absolute independence, we shall lose the sympathy of mankind. We shall no longer be defending what we possess, but struggling for something which we never did possess, and which we have solemnly and uniformly disclaimed all intention of pursuing, from the very outset of the troubles. Abandoning thus our old ground, of resistance only to arbitrary acts of oppression, the nations will believe the whole to have been mere pretence, and they will look on us, not as injured, but as ambitious subjects. I shudder before this responsibility. It will be on us, if, relinquishing the ground we have stood on so long, and stood on so safely, we now proclaim independence, and carry on the war for that object, while these cities burn, these pleasant fields whiten and bleach with the bones of their owners, and these streams run blood. It will be upon us, it will be upon us, if, failing to maintain this unseasonable and ill judged declaration, a sterner despotism, maintained by military power, shall be established over our posterity, when we ourselves, given up by an exhausted, a harassed, a misled people, shall have expiated our rashness and atoned for our presumption, on the scaffold.'

LESSON CXXXVII.

The same, concluded.

It was for Mr. Adams to reply to arguments like these. We know his opinions, and we know his character. He would commence with his accustomed directness and earnestness.

'Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I give my hand and my heart to this vote! It is true, indeed, that, in the beginning, we aimed not at independence. But there's a Divinity which shapes our ends. The injustice of England has driven us to arms; and, blinded to her own interest, for our good she has obstinately persisted, till independence is now within our grasp. We have but to reach forth to it, and it is ours. Why, then, should we defer the declaration? Is any man so weak as now to hope for a reconciliation with England, which shall leave either safety to the country and its liberties, or safety to his own life, and his own honour? Are not you, sir, who sit in that chair; is not he, our venerable colleague near you; are you not both already the proscribed and predestined objects of punishment and of vengeance? Cut off from all hope of royal clemency, what are you, what can you be, while the power of England remains, but outlaws? If we postpone independence, do we mean to carry on, or to give up, the war? Do we mean to submit to the measures of parliament, Boston port-bill and all? Do we mean to submit, and consent that we ourselves shall be ground to powder, and our country and its rights trodden down in the dust? I know we do not mean to submit. We never shall submit. Do we intend to violate that most solemn obligation ever entered into by men, that plighting, before God, of our sacred honour to Washington, when, putting him forth to incur the dangers of war, as well as the political hazards of the times, we promised to adhere to him, in every extremity, with our fortunes, and our lives? I know there is not a man here, who would not rather see a general conflagration sweep over the land, or an earthquake sink it, than one jot or tittle of that plighted faith fall to the ground. For myself, having, twelve months ago, in this place, moved you, that George Washington be appointed commander of the forces, raised, or to be raised, for defence of American liberty, may my right hand forget her cunning, and my

tongue cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I hesitate or waver, in the support I give him. The war, then, must go on. We must fight it through. And, if the war must go on, why put off longer the declaration of independence? That measure will strengthen us. It will give us character abroad. The nations will then treat with us, which they never can do while we acknowledge ourselves subjects, in arms against our sovereign. Nay, I maintain that England, herself, will sooner treat for peace with us on the footing of independence, than consent, by repealing her acts, to acknowledge, that her whole conduct towards us has been a course of injustice and oppression. Her pride will be less wounded by submitting to that course of things which now predestinates our independence, than by yielding the points in controversy to her rebellious subjects. The former she would regard as the result of fortune; the latter she would feel as her own deep disgrace. Why then, why then, sir, do we not, as soon as possible, change this from a civil to a national war? And, since we must fight it through, why not put ourselves in a state to enjoy all the benefits of victory, if we gain the victory?

'If we fail, it can be no worse for us. But we shall not fail. The cause will raise up armies; the cause will create navies. The people, the people, if we are true to them, will carry us, and will carry themselves, gloriously, through this struggle. I care not how fickle other people have been found. I know the people of these colonies; and I know, that resistance to British aggression is deep and settled in their hearts, and cannot be eradicated. Every colony, indeed, has expressed its willingness to follow, if we but take the lead. Sir, the declaration will inspire the people with increased courage. Instead of a long and bloody war for restoration of privileges, for redress of grievances, for chartered immunities, held under a British king, set before them the glorious object of entire independence, and it will breathe into them anew the breath of life. Read this declaration at the head of the army; every sword will be drawn from its scabbard, and the solemn vow uttered, to maintain it, or to perish on the bed of honour. Publish it from the pulpit; religion will approve it, and the love of religious liberty will cling round it, resolved to stand with it, or fall with it. Send it to the public halls; proclaim it there; let them hear it, who heard the first roar of the enemy's cannon; let them see it, who saw their brothers and

their sons fall on the field of Bunker Hill, and in the streets of Lexington and Concord,—and the very walls will cry out in its support.

'Sir, I know the uncertainty of human affairs; but I see, I see clearly, through this day's business. You and I, indeed, may rue it. We may not live to the time, when this declaration shall be made good. We may die; die, colonists; die, slaves; die, it may be, ignominiously, and on the scaffold. Be it so. Be it so. If it be the pleasure of Heaven that my country shall require the poor offering of my life, the victim shall be ready at the appointed hour of sacrifice, come when that hour may. But, while I do live, let me have a country, or at least the hope of a country, and that a free country.

'But, whatever may be our fate, be assured, be assured, that this declaration will stand. It may cost treasure, and it may cost blood; but it will stand, and it will richly compensate for both. Through the thick gloom of the present, I see the brightness of the future, as the sun in heaven. We shall make this a glorious, an immortal day. When we are in our graves, our children will honour it. They will celebrate it, with thanksgiving, with festivity, with bonfires, and illuminations. On its annual return, they will shed tears, copious, gushing tears, not of subjection and slavery, not of agony and distress, but of exultation, of gratitude, and of joy. Sir, before God, I believe the hour is come. My judgement approves this measure, and my whole heart is in it. All that I have, and all that I am, and all that I hope, in this life, I am now ready here to stake upon it; and I leave off, as I begun, that, live or die, survive or perish, I am for the declaration. It is my living sentiment, and, by the blessing of God, it shall be my dying sentiment;—independence *now;* and INDEPENDENCE FOREVER!'

And so that day shall be honoured, illustrious prophet and patriot! so that day shall be honoured; and, as often as it returns, thy renown shall come along with it; and the glory of thy life, like the day of thy death,* shall not fail from the remembrance of men.

* Both of the distinguished patriots, in commemoration of whose lives and services this Discourse was delivered, died on the same day, 4th July 1826,—fifty years from the day on which the *Declaration of Independence,* of which one was the author, and the other the strenuous and eloquent advocate, was adopted by the American Congress.

LESSON CXXXVIII.

The School-Boy.—The Amulet.

The School-Boy had been rambling all the day,—
A careless, thoughtless idler,—till the night
Came on, and warned him homeward :—then he left
The meadows, where the morning had been passed,
Chasing the butterfly, and took the road
Tō′wărd the cottage where his mother dwelt.
He had her parting blessing, and she watched
Once more to breathe a welcome to her child,
Who sauntered lazily—ungrateful boy!—
Till deeper darkness came o'er sky and earth;
And then he ran, till, almost breathless grown,
He passed within the wicket-gate, which led
Into the village church-yard :—then he paused,
And earnestly looked round; for o'er his head
The gloomy cypress waved, and at his feet
Lay the last bed of many a villager.
But on again he pressed with quickened step,
"Whistling aloud to keep his courage up."
The bat came flapping by; the ancient church
Threw its deep shadows o'er the path he trod,
And the boy trembled like the aspen leaf;
For now he fancied that all shapeless forms
Came flitting by him, each with bony hand,
And motion as if threatening; while a weight
Unearthly pressed the satchel and the slate
He strove to keep within his grasp. The wind
Played with the feather that adorned his cap,
And seemed to whisper something horrible.
The clouds had gathered thickly round the moon;
But, now and then, her light shone gloriously
Upon the sculptured tombs and humble graves,
And, in a moment, all was dark again.
O'ercome with terror, the pale boy sank down,
And wildly gazed around him, till his eye
Fell on a stone, on which these warning words
Were carved :—

"Time! thou art flying rapidly;
But whither art thou flying?"

"To the grave—which yours will be—
I wait not for the dying.
In early youth you laughed at me,
And, laughing, passed life's morning;
But, in thine age, I laugh at thee—
Too late to give thee warning."

"DEATH! thy shadowy form I see,
The steps of Time pursuing:
Like him thou comest rapidly:
What deed must thou be doing?"
"Mortal! my message is for thee:
Thy chain to earth is rended:
I bear thee to eternity:
Prepare! thy course is ended!"

Attentively the fainting boy perused
The warning lines; then grew more terrified;
For, from the grave, there seemed to rise a voice
Repeating them, and telling him of time
Misspent, of death approaching rapidly,
And of the dark eternity that followed.
His fears increased, till on the ground he lay
Almost bereft of feeling and of sense.
And there his mother found him:
From the damp church-yard sod she bore her child,
Frightened to feel his clammy hands, and hear
The sighs and sobs that from his bosom came.
'Twas strange, the influence which that fearful hour
Had o'er his future life; for, from that night,
He was a thoughtful, an industrious boy.
And still the memory of those warning words
Bids him REFLECT,—now that he is a man,
And writes these feeble lines that others may.

LESSON CXXXIX.

Stanzas addressed to the Greeks.—ANONYMOUS.

ON, on, to the just and glorious strife!
With your swords your freedom shielding:
Nay, resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die at least, unyielding.

On to the strife! for 'twere far more meet
To sink with the foes who bay you,
Than crouch, like dogs, at your tyrants' feet,
And smile on the swords that slay you.

Shall the pagan slaves be masters, then,
Of the land which your fathers gave you?
Shall the Infidel lord it o'er Christian men,
When your own good swords may save you?

No! let him feel that their arms are strong,—
That their courage will fail them never,—
Who strike to repay long years of wrong,
And bury past shame forever.

Let him know there are hearts, however bowed
By the chains which he threw around them,
That will rise, like a spirit from pall and shroud,
And cry "wo!" to the slaves who bound them.

Let him learn how weak is a tyrant's might
Against liberty's sword contending;
And find how the sons of Greece can fight,
Their freedom and land defending.

Then on! then on to the glorious strife!
With your swords your country shielding;
And resign, if it must be so, even life;
But die, at least, unyielding.

Strike! for the sires who left you free!
Strike! for their sakes who bore you!
Strike! for your homes and liberty,
And the Heaven you worship o'er you!

LESSON CXL.

The Spanish Patriot's Song.—ANONYMOUS.

HARK! Hear ye the sounds that the winds, on their pinions,
Exultingly roll from the shore to the sea,
With a voice that resounds through her boundless dominions?
'Tis COLUMBIA calls on her sons to be free!

Behold, on yon summits, where Heaven has throned her,
How she starts from her proud, inaccessible seat;
With nature's impregnable ramparts around her,
And the cataract's thunder and foam at her feet!

In the breeze of her mountains her loose locks are shaken,
While the soul-stirring notes of her warrior-song,
From the rock to the valley, re-echo, "Awaken!
Awaken, ye hearts, that have slumbered too long!"

Yes, despots! too long did your tyranny hold us,
In a vassalage vile, ere its weakness was known;
Till we learned that the links of the chain that controlled us
Were forged by the fears of its captives alone.

That spell is destroyed, and no longer availing.
Despised as detested, pause well ere ye dare
To cope with a people, whose spirits and feeling
Are roused by remembrance, and steeled by despair.

Go, tame the wild torrent, or stem with a straw [them;
The proud surges that sweep o'er the strand that confined
But presume not again to give freemen a law,
Nor think with the chains they have broken to bind them.

To heights by the beacons of Liberty lightened,
They're a scorn who come up her young eagles to tame:
And to swords, that her sons for the battle have brightened,
The hosts of a king are as flax to a flame.

LESSON CXLI.

The Three Warnings.—Mrs. Thrale.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground.
'Twas therefore said, by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that, in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.

This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay
On neighbour Dobson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jŏc'und groom
With him into another room;
And, looking grave, "You must," says he,
"Quit your sweet bride, and come with me."
"With you! and quit my Susan's side!
With you!" the hapless husband cried;
"Young as I am? 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go,
This is my wedding-night, you know."
What more he urged I have not heard:
His reasons could not well be stronger:
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet, calling up a serious look,—
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke,—
"Neighbour," he said, "farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And farther, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave.
Willing, for once, I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve,
In hopes you'll have no more to say,
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased, the world will leave."
To these conditions both consented,
And parted, perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wisely,—and how well
It pleased him, in his prosperous course,
To smoke his pipe, and pat his horse,—
The willing muse shall tell:—

He chaffered then, he bought, he sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old,
  Nor thought of Death as near;
His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
  He passed his hours in peace.
But, while he viewed his wealth increase,—
While thus along life's dusty road
The beaten track content he trod,—
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
  Brought on his eightieth year.

  And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of fate
  Once more before him stood.

  Half killed with anger and surprise,
"So soon returned!" old Dobson cries,
  "So soon, d'ye call it?" Death replies:
"Surely, my friend, you're but in jĕst:
  Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
  And you are now fourscore."
  "So much the worse!" the clown rejoined:
"To spare the aged would be kind:
Besides, you promised me three warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings."
  "I know," cries Death, "that, at the best,
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least:
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable:
Your years have run to a great length:
I wish you joy, though, of your strength."
  "Hold!" says the farmer, "not so fast:
I have been lame these four years past."
  "And no great wonder," Death replies:
"However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends."
"Perhaps," says Dobson, "so it might;
But latterly I've lost my sight."

"This is a shocking story, faith;
Yet there's some comfort, still," says Death:
"Each strives your sadness to amuse:
I warrant you hear all the news."
"There's none," cries he; "and, if there were,
I'm grown so deaf I could not hear."
"Nay, then," the spectre stern rejoined,
"These are unreasonable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your three sufficient warnings:
So come along; no more we'll part."
He said, and touched him with his dart:
And now old Dobson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate——so ends my tale.

LESSON CXLII.

The Mariner's Dream.—DIMOND.

In slumbers of midnight the sailor boy lay,
His hammock swung loose at the sport of the wind;
But, watch-worn and weary, his cares flew away,
And visions of happiness danced o'er his mind.

He dreamed of his home, of his dear native bowers,
And pleasures that waited on life's merry morn;
While memory each scene gayly covered with flowers,
And restored every rose, but secreted its thorn.

Then fancy her magical pinions spread wide,
And bade the young dreamer in ecstasy rise;—
Now far, far behind him, the green waters glide,
And the cot of his forefathers blesses his eyes.

The jessamine clambers in flower o'er the thatch,
And the swallow chirps sweet from her nest in the wall;
All trembling with transport, he raises the latch,
And the voices of loved ones reply to his call.

A father bends o'er him with looks of delight;
His cheek is impearled with a mother's warm tear;
And the lips of the boy in a love-kiss unite
With the lips of the maid whom his bosom holds dear.

The heart of the sleeper beats high in his breast,
Joy quickens his pulses, his hardships seem o'er;
And a murmur of happiness steals through his rest—
"O God! thou hast blessed me; I ask for no more."

Ah! whence is that flame which now bursts on his eye?
Ah! what is that sound which now larums his ear?
'Tis the lightning's red glare, painting hell on the sky!
'Tis the crashing of thunders, the groan of the sphere!

He springs from his hammock—he flies to the deck—
Amazement confronts him with images dire—
Wild winds and mad waves drive the vessel a wreck—
The masts fly in splinters—the shrouds are on fire!

Like mountains the billows tremendously swell:
In vain the lost wretch calls on mercy to save;
Unseen hands of spirits are ringing his knell,
And the death-angel flaps his broad wing o'er the wave!

O sailor boy! wo to thy dream of delight!
In darkness dissolves the gay frost-work of bliss.
Where now is the picture that fancy touched bright,
Thy parents' fond pressure, and love's honied kiss?

O sailor boy! sailor boy! never again
Shall home, love, or kindred, thy wishes repay;
Unblessed, and unhonoured, down deep in the main
Full many a score fathom, thy frame shall decay.

No tomb shall e'er plead to remembrance for thee,
Or redeem form or fame from the merciless surge;
But the white foam of waves shall thy winding-sheet be,
And winds, in the midnight of winter, thy dirge!

On a bed of green sea-flower thy limbs shall be laid;
Around thy white bones the red cŏral shall grow;
Of thy fair yellow locks threads of amber be made,
And every part suit to thy mansion below.

Days, months, years, and ages, shall circle away,
And still the vast waters above thee shall roll;
Earth loses thy pattern for ever and aye:—
O sailor boy! sailor boy! peace to thy soul!

LESSON CXLIII.

Absalom.—Willis.

The waters slept. Night's silvery veil hung low
On Jordan's bosom, and the eddies curled
Their glassy rings beneath it, like the still,
Unbroken beating of the sleeper's pulse.
The reeds bent down the stream: the willow leaves,
With a soft cheek upon the lulling tide,
Forgot the lifting winds; and the long stems,
Whose flowers the water, like a gentle nurse,
Bears on its bosom, quietly gave way,
And leaned, in graceful attitudes, to rest.
How strikingly the course of nature tells,
By its light heed of human suffering,
That it was fashioned for a happier world!
King David's limbs were weary. He had fled
From far Jerusalem; and now he stood,
With his faint people, for a little rest
Upon the shore of Jordan. The light wind
Of morn was stirring, and he bared his brow
To its refreshing breath; for he had worn
The mourner's covering, and he had not felt
That he could see his people until now.
They gathered round him on the fresh green bank,
And spoke their kindly words; and, as the sun
Rose up in heaven, he knelt among them there,
And bowed his head upon his hands to pray.
Oh! when the heart is full—when bitter thoughts
Come crowding thickly up for utterance,
And the poor common words of courtesy*
Are such a very mockery—how much
The bursting heart may pour itself in prayer!
He prayed for Israel; and his voice went up
Strongly and fervently. He prayed for those
Whose love had been his shield; and his deep tones
Grew tremulous. But, oh! for Absalom—
For his estranged, misguided Absalom—
The proud, bright being, who had burst away,
In all his princely beauty, to defy
The heart that cherished him—for him he poured,
In agony that would not be controlled,

* *Pron.* curt-e-sy.

Strong supplication, and forgave him there,
Before his God, for his deep sinfulness.

* * * * *

The pall was settled. He who slept in death
Was straightened for the grave; and folds
Sunk to the still proportions, the
The matchless symmetry of Abs
His hair was yet unshorn, and s
Were floating round the tassel swayed
To the admitted air, as gloss
As when, in hours of ge , bathing
The snowy fingers of
His helm was at h r, soiled
With ailing th em, was laid,
Reve d, be d the jewelled hilt,
Wh e passage of his blade,
B y, on his covered brow.
ne king trod to and fro,
rb of battle; and their chief,
y Joab, stood beside the bier,
ed upon the dark pall steadfastly,
he feared the slumberer might stir.
low step startled him. He grasped his blade
s if a trumpet rang; but the bent form
Of David entered, and he gave command,
In a low tone, to his few followers,
And left him with his dead. The king stood still
Till the last echo died: then, throwing off
The sackcloth from his brow, and laying back
The pall from the still features of his child,
He bowed his head upon him, and broke forth
In the resistless eloquence of wo:—

"Alas! my noble boy! that thou should'st die!
Thou, who wert made so beautifully fair!
That death should settle in thy glorious eye,
And leave his stillness in this clustering hair!
How could he mark thee for the silent tomb,
My proud boy Absalom!

"Cold is thy brow, my son! and I am chill,
As to my bosom I have tried to press thee.
How was I wont to feel my pulses thrill,
Like a rich harp-string, yearning to caress thee,

And hear thy sweet "*my father*" from these dumb
And cold lips, Absalom!

"The grave hath won thee. I shall hear the gush
Of music, and the voices of the young;
And life will pass me in the mantling blush,
And the dark tresses to the soft winds flung;—
But thou no more, with thy sweet voice, shalt come
To meet me, Absalom!

"And, oh! when I am stricken, and my heart,
Like a bruised reed, is waiting to be broken,
How will its love for thee, as I depart,
Yearn for thine ear to drink its last deep token!
It were so sweet, amid death's gathering gloom,
To see thee, Absalom!

"And now, farewell! 'Tis hard to give thee up,
With death so like a gentle slumber on thee:—
And thy dark sin!—Oh! I could drink the cup,
If from this wo its bitterness had won thee.
May God have called thee, like a wanderer, home,
My erring Absalom!"

He covered up his face, and bowed himself
A moment on his child: then, giving him
A look of melting tenderness, he clasped
His hands convulsively, as if in prayer;
And, as a strength were given him of God,
He rose up calmly, and composed the pall
Firmly and decently, and left him there,
As if his rest had been a breathing sleep.


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